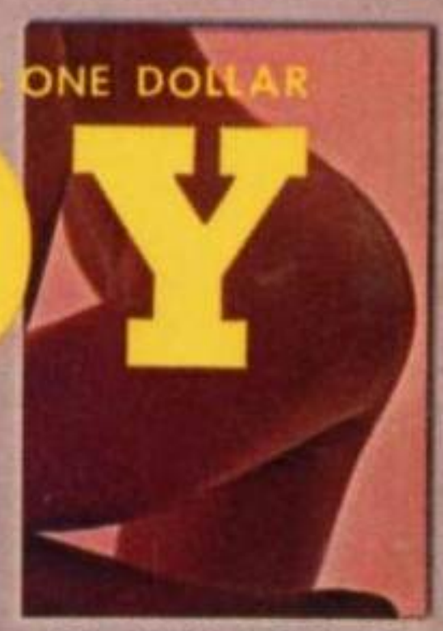
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

JUNE 1971 • ONE DOLLAR



PLAYMATES

OF THE YEAR

—PAST AND

PRESENT

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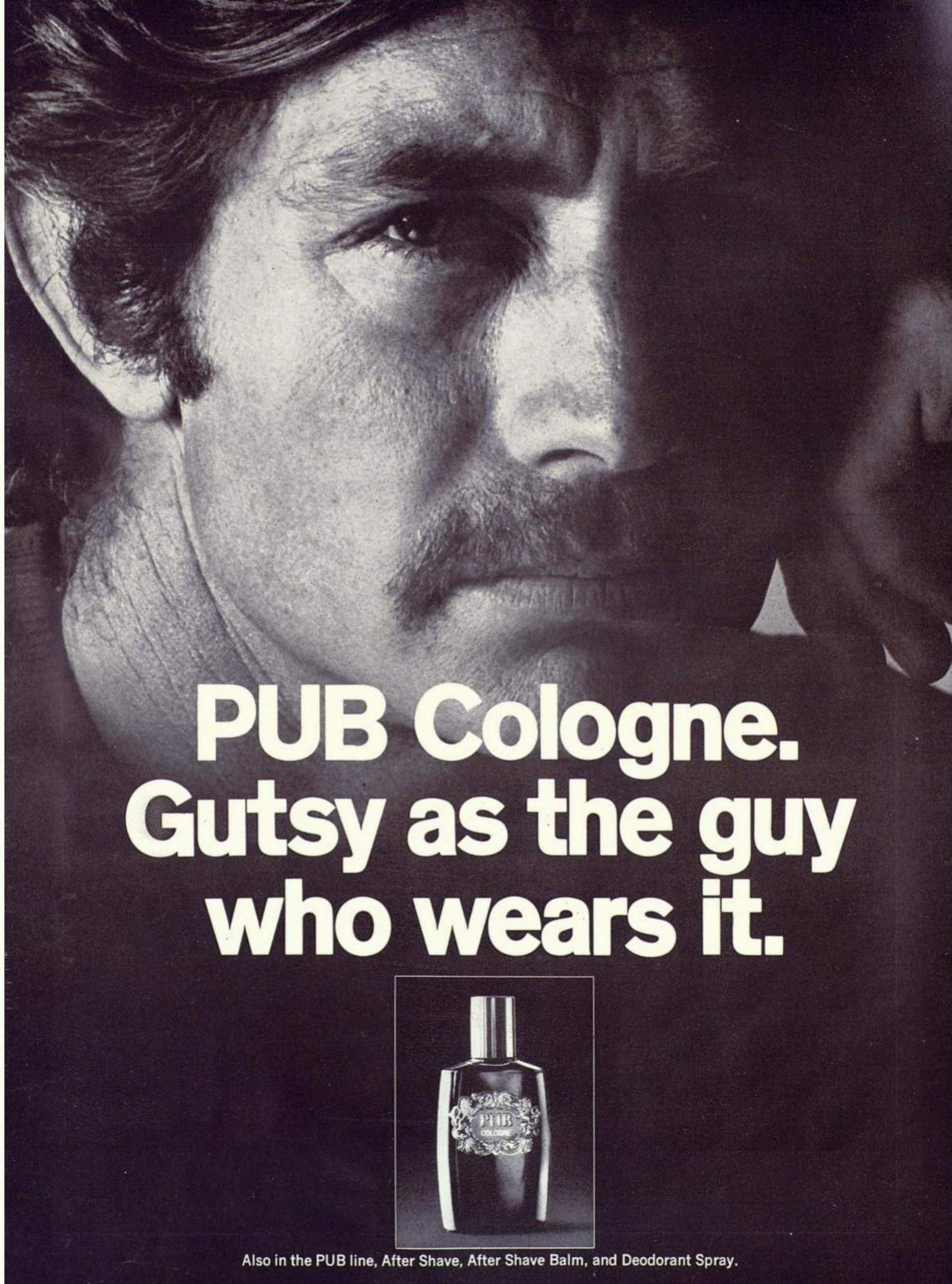

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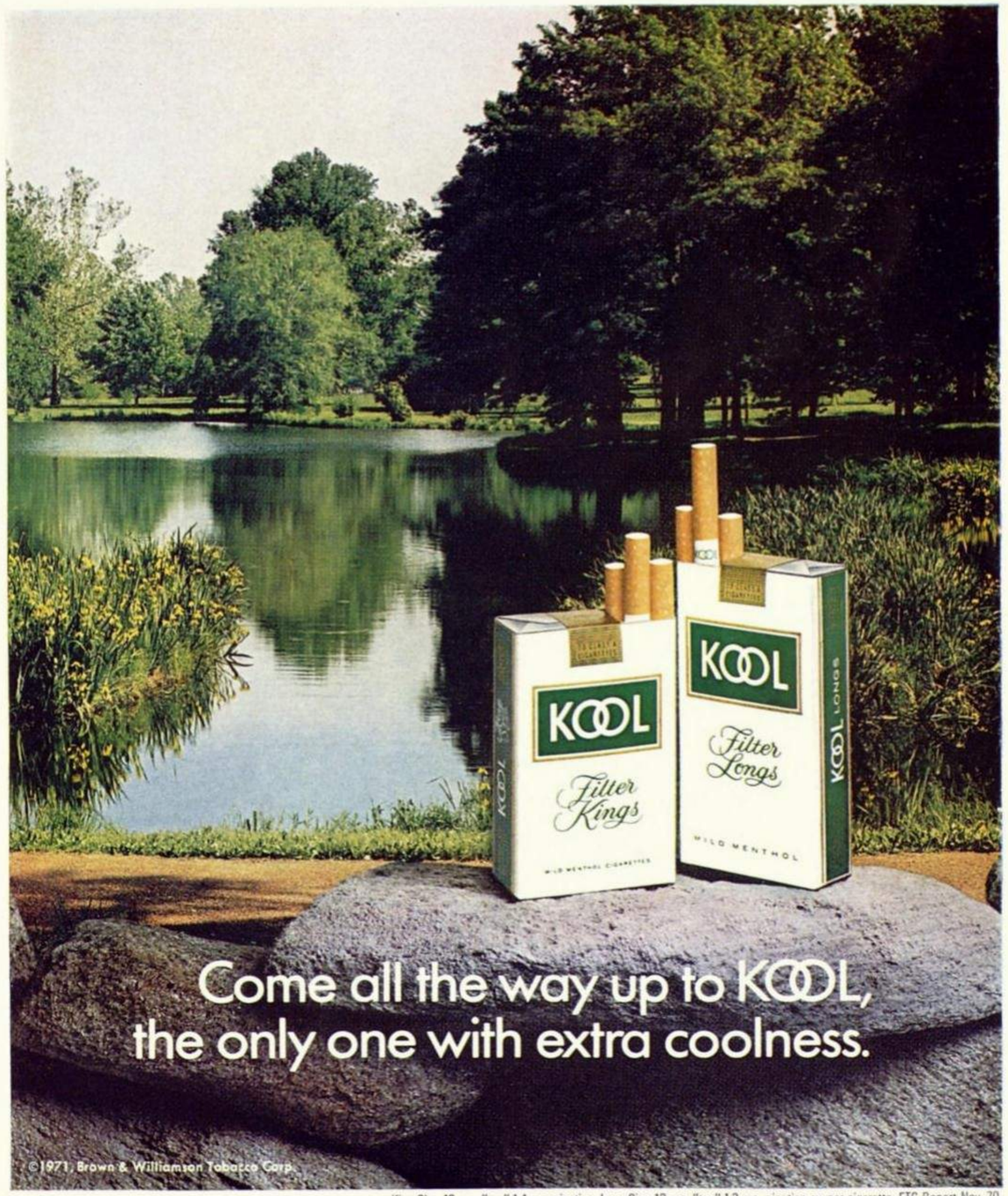

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MC PHEE

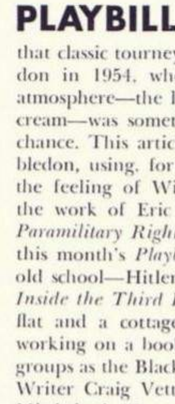
CARPENTER

ZOLOTOW

NORDEN

DEMAREST

PLAYBILL IN THE WORLD OF TENNIS, Wimbledon is the *ne plus ultra*; and in *Centre Court*, John McPhee's matchless description of that classic tourney, he elevates sports writing to an art form. "I first saw Wimbledon in 1954, when I was a student at Cambridge," McPhee told us. "The atmosphere—the lawns, the flowers, the people, the strawberries and Devonshire cream—was something all its own, and I have gone back whenever I've had a chance. This article for PLAYBOY is an attempt to do a kind of frieze of Wimbledon, using, for the most part, notes made at the 1970 tournament, but with the feeling of Wimbledon as it is year after year." Craftsmanship also marks the work of Eric Norden, winner of our best-article award for 1969 for *The Paramilitary Right*, a study that exposed, among others, American neo-Nazis. In this month's *Playboy Interview*, Norden skillfully cross-examines a Nazi of the old school—Hitler's armaments minister, Albert Speer, author of the best-selling *Inside the Third Reich*. Norden divides his time these days between his London flat and a cottage in St. Ives, on the rugged coast of Cornwall, where he's working on a book for Viking Press. Titled *Rebels with Guns*, it examines such groups as the Black Panthers. In a different observation of blacks in America, Staff Writer Craig Vetter's *Funeral in Jackson* vividly re-creates a mournful day in Mississippi. "I was as interested in the minutiae of people's behavior in crisis as I was in the issues that the Jackson State tragedy represented," Vetter says. "It seems to me that by focusing on the tiny things people do at a funeral, or anywhere else, you begin to understand what's really happening." Vetter's thesis is supported by Edward and Mildred Hall's *The Sounds of Silence*, an exposition of the ways in which our gestures and glances involuntarily communicate our feelings—sometimes much more strongly than words. Hall, a professor of anthropology at Northwestern University, authored, with his wife's assistance, the trail-blazing volume *The Silent Language*, which he straight-facedly describes as "a quiet little book." Published 12 years ago, it's out now in paperback—and sales, increasing annually, have topped 500,000. Bodily movements are a luxury not permitted the residents of a future world chillingly depicted by novelist William Hjortsberg in *Gray Matters*, his first venture into science fiction. Its characters, living human brains without bodies, are ingeniously illustrated by Chicago artist S. Thomas Scarff's neon sculpture encased in a mirrored cube. Hjortsberg writes from Costa Rica, where he's living with his wife and small daughter, that a longer version of *Gray Matters* will be published by Simon & Schuster in the fall. Actor Steve McQueen's misadventures in filming a racing movie are chronicled by John Skow in *The 24 Hours of Steve McQueen*. "I've always been partial to drivers and film makers," says Skow, "and seeing them together made me understand why. The members of each group tend to be good men who work honorably at not-so-good trades. Maybe that could also describe the condition of journalists." A veteran journalist, PLAYBOY Executive Editor Michael Demarest (who came to us after 16 years with Time Inc.) takes a tongue-in-cheek look at the supersnoop syndrome in *Bliss Comes to Ezra Hapgood*. The Chief Executive in Larry Siegel's *White House!*, a spoof of cinema spectaculars of the *Airport* school, is the victim of bugged begonias. A more intellectual form of sleuthmanship is practiced in *The Odd Man*, this month's contribution by Ellery Queen—known to crime-story *cognoscenti* as the writing partnership of Fred Dannay and the late Manfred Lee. Excitement of another kind is provided in *Nude Theater* photographs by Manhattan's widely acclaimed Max Waldman. A compilation of his major camera studies of the past five years, *Waldman on Theater*, with an introduction by *New York Times* critic Clive Barnes, will be published by Doubleday in November. Don Carpenter, who asks us to emphasize that the plight of the besotted protagonist who makes a sobering discovery in *The Change* is "in no way autobiographical," is currently polishing up a screenplay. *Absinthe* is Maurice Zolotow's 15th magazine article on wine and spirits—a field into which he was led, he says, by old drinking companion (and PLAYBOY Contributing Editor) Ken W. Purdy. Other good things busting out all over this issue: a pictorial tribute to our 12th Playmate of the Year, with a loving backward glance at her predecessors, and *Just Add Water*, a wet look at the latest swimwear. Come on in: The reading's fine.



HJORTSBERG

HALL *and* . . .

HALL

SIEGEL

SKOW

LEE

WALDMAN

VETTER

SCARFF

vol. 18, no. 6—june, 1971

PLAYBOY

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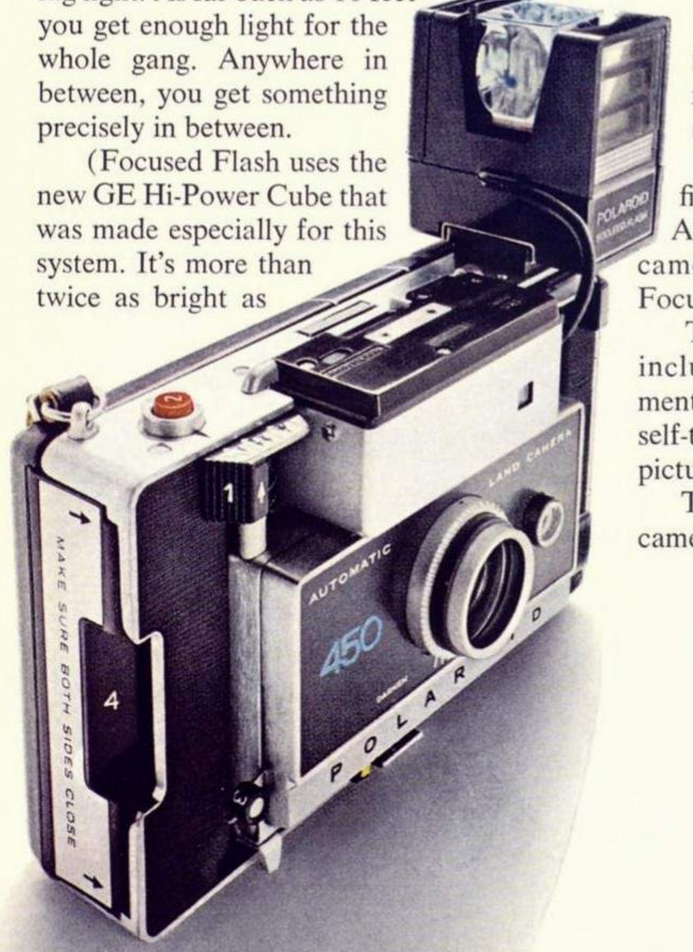

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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UP THE CORPORATION

As management consultants constantly observing the zigzags of executive careers within the corporate rat-race, we were impressed with Hal Higdon's attempt to mathematize how the young manager can forge his way to the top. For *Executive Chess* (PLAYBOY, March), both author Higdon and your magazine deserve compliments.

Edwin C. Johnson, Jr.
Edwin C. Johnson & Associates
Chicago, Illinois

Executive Chess was amusing, authoritative and informative in a hard-boiled way.

Vance Packard
Houston, Texas

Vance Packard wrote "The Hidden Persuaders," "The Pyramid Climbers" and "The Sexual Wilderness," among others.

Higdon's article is a distinct service to the reader who wishes to reach his level of incompetence early in his career. The piece is based on two fallacies—first, that promotion within the administration hierarchy is the true measure of success and, second, that promotion leads to competence. Belief in these fallacies has resulted in the victims of the Peter Principle suffering the final-placement syndrome. For every executive position that exists, there is someone, somewhere, who is incompetent to fill it. If he plays executive chess, he will get that job.

Laurence J. Peter
Hierarchaeologist
Peter University Press
Los Angeles, California

Peter devoted a book, "The Peter Principle," to his contention that employees rise in a corporation to their level of incompetence.

For shame! You have a large, relatively young readership and you're not fulfilling your responsibilities to them by publishing articles such as *Executive Chess*. Too much has already been written about the games people play in our sick organizations. Enough, already. You should see the mail I get asking for the whereabouts of theory-Y (healthy) organizations (where people have neither inclination nor time to play executive chess). I'm sure Higdon is bright and resourceful. Assign him to find all the theory-Y organizations and report back to your readers. I'll start him off. Moss Key-Rec Systems, Inc., in Dayton, Ohio, is one. How do I know? Jack Moss, the president, told me so. Why do I believe him? Because his son David is studying to be a rabbi and no man whose son is studying to be a rabbi in this country and at this time has need of lying. Get off your ass and help. Peace to those who deserve it.

Robert C. Townsend
Locust Valley, New York

Townsend's theories on present-day corporate mismanagement were put forth in his best-selling "Up the Organization" and in "Further 'Up the Organization,'" published in the July 1970 issue of PLAYBOY.

Executive Chess should be required reading for all young and aspiring executives. A realistic and brilliant career plan could be devised via the information packed into that well-written article.

Gene Angel
Detroit, Michigan

Higdon correctly points out that executives who aspire to higher levels of corporate management must assume responsibility for their own career progress. Those who achieve the top positions do so as the result of a well-planned career strategy that includes appropriate educational preparation and exposure to a variety of experience situations. Leading corporations endeavor to provide young managers early in their careers with experiences that offer a wide exposure to different functions as well as different levels of the business. The corporation that moves its executives up vertical ladders with no lateral exposure to other aspects of the organization will not develop the general management point of view needed for the key top-management jobs.

In formulating a personal career

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strategy, it can be disastrous to be overly dependent on past practice. Because the environment in which business operates is changing rapidly, the corporation must also change rapidly if it is to survive and prosper. It is inevitable that the old routes to the top will also change. For certain management jobs, the most likely candidates will be found *outside* the organization. The executive who aims for such positions may find he can move most quickly by pursuing a prolonged preparation plan. This will enable him to make a major move to a significant position by leapfrogging.

Stephen E. Roulac
Stanford University
Stanford, California

I am afraid that the title you put on Higdon's article—*Executive Chess*—belies its content. Today's up-and-coming young executive is not a pawn in someone else's hand: He's planning his own career, as the text so adequately brings out. Incidentally, no computer nor mathematical formula has yet been devised to integrate the complicated interactions that make for executive success. Selecting the right people is still more calculated judgment and gut feeling than science. Also, about the oversimplification indicated by the organization chart showing upward movement: Don't delude your readers. For every subachiever dead-ended in a railroad or public utility, we'll show his counterpart in advertising, public relations and publishing. It's the man and his company—not his industry—that really count.

R. James Lotz, Jr.
Battalia, Lotz and Associates
New York, New York

ON METERED MALE

I've always wondered what happens to that occasional letter of mine that is posted but never delivered. Now James Kahn (*The Box*, PLAYBOY, March) has told me—Aaron is sitting in my local mailbox, reading it. Cute story, nice punch, and I'll bet our boys in blue (in the postal service, that is) were delighted with one of their fellow lettermen being cast in the lead. Literature has now made heroes of policemen, firemen and mailmen—the dogcatcher next?

Michael Sharp
Cleveland, Ohio

***RADICALISM* RAPS**

The articles by Bruno Bettelheim and Richard Flacks in the March issue of PLAYBOY, *The Roots of Radicalism*, present some facts about which the American public needs to be more aware. However, the assumption that the movement toward left radicalism among the young is a substantial one is not evident on the campus, nor is a general rejection of society by the young. There is, rather, a strong concern for the good health of society. The breakdown of the nuclear family is very much in evidence, as Bettelheim suggests, but students long for close family ties. The search for alternate life styles in part reflects this longing. What appears to be in store, rather than the large-scale commitment to communes, is a family unit based on mutual respect among its members as well as a close relationship between one family group and several others. These relationships will be in the form of the extended, or "layer," family, apart from direct genetic identity.

Flacks thinks that the spread of the college youth culture to other youth groups would help ease current youth problems. I don't think this is a realistic belief. The chasm between college and noncollege youth is a large one and communication between the two groups is almost nonexistent.

The observation by Bettelheim that we are now training people to criticize the culture and to work to solve the problems is most important to an understanding of the attitudes of most active young people. We tell them in school, in the church and in the home to assume some responsibility for attacking the problems of society. Unfortunately, we don't give them early access to the decision-making structure of that society. If they try to bring about change and fail, their level of frustration naturally increases. If they succeed, all too often the tensions and frustration of older people increase. What we clearly need is a large number of successful "models for change"—people who have worked successfully on societal problems within the society and have been symbolic of the possibility of change. It is unfortunate that such models do not readily come to mind. Young people seem fully aware that their heroes of change in the past decade—John and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King—were assassinated. They often see their local heroic models—clergymen, teachers, et al.—martyred professionally. Such heroes must be available to the young and they must, in fact, have influence. The national, state and local scene is a bleak one when the young look for establishment models and the inevitable pictures of Ché Guevara and Mao Tse-tung are the result.

By attempting to focus on the cutting edge of youth-community tensions, PLAYBOY is performing a valuable service to the American public, which must learn to deal with the real problems of youth before it is too late.

Paul H. Cashman
Vice-President
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The revolutionary temper and spirit of violent resistance that have grown among some young people are the results of snotty hard-core druggies throwing up their joints in disdain every time a politician opens his mouth. As they attack the pigs, they see people their age swiping jobs that should go to minority oppressed types. Unity is needed.

Dale Havill
Los Altos, California

Bettelheim asserts that paternal influences, or lack of them, play a major role in the production of young student activists. But he seems to forget the tensions and anxieties the modern world has so graciously bestowed upon us. The Cold War, the not-so-cold war, the death sentence that pollution threatens to lay on us and the increasingly high cost demanded yearly to obtain that increasingly meaningless bachelor's degree are just a few of the many problems that face our youth. Placing the blame for radicalism on the middle-class father of today is like placing the blame for World War Two on neutral Switzerland. Why try to scrape up some deep underlying reason for student activism? Can't we merely accept it as an obvious, natural reaction to vague, unnatural problems?

Mark D. DeSelms
Roseville, Illinois

HOLLAND'S TWOFOLD BEAUTY

Your March articles *Amsterdam* and *The Girls of Holland* were particularly accurate and informative in visually describing the beauties of Holland. Of course, the charms and charmers of Amsterdam have, through the centuries, held a strong attraction for connoisseurs of life everywhere. Thanks to PLAYBOY's artistic exposures, those photos of Holland's wholesome honey-and-cream girls will now probably vie for exposure with windmills, tulip fields and canal bridges. As to Amsterdam's so-called drug scene, it is basically soft and spotty, because the *ambiance* of the city is usually enough to turn on the young. Bravo to your photographer and writer for putting together one beautiful Dutch pleasure package. But, for the sake of your countless female readers, you might have added a word or two about us Dutchmen.

John G. Bertram
Director for North America
Netherlands National Tourist Office
New York, New York

DOMAIN POISONING

I thoroughly enjoyed Arthur Kretchmer's excellent fantasy, *Polluted Man* (PLAYBOY, March), on the physical changes man's body might undergo to survive his polluted environment. I have

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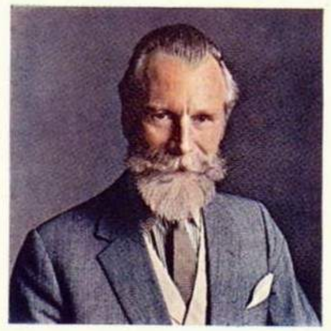

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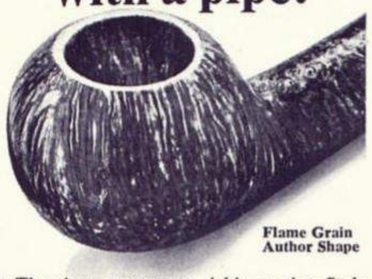
9 tips on how to start and stay with a pipe.



Flame Grain
Author Shape

■ There's no mystery to picking a pipe. Style and shape don't affect the smoke. But, since it does take some experience to judge a briar, stick with a well-recognized brand.

Kaywoodie
Pipe Knife

Relief Grain
Pot Shape

■ Fill the bowl only ⅓ full the first few times. Smoke to the bottom. Then, smoke ⅔ full and so on.

■ Smoke your new pipe only once a day for the first week. Get to know it gradually.

■ Pack your pipe firmly. Neither too tight, nor too loose.

■ Light your pipe twice. After the first light, tamp down ¼". Light up a second time. Cover the bowl and draw in. This spreads the embers for an even light.

Kaywoodie
Butane Lighter

White Briar
Full Bent

■ To keep your pipe lit, tamp down the tobacco ash frequently.

■ Run a pipe cleaner through your pipe after every smoke. Occasionally dip the pipe cleaner in pipe refresher.

■ It's easier to stay with a pipe if it's a Kaywoodie. The briar is hand-selected, aged and cured as only Kaywoodie knows how. This very special imported briar is hand-shaped and hand-worked. A permanent, built-in filter is then added to condense moisture, trap tars and irritants so you get a smoother, dryer smoke.

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seldom seen a combination of the artist's brush and the writer's pen make an important point so dramatically.

Joel M. Flaum
First Assistant Attorney General
State of Illinois
Chicago, Illinois

Those of us at Project Survival have read *Polluted Man* with great interest. The article might be described as fascinating or perhaps mind-boggling. However, I find it hard to believe that man could accomplish this startling metamorphosis in such a short time as 29 years —natural selection takes at least 25,000.

David M. Tifft
Coordinator
Project Survival
Seattle, Washington

Kretchmer's *Polluted Man* is a gruesome commentary on an already cataclysmic situation. But the problem is even worse than this horrible creature indicates. Kretchmer's depiction of hypertrophic lung capacity to "suck the good oxygen out of all that bad air" only begins to tell the lung story. Hypertrophic lung capacity will do little to alter the inevitable disturbance of the normal oxygen–carbon dioxide relationships in the body. The micro-small interface between the blood and respiratory gas is just too small to effectively provide a natural defense mechanism against pollutants. Significantly, bronchitis, asthma and bronchiectasis are already nearing epidemic proportions in the Northern Hemisphere. Throw in the fibrotic diseases, such as asbestosis, or other industrial-caused respiratory failures and you have a sick picture—one unable to respond to medical research, incidentally.

Joseph A. Nedley
Mesa, Arizona

Long before seeing Kretchmer's version of the John Doe of the year 2000, I had decided that man must control his environment or become an extinct species. The latter is more probable, since to control his environment, man will have to control politics and, as *Polluted Man* pointed out, this has never been a sure bet. Even if Homo effluviens becomes fact, he won't live long if he's built as was shown in Kretchmer's fantasy—because his food-processing methods will not have changed. With the increase of DDT in our vegetables and the pollution of our rivers, man will have to develop a system to separate the harsher chemicals from the food he puts into his stomach. If such a system does become existent, Homo effluviens may be considered by future generations to be a descendant of a Dow Chemical factory, rather than of Homo sapiens.

Richard Andre
Woodside, New York

QUEEN CHECK

One of the more satisfying whodunit writers over the years has been Ellery Queen—and his latest, *The Three Students* (PLAYBOY, March), was no disappointment. A puzzle maker (and solver) of the first water, he's a worthy successor to the great Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Robert Newman
Boston, Massachusetts

How simple-minded can you get? Fifty obvious red herrings and then the clue that stands out like a sore thumb—maybe it should have had an arrow pointing to it. But the clue is not to be understood by anybody who has not attended medical school. If you're going to run a mystery, why not one that lets all us readers play, not just those who have taken the Hippocratic oath?

Thomas Benson
St. Louis, Missouri

MAYORAL MUSES

Hizzoner (PLAYBOY, March), Mike Royko's portrait of Chicago's Mayor Daley, ranks with Solzhenitsyn's searing depiction of Stalin in *First Circle*. We can be thankful that, in America, the writer will not be sent to exile or a prison camp. Or will he?

Leon M. Despres
Alderman, Fifth Ward
Chicago, Illinois

A Chicago councilman for 16 years, Despres has been among the most vocal members of the loyal opposition to hizzoner.

Mike Royko, while surely a clever writer, is always snide and/or sardonic; and, in my experience, he is neither fair, objective nor careful to be accurate. His article on Mayor Daley demonstrates all this. It fails to portray the character of a man who is an appropriate model not only for all public officials but also for decent men generally.

Edward V. Hanrahan
State's Attorney, Cook County
Chicago, Illinois

As a longtime Daley-organization man, Hanrahan is part of the loyal opposition to the loyal opposition.

UNINTELLIGENT TESTS?

Many thanks for *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Intelligence*, by Morton Hunt (PLAYBOY, February). We are told that I. Q. scores below 70 indicate the mentally retarded; above 130, the gifted. But this actually means gifted at doing intelligence tests or at playing mental games very similar to intelligence tests. But intelligence at anything else? There is no evidence whatsoever. As for those mentally retarded low scorers, suppose they didn't like the testers? I have taken only one intelligence test and I deliberately spoiled it. I was no doubt recorded as mentally

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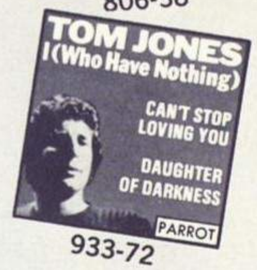

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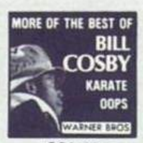

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retarded, although the truth was that I didn't wish to do well in the [military] context in which it was set. Apart from motivation, there is the question of special training. Once I became intrigued with the idea of playing mathematical games, crossword puzzles and the like. In no time at all, I was expert at the particular kind of brain juggling required. After some years of ignoring these limited pleasures, however, I found I was hopeless at them and needed to retrain my brain. It is the same with intelligence tests. They do not measure *intelligence*; they measure the specific form of intelligence that most amuses intelligence testers. Some of my best friends are psychologists, but. . . .

Desmond Morris
Attard, Malta

The author of "The Human Zoo," portions of which appeared in PLAYBOY, *Morris also wrote "The Naked Ape" and "Patterns of Reproductive Behavior."*

TALK SHOW

Your interview with Dick Cavett (PLAYBOY, March) was the most honest and refreshing I've ever read. What a relief to read the words of a man who does not pretend to be an expert on everything. Cavett is living his life, enjoying it and not driving himself and everyone else crazy with the whys and wherefores of it all. He made me chuckle by ducking very neatly (sometimes with pointed sarcasm) the interviewer's questions on his sex life, his competitors and politics.

Mrs. M. Coriam
New Paltz, New York

Thanks for the insights into a genuinely perspicacious television moderator. The interview with Cavett disclosed a philosophic formula that is certainly usable in this nation's attempts to combat its political and social crises. I refer to his realization of the need to allow people to choose their own mode of participation (which might happen to take the form of *non*participation) in political activity. This doesn't imply that concern is not vital to the solution of public dilemmas; there will always remain those people who are going to be quite vigorously involved. That is the way it should be, for those people are the ones who care enough about government to be the ones to govern—and, most probably (one hopes), they will govern justly.

Dana X. Kerola
Henderson, Nevada

I was disappointed by Dick Cavett's retreats from all questions dealing with his feelings and personal opinions. Reading the interview with him was a waste of time; the only fact I could glean from it was that he idolizes Jack Paar. This makes sense when you remember that, with tears in his eyes, tremulous voice and shortened breath, Paar said what he thought and felt about everybody and everything. Paar (I miss him, too) had a pair of lungs; Cavett is a mannequin. I cannot fault PLAYBOY's interviewer. The questions were asked, but the answers were evasive, equivocal, uncommitted and impersonal. Such is the Dick Cavett show. Unless he gives us more Cavett and less of his suavely executed humorous evasions, he will go the way of all third-raters.

Allan Chamson
Englewood, New Jersey

Congratulations on your fine interview with one of the few thinking men left in television. I find Cavett's quick-witted style and grace totally refreshing. Many Southerners have stopped watching the Cavett show because a certain Southern lieutenant governor walked off. Cavett can rest assured that I and other thinking men of the South will continue to watch his program.

Pete Rancont
Auburn, Alabama

THE GOOD LIV

Entering my ninth year as a reader and collector of your great magazine, I have seen about 103 Playmates. Miss January, Liv Lindeland, must be one of the best ever, if not *the* best, to date. She is absolutely gorgeous.

Bob O'Brien
Staten Island, New York

Tusen Tak, to PLAYBOY and Norway, for starting our year off right, with Miss Lindeland. We "vikings" have always known how to "Liv."

W. Carey Wilson
Social Director
Sons of Norway
Riverhead, New York

FILMING A FINNED KILLER

Peter Matthiessen's article, *Shark!* (PLAYBOY, March), about his hunt with a film crew for the sea's most feared predator, was truly a masterpiece. I had begun to believe my infatuation with Chondrichthyes was unique. I only wish that more of your readers could experience the sensations that must have provoked the writing of this article. Today's generation speaks of sky diving, sports-car racing, travels to exotic lands, etc., many of which I have experienced; yet none of these activities has given me the true rush that the "dark shadow" inflicts.

Curt Fisher
State College, Pennsylvania

Shark! by Matthiessen is the best article on adventure I've ever read. God, what an account!

Michael Jamison
Pocatello, Idaho

It will be interesting to see the film of the search for the great white shark that Matthiessen describes so graphically in *Shark!* No doubt the movie will be exciting, but I'm glad a writer as masterful as Matthiessen was along on the expedition to capture in words all those adventures no camera can record.

Jack Hartigan
Wakefield, Massachusetts

THE FUNNIEST STORY

George Axelrod's *Where Am I Now When I Need Me?* (PLAYBOY, March) is the funniest goddamn story I have ever read. Axelrod is a comic genius, a master of the slow build-up and then the steady guffaw, dandy when it comes to dialog. I have never read a more entertaining story in PLAYBOY.

Harold Kenton
Los Angeles, California

To bring tears to the eyes of the reader is no difficult task—any hack can do it (witness *Love Story*)—but to make the reader laugh takes skill of the highest order. The elevator scene was hilarious, the bust by the cops insane. I didn't see how he could top it in the end—I thought for sure it would just fizzle out—but Axelrod's denouement doubled me over. Great!

George Wilson
New York, New York

Axelrod cracks me up; the man's insane. *Where Am I Now When I Need Me?* has to be the wildest story I've ever read. I don't know who will make the motion-picture version, but it will probably be the most riotous film ever to hit the silver screen.

William Master
Chicago, Illinois

Digesting Axelrod, I have been left with fits of mirth interspersed with hearty laughter. The fable is totally intoxicating on all levels. I am able to confront life itself with belly chuckles and a considerable amount of reverent empathy for the creative man. With Odin's blessing, let him return, for there is another laugh to come.

John Dunphy
Madison, Wisconsin

Where Am I Now? is a superb tale—told in a true black-comedic vein (close to the jugular). George Axelrod's crazed, horny marvel, Harvey Bernstein, is welcome relief amid the current onslaught of all those alienated, slouchy and often Jewish writer-heroes, and is the pinball for the gamiest story I have encountered to date in PLAYBOY—or in any other magazine, for that matter. Please welcome Axelrod back soon.

J. S. Cohn
San Francisco, California

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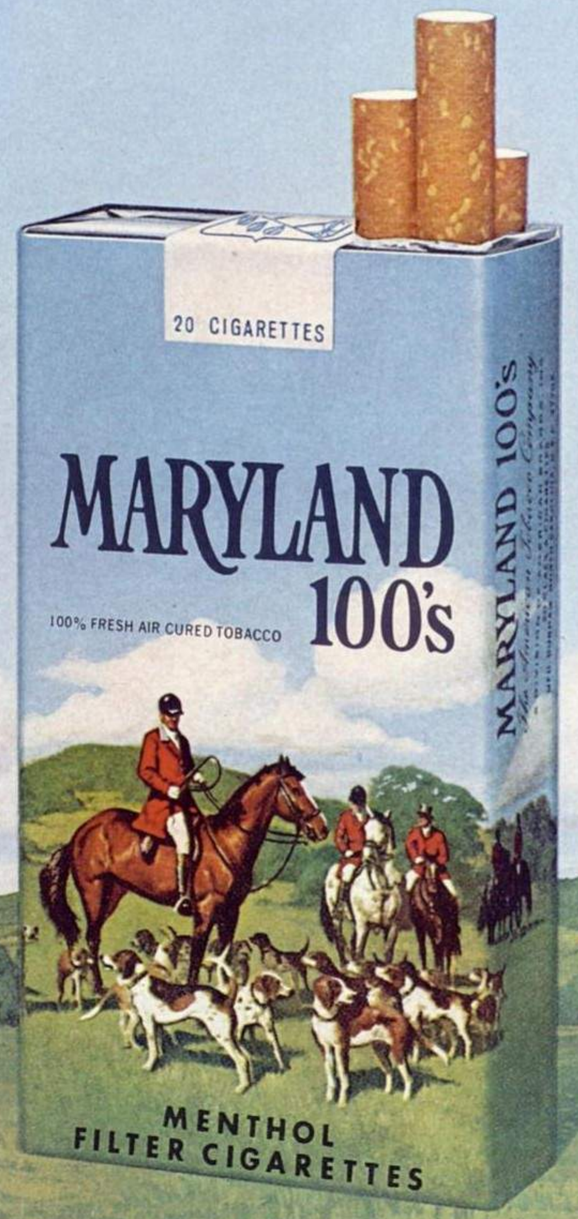

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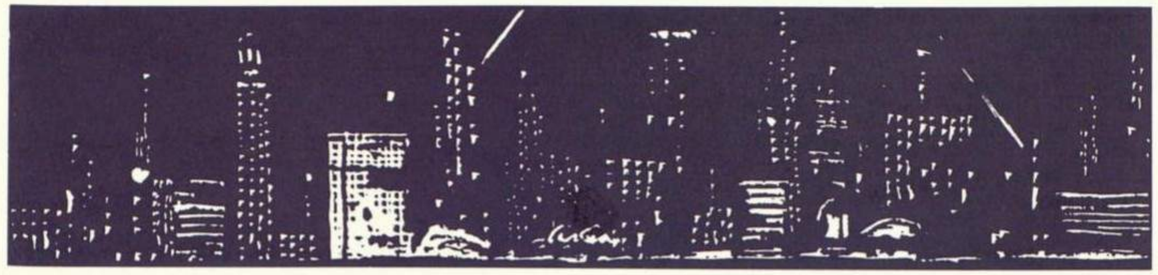
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Well, it had to happen. A women's lib group (British division, Liverpool chapter) has pronounced that *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* reeks of male chauvinism. What particularly irks the group, it seems, is the thought of that bright, sweet girl having to wash dishes for seven dirty little old men. (Dwarfs' lib might point out that they were letting her off easy.) Even worse, to the Liverpudlian lib ladies, is the denouement, in which Snow White rides off with the fairy prince to become a sex object in his castle. (Of course, he *could* have been a closet queen.) Accordingly, fem-lib revisionists are rewriting the tale so that Snow White and Prince wind up working arm in arm, shoulder to shoulder in the dwarfs' mine—which is a helluva way to mine.

Mythology and history will assuredly come next. Helen of Troy—a victim of male exploitation if ever there was one—is an obvious candidate for liberation. The revised version of the *Iliad* will doubtless show that, in fact, it was Helen who abducted Paris in order to avoid being another sex object in a Grecian palace. Indeed, the ladies will probably point out that the whole Trojan War was just another excuse for the guys to get away from the girls.

Historically, few accepted heroines seem likely to survive the stern scrutiny of lib revisionists. Joan of Arc, instead of cajoling and pleading with the feeble Dauphin, will simply stage a fem-lib sit-in at the palace until the court relents and she is allowed to lead an army of women into battle. (Presumably, the English battlements at Orléans will not be manned by Liverpudlian ladies.) Staunch early feminists, from Dido to Florence Nightingale, will need new biographies; they were all co-opted by the male establishment. Even that old battle-ax Elizabeth I declared that she had the mind and stamina of a *man*. As for Betsy Ross, whose intellect and revolutionary zeal were bypassed in favor of her needlework talents, forget her. Assuredly, if the women persist, history is going to have to go a long way, baby.

Myths and fairy tales such as *Cinderella* are another matter. As the warp and woof of ancient fantasies and deep imaginings, they aren't subject to de-Stalinization, lib style, and can't really be rewritten. In fact, they'd make no sense if they were. Cinderella wasn't getting unequal pay from her ugly sisters for hauling those ashes; she wasn't getting paid at all. Cindy had to be liberated from *women*. And if you change the ugly sisters into ugly brothers, you ruin the plot—unless you make them gay brothers, with designs on Prince Charming, in which case the lib ladies would be taking a swipe at their allies, the homosexual revolutionaries. It wouldn't work.

The toughest problem for the liberationists is that so much of mythology, fiction and even history is dominated by ruthless and repulsive women: the Wicked Witch of the West, Lucrezia Borgia, Russia's Empress Catherine II, Messalina of Rome—the list is endless. Unpleasant as they were, these legendary bitches and viragoes never took any guff from mere males. They were, in the truest sense, liberated. Think about it, ladies.

•

From time to time, we hear that the country is going to the dogs, and good evidence of this can be found at Du Say's, a New Orleans outfit that stocks "everything for pampered pets." Leafing through Du Say's recent catalog listings, we came across *Our Puppy's Baby Book*, which has room for "snapshots, birth data, pawprint, animals I have met, family tree and many, many other milestones." This item is available in blue (for boy dogs) and pink (for girl dogs). Du Say's also sells a complete line of doggie hats, ranging from a calypso straw number trimmed with fruit and sunglasses to a Jewish *yarmulke* in white with a blue Star of David. To put your dog at his ease, you can get a posh car seat (front- or back-seat model), a high chair and/or an antiqued four-poster bed highlighted by brass hardware. If you're trying to make your bitch thoroughly resistible to neighborhood studs, get Pro-tekt-her anti-mating spray, which stops "in-season females from attracting males." On the other hand, if you would arrange a romantic tryst and the usual deodorizers and shampoos haven't done the trick, for $1.49 you can get your pet Doggie Dent, a beef-flavored tooth paste complete with toothbrush. If, after such luxuries, your pooch is still pouting, it may be that he's not eating right. This can be remedied by purchasing *The Secret of Cooking for Dogs*, a cookbook with special chapters devoted to meals "designed to please the palate of the most discriminating dogs." This gourmet find contains such tempting recipes as "Quick Canine Custard, Canine Omelet, Dogwiches, Entrail Delight and Dog Dip." In the event none of these perks him up, you'd better shell out another $3.95 for a copy of *How to Live with a Neurotic Dog*.

•

The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away. A California clergyman who filed his income-tax return after the April 15 deadline told the IRS, "I shall pray for mercy." The tax examiner subsequently assigned to his case was a woman named Mercy.

•

Reuters news service reports this item from Saigon: A patrol of U.S. soldiers spotted a North Vietnamese soldier in the jungle with a rifle under one arm and a bundle of paper under the other. Thinking they had found an intelligence courier, they captured him, only to discover that the paper was a copy of *Mad* magazine.

•

Underground-press-type ads have invaded such upper-crust territory as *The New York Review of Books*, albeit with a little more class, judging from this recent sample: "Much younger, tall, articulate wife/companion wanted by mobile N.Y./Boston–area writer/translator, sound wind/limb/mind, late 50s, *plus-que-moyen sensuel*, skeptically radical. Pictures appreciated, returned. . . ."

•

A Houston vice-squad officer, testifying in an obscenity trial, was asked to define his terms when he stated that a sex movie he attended had no plot. "I

consider a plot as having a beginning, a climax and an end," he said. "It was completely devoid of a beginning and an end."

•

We don't know why, but the National Macaroni Institute has commissioned an artist to do a portrait of Pat Nixon—in macaroni. Oh well, if the First Lady doesn't like it, she can always douse it with catsup and serve it to hubby for dinner.

•

Our Candor in Advertising Award goes to the publisher who placed this *New York Times* help-wanted ad for an editorial assistant: "If you are conscientious, have writing ability and want an interesting job on a Romance Magazine, then you can count on fair treatment and gross opportunities."

•

It should be duly noted that the majority of expensive callgirls in Madrid work on Calle Dr. Fleming, a street named after the discoverer of penicillin.

•

Gee, That's Swell Department: Selective Service has kindly changed its rules and will now allow any young man currently in possession of a draft deferment to change his classification to 1-A.

•

Those dolls and other toys with built-in tape-recorded songs and phrases have notoriously low fidelity. As a result, all Sears stores in the Louisville, Kentucky, area have stopped selling a toy that looks like a large clock and garbles out Dr. Seuss ditties when its string is pulled. Too many parents were complaining about the clock's poorly enunciated recital of the refrain, "Yuk! Yuk! Yuk!"

•

A Federal judge in Baltimore has ruled that an applicant for the city police force may not be rejected because of membership in a nudist organization. Arguments that the would-be policeman would have difficulty investigating cases of pornography and indecent exposure, and that he couldn't carry side arms 24 hours a day, were dismissed by the judge as "bare allegations."

•

Jones Little Sausage packages now carry the unsettling inscription: OXYGEN INTERCEPTER ADDED TO IMPROVE STABILITY.

•

We can guess the occupation of the fellow who wrote this letter to the editor of the *Chicago Daily News*: "Rock music has an adverse effect on young people and causes them to turn to dope. We must get them to enjoy the great music that was written in the Twenties, Thirties and Forties. The first step would be to teach ballroom dancing at the high school level. In addition, it would provide jobs for the great number of unemployed musicians in the United States."

•

Beware of Greeks Department: When a man entered his cab in downtown Athens and asked to be taken to an address in the Eliopolis district, Nicholas Petropoulos didn't ask any questions, even though the address was his own. But, after delivering his fare, he later told the judge, some instinct made him follow the man into the building. Petropoulos went to his own apartment on the second floor, heard voices, unlocked the door and found his wife and his passenger in a heated embrace. Taking matters into his own fists, he and the passenger, Georgios Lappas, wound up in the police station. Lappas told police he had been visiting Mrs. Petropoulos regularly for two years. He was quoted as saying, "She phones me when he takes off for his eight-hour shift."

•

When a newspaper polices its advertising as diligently as its editorial content, the imagination of the proprietor of a bar that features more and more skin each week is sorely taxed. How does he tell the community where it's at? When his place went completely topless and bottomless, a Racine, Wisconsin, tavern operator neatly skirted—or unskirted—the issue with this correction notice: "Miss Jeannie Bare, the famous stripper, is no longer wearing a ribbon in her hair."

ART

The usual image of ***Paul Cézanne*** is as the visual engineer who fathered modern painting by calmly reconstructing nature with building blocks of color. But behind those cubes and planes burned an intensity of feeling. In his 20s and 30s, Cézanne was so tortured by sexual frustration that he would sometimes swoon before his naked models, then throw them half dressed down the stairs. His pictures of the 1860s seem to writhe and boil and, though eventually he found himself a woman, thinned his paint and turned to less disturbing subjects—still lifes, portraits, country landscapes—the passion never left his work. That is evident in the impressive Cézanne exhibition now concluding its tour at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, after stopovers at the Phillips Gallery in Washington, D. C., and Chicago's Art Institute. The show honors the late Duncan Phillips, who fully understood the restrained restlessness that lends the paintings of Cézanne their inimitable power. It was Phillips who, half a century ago, invited a curious public to see the collection of paintings in his red-brick Washington mansion and, in so doing, opened America's first gallery of modern art. He felt that art should be seen not in marble monuments but in the comfort of a home. The Phillips Collection today is much the way he left it; the guards do not wear uniforms and the elegant galleries are equipped with easy chairs and sofas. It is in tribute to Phillips, as well as to his favorite artist, that such museums as the Louvre, Washington, D. C.'s National Gallery and the Met, and such collectors as Paul Mellon and Stavros Niarchos, have lent their own Cézannes to this unforgettable assemblage.

BOOKS

Books by and about black America are again focusing on individual odysseys. Now that so much probing has been done into *the* black man, there is need for more precise and subtle differentiation among varieties of black men. A halfway house between the two genres is the work of Drs. William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs. In their earlier *Black Rage*, they argued that a certain degree of paranoia is essential to sanity for the black American. In ***The Jesus Bag*** (McGraw-Hill), they use a diversity of case histories to amplify that thesis. More impressive than *Black Rage* in its scope and power, this book explores the ways in which black Americans have adapted to a hostile environment. Violence, poverty, black psychology, white "expertise" and other elements are linked to "the commands of conscience and the strictures of religion which have haunted blacks from slavery to this day." Interweaving individual lives with historical forces, *The Jesus Bag* is of jolting value. Five other new books concentrate on individual black men. John Neary's ***Julian Bond: Black Rebel*** (Morrow) is an illuminating account of an elusive subject—the cool ex-SNCC Georgia legislator and poet who appears before more college audiences these days than any black speaker except Dick Gregory. A pragmatist rather than an ideologue, Bond is trying to organize blacks for power within the system, but he is not at all an assimilationist: "Our job, from now into the future, is to carve out our own place, separate, but a part of the whole." By contrast with young, smooth, actor-handsome Bond, there is Charles Evers, Mayor of Fayette, Mississippi, a national force in black politics, a one-time hustler turned fiercely straight, Evers is a formidable figure. Just how formidable is made clear in ***Evers*** (World), a remarkable editing job by Grace Halsell, who put the book together from taped interviews and speeches. "Sure, I hate. I think I really do hate. But I hate so bad till I'm gonna make damn

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So ride with the Firestone "500" tire—The great new tire that goes as well as it looks.

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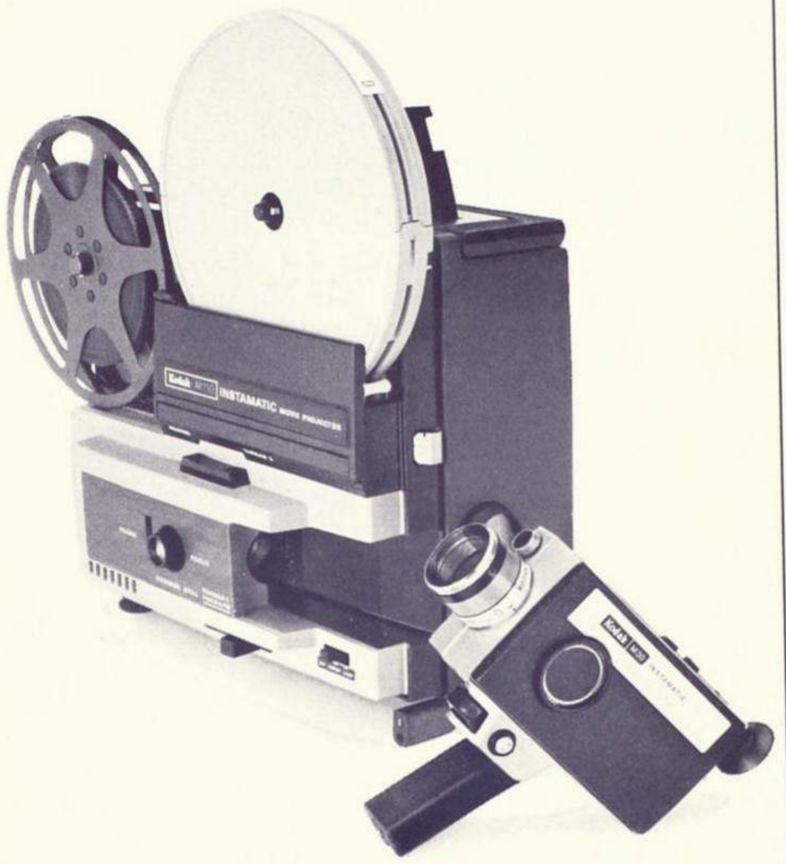

DROP IN
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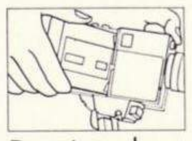
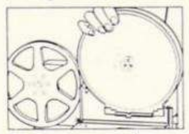


Drop in to shoot.



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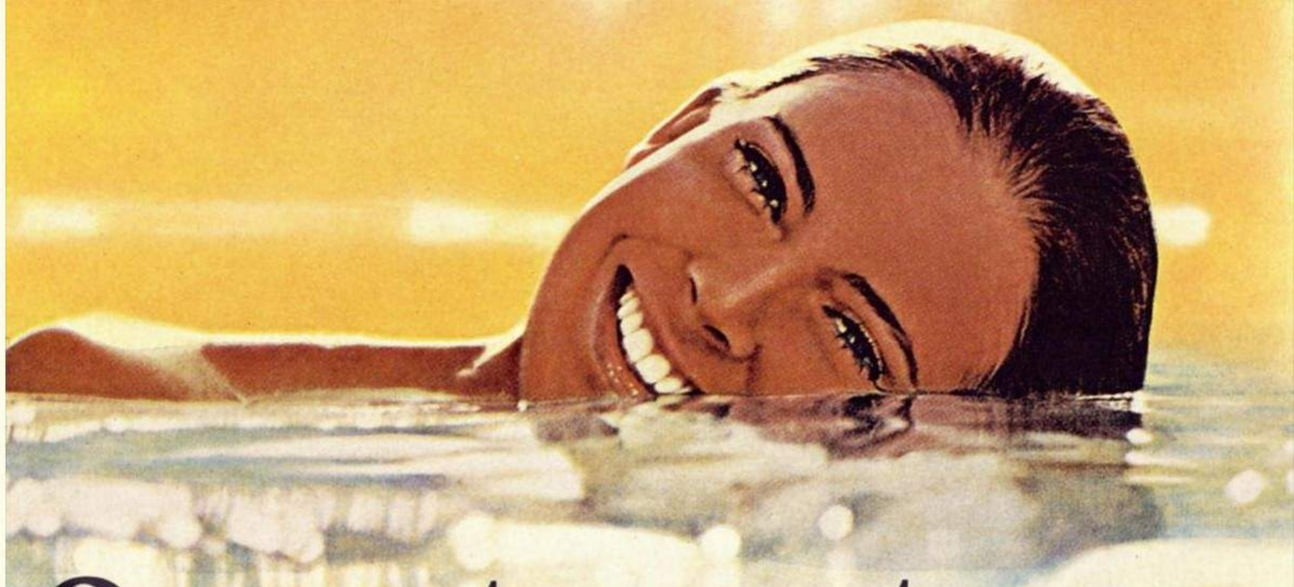
sure that I kill off all the cause that makes me hate." There are penetrating insights here into Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Charles's brother, the late Medgar Evers, among others. But it is Charles Evers who comes through to show how large a life can be. ***Stokely Speaks*** (Random House), a collection of Stokely Carmichael's 1965–1970 speeches and articles, is much more polemical than personal. Recently a resident of Guinea and a disciple of the exiled Nkrumah, Carmichael is preaching Pan-Africanism as an ultimate goal ("Black people . . . are all an African people"). He advocates highly disciplined organizing of blacks in America, so that they can control their own communities. Carmichael sees much bloodshed ahead; one almost feels he will be terribly disappointed if his prophecy proves untrue. It would be difficult to imagine two black men less alike than Stokely Carmichael and Bobby Short. The latter, an ultrachic pianist-singer with such admirers as the Duke of Windsor and Jackie Onassis, does, however, have some sense of the black veins in the American grain. His ***Black and White Baby*** (Dodd, Mead), an account of his first 17 years, is a singular addition to American social history. Short was molded as a Midwestern Protestant, certainly aware of being black but not piercingly aware. (He still uses the term colored.) He grew up "different" in Danville, Illinois, but he considered Jews and Catholics even more "taboo." Also remarkable, to say the least, is the long-promised autobiography of Charles Mingus, ***Beneath the Underdog*** (Knopf), edited by Nel King. It's a book concerned with more than growing up black in America, although blackness is at its core. In a kaleidoscopic feat of energy and imagination, Mingus rides the rapids of his past and reveals much in the process about himself, his country, jazz and sex. One section, by the way, on how best to satisfy a woman, is worth more than all the didactic erotica on the market. An extraordinary book about an extraordinary man.

•

James Leo Herlihy may have had his tongue in his cheek while turning out ***The Season of the Witch*** (Simon & Schuster). If so, the bulge is difficult to detect. This novel seems to be a straight account of the world of heads and hippies and, while its literary qualities are questionable, its lexicon value is inestimable. "Every Phrase in the New Lingua Franca You Weren't Sure of but Were Afraid to Ask About, Baby" would be an apt subtitle for this saga of a subculture. The girl to whom it's all happening is Gloria Random, the offspring of a brief interlude between mother Irene O'Malley and an East Coast Polish-Jewish intellectual-radical by the name of Hank Glyczwycz. But Mom, who is



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presently married to a Mr. Uptight, has just about succeeded in burying her past in the suburban chic of Belle Woods, Michigan. Gloria, meanwhile, a joint-smoking zodiac freak, bugs out with her Pisces buddy and pro-tem guru, Roy, who is slightly homosexual; that doesn't prevent them from sleeping together because they give each other such good vibes, and sex, after all, isn't everything. Anyway, Gloria happens to have a few clues as to the whereabouts of her true father, so she looks him up and finds him and—what do you think?—totals on the old man, absolutely totals, and wants to go to bed with him, but scruples a little because possibly he might have some hang-up on incest, or something silly like that. So Gloria tells him who she is and . . . but that's enough. Looked at one way, this is a utopian novel, full of trips, flips and perhaps a real look at the real world of dope-taking youngsters who would like to bring about a pie-in-the-sky millennium. But looked at almost any other way, it's embarrassing nonsense.

•

More than 2,500,000 young men have returned from the Vietnam war, and it is astonishing that we pay so little attention to them. In ***No Victory Parades*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), Murray Polner seeks to fill part of that gap with skillful verbatim interviews with nine Vietnam veterans, all from working- and lower-class backgrounds, all noncareer soldiers with combat experience. Their stories are varied, their responses diverse, but it is their similarities that are most striking. In Vietnam, their eyes were opened to corruption, cowardice, deceit and atrocity, on the part of both Americans and Vietnamese, and they slowly grew to question the former and despise the latter. Soon the only thing that mattered was staying alive. On returning home, these men were expected to fit into conventional lives without reminding others of a war that wouldn't end. The tensions, Polner shows, were severe. On one level, a number of these veterans ended up bewildered, jittery, lonely, prone to alcohol, chain smoking, sleeplessness. On a deeper level, all of them, even those who are still hawks, have had their faith in the nation, in its leaders and purposes, severely eroded. These are only some of the painful side effects of our adventure in Indochina.

•

Seductive as a siren's song and almost as deadly for American anthropologist Carlos Castaneda was his apprenticeship to Yaqui Indian sorcerer Juan Matus. In an earlier book, *The Teachings of Don Juan*, Castaneda vividly described his initiation into Juan's world via peyote and his extraordinarily intimate relationship with the enigmatic and powerful sorcerer. Castaneda's fear of madness

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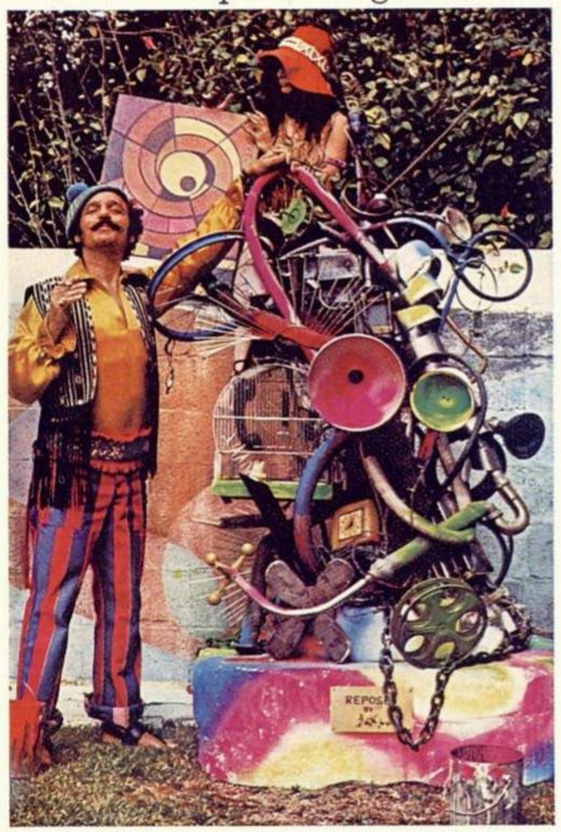
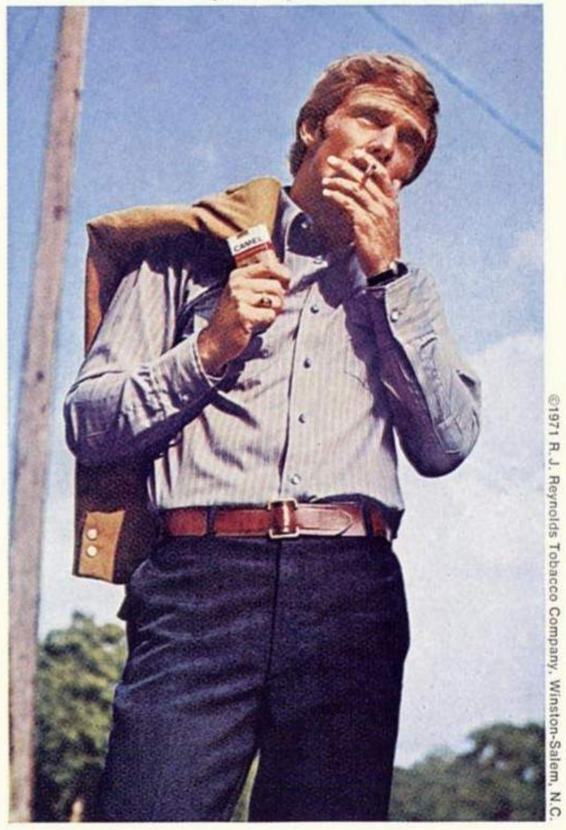


...almost everybody.



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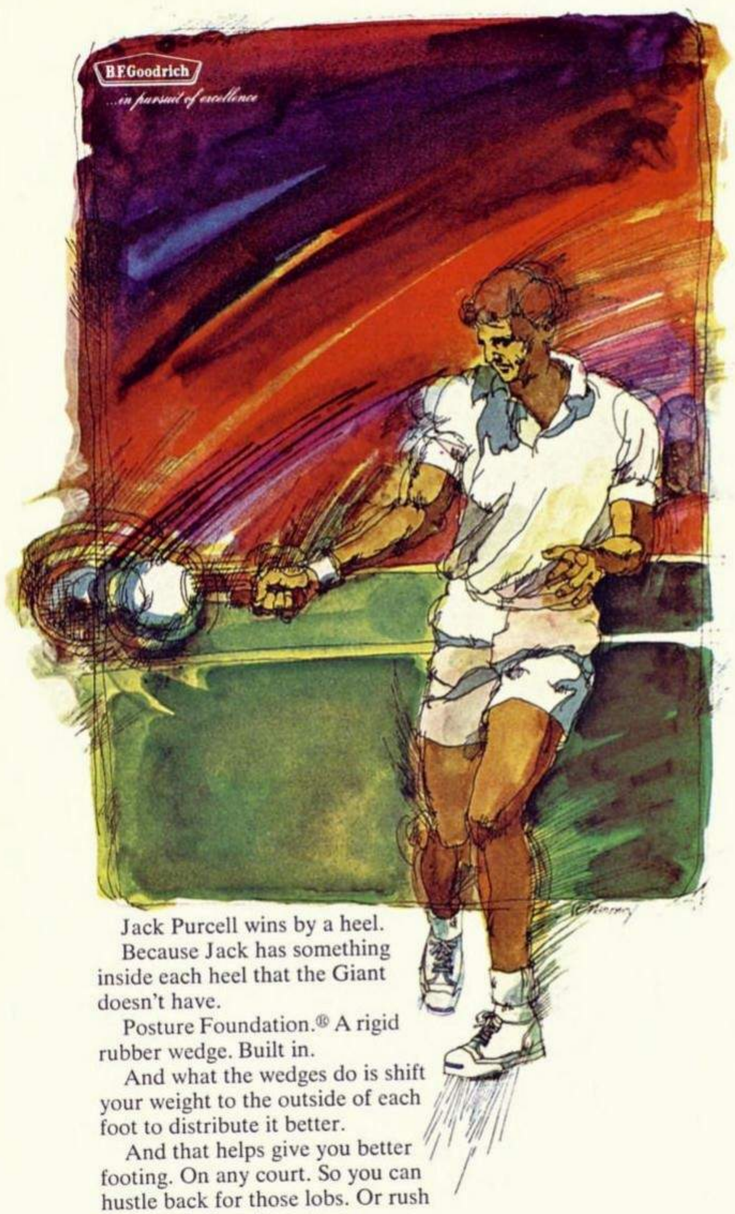

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forced him to withdraw from Don Juan's threatening world. But he returned to Mexico a few years later to continue his apprenticeship and now he provides us with an even more fascinating document in ***A Separate Reality*** (Simon & Schuster). Don Juan emerges as a truly remarkable human being who has learned both to accept man's tragic condition and to transcend it by creating a powerful and complex mythic world of his own. It is this world that Castaneda at last succeeds in entering—yet it remains tantalizingly beyond his grasp. In Don Juan's realm, one must learn to "see" without judging, to perceive without selecting, to know without analyzing. A man of reason, Castaneda cannot wholly accept it; and Don Juan, recognizing that further insistence might destroy his pupil, reluctantly releases him. Unlike most books that deal with drug experiences, *A Separate Reality* makes no claim to provide simple answers or ultimate truths. On the contrary, it dramatizes man's struggle for knowledge as it really is: dangerous, painful and, in the end, only partially satisfying.

•

Wow! Can you imagine it? Actually walking the same streets Bob Dylan once walked back there in Hibbing, Minnesota. Actually *talking* to people who knew him when he was little Bobby Zimmerman. And seeing the cigarette burns left on the old pine dresser by the man himself. Too much. ***Positively Main Street: An Unorthodox View of Bob Dylan*** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), by Toby Thompson, burbles on with details of the author's search for the authentic Bob Dylan, but Thompson and his trips to Hibbing are the stars of this book, Dylan being merely an excuse for it. There is practically nothing here of interest to Dylanologists, and Thompson's coy tongue-in-cheek tone toward his own inane writing style succeeds in telling us that he is a callow young man preoccupied with himself as writer. Such are the hazards of personal journalism. ***Freakshow*** (Atheneum), catchily subtitled "The Rocksoulbluesjazzsickjewblackhumorpoppsych Gig and Other Scenes of the Counter-Culture," is also journalism, but in the hands of a much more polished practitioner. As interpreter and critic of pop culture for various magazines, Albert Goldman got in at the beginning of rock and wandered through the Sixties like Alice through Wonderland. But as the end of the decade approached and the frenzy of rock gave way to softer, more personal sounds, to which even Dylan succumbed, Goldman got nervous at this "slough of sentimentality" and pronounced the end of rock. One of the dangers of being a pop-culture *maven* is that once you get the hang of a particular aspect of the scene, you can become proprietary about it, unable to go with its changes. Goldman is on surer ground when he's dealing with the culture heroes with whom he seems to have a truer connection of the spirit. His pieces on Lenny Bruce, Philip Roth and Mel Brooks, among others, are perceptive and informed.

•

Take heart, second-raters and also-rans, nebbishes and schlemiels. Benny Bloodworth is here! Who? The hero of ***Faking It*** (Trident), Gerald Green's entry in the great literary-revenge sweepstakes. (The title is, of course, unrelated to *Making It*, Norman Podhoretz' literary confessions of a few seasons ago.) This riotous *roman à clef* takes place in Paris, where the World Conference on the Arts and Sciences has convened. Among the tertiary luminaries is Bloodworth, a novelist whose thematic specialty has been the heart-warming spiritual heroism of Bronx druggists. Literarily, Ben is a nobody—and nobody knows this better than Ben—but in his heart he is a Homer of frustration and rage, particularly against the Arno Flackmans, the Warren Cooperages and the James Warfield Keens of this world. Who are these cats? You'll have no trouble finding real-life doubles. That's half the fun. The other half is a rampaging trip through the spy-thriller genre. Three elements are at work: the conference itself, where the author of such sincere novels as *The Last Angry Man* mocks the freaks and freeloaders of the literary establishment; the spy stuff—practically every power on earth has planted an agent among the intellectual *nudnicks*; the third element is the flummery of an East–West confrontation, with feisty little Israel and a lot of *yiddishkeit* tossed into the general melee. Everybody, it turns out, is working for somebody; and little Ben, the nobody of Hicksville, L. I., turns out to have more *cojones* than a Hemingway hero. A swinging tribute to all those who languish in the shadows of other people's limelights.

•

Selig Greenberg's ***The Quality of Mercy*** (Atheneum) is a kid-gloved report on "the critical condition of American hospital and medical care." Greenberg worries about all the appropriate problems: the shortage of doctors, the spiraling costs, the fleecing of the rich and the spurning of the poor. Yet his book is ultimately disappointing, because he tends to view the medical world not with the critical eye of an outsider but with the complacent eye of an organization man. (He is, the dust jacket assures us, "a veteran medical writer.") In the last chapter—characteristically titled "Medicine Faces the Challenge of the 1970s"—Greenberg asks, "Why is our health record so poor?" And he replies, "The basic answer to this puzzle . . . is the inefficiency of the medical-care system . . . its lack of organization and

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planning and effective controls on quality." In other words: Physician, heal thyself. In sharp contrast, we have ***The American Health Empire*** (Random House), a report from the Health Policy Advisory Center. The folks at Health-PAC, a privately funded activist group based in New York City, are young, high-minded and very angry. They suggest that there exists "a Medical-Industrial Complex," whose members include the big hospitals, the research institutions and the drug manufacturers. "The most obvious function of the American medical system, other than patient care, is profit-making." From this plausible premise, the authors proceed to the notion that such cherished reforms as Medicare and national health insurance are of no use: "The problem is that national health insurance will be a mechanism to funnel money out of the pockets of workers and taxpayers into the hands of the people who now run . . . the health-service delivery system—the doctors, the hospital administrators and the Medical-Industrial Complex, which fattens on people's illnesses." What Health-PAC is calling for is "a wholly new American health-care system" that takes power out of the hands of doctors and hospitals and gives it to. . . . But we're never told exactly who will manage paradise. New Left rhetoric is a poor substitute for planning. Somewhere alongside Health-PAC and Greenberg falls Dr. Alex Gerber, who has written ***The Gerber Report*** (McKay), a string of rambling ruminations on things medical. Dr. Gerber states at the outset that he has "no desire to blow the whistle on medical institutions," and he remains true to his nonresolve. On the other hand, he does supply a lot of insider's gossip—stories about surgeons who remove the wrong organs, hospitals that suppress evidence of malpractice, that sort of thing. Not a book to give to an ailing friend.

•

Liberal helpings of Capra-corn, a term that author Frank Capra himself sprinkles freely through his pages, add savor to ***The Name Above the Title*** (Macmillan), an autobiography by the writer-director who gathered a mantelful of Oscars while creating some of Hollywood's best-loved human comedies. *It Happened One Night* (the only film in Academy history to take *every* major award), *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* and *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* are only a few of the successes credited to the man who unblushingly acknowledges his title as "King of the Film Makers." At the very least, he was a prince among such rough-and-tumble Hollywood potentates as Harry Cohn, whose ramshackle Columbia Pictures became a movie empire only after—says Capra—Cohn surrendered to the inimitable Capra touch in comedy. Actors will love this book because of the author's boundless admiration for virtually all

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their breed (the sole exception being Glenn Ford, who plays the villain in one cantankerous chapter). Fledgling film makers also should cherish the book as a compleat guide to the business of putting movies together, from the first scream of conflict at the studio to the last sneak preview in Santa Monica. Though he hasn't made an important feature film in nearly two decades and expresses some Spiro-esque bitterness about "the cologned, pretentious, effete, adulterated crud" that pollutes the screen today, Capra is a Hollywood original and remains, as always, a great entertainer.

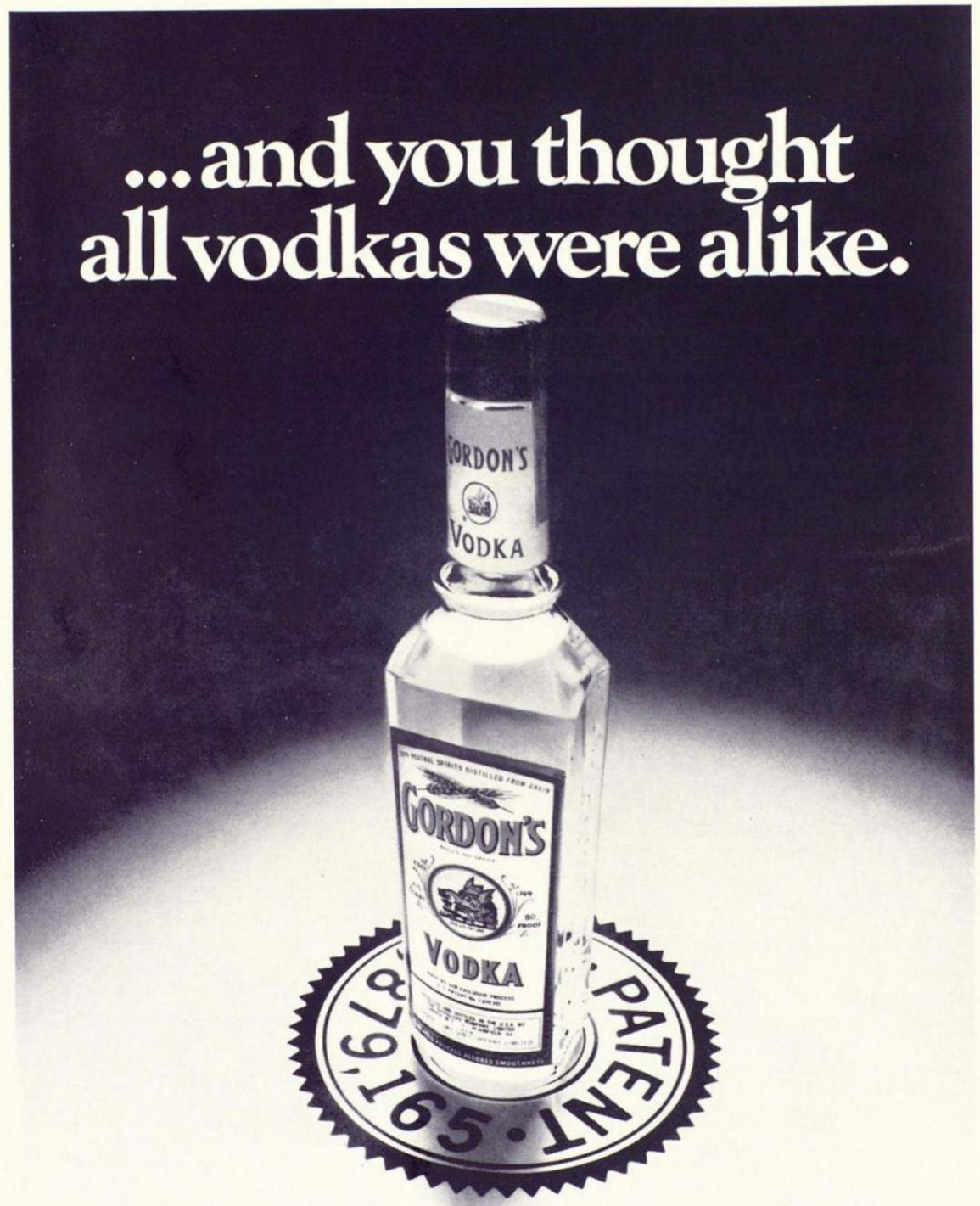
•

In ***Why Can't They Be Like Us?*** (Dutton), Chicago sociologist Andrew M. Greeley sings the praises of the nation's "white ethnics," those hyphenated Americans about whom liberals and radicals get so uptight. The intellectuals, claims Greeley in a self-righteous introduction, have "the arrogance [to] write off all white ethnics as 'racist' or 'fascist' or . . . 'hard-hats.'" Greeley then proceeds to set them straight with a pastiche of polltakers' statistics, personal reminiscences and more-or-less aimless meanderings. At one point, he attempts to prove that intellectuals themselves constitute an ethnic group, primarily because they have "shared values" and they all read *The New York Times*. None of this makes much sense until one realizes that, in turning intellectuals into ethnics, Greeley is now free to treat them in a manner to which ethnic Americans have grown accustomed. Toward the end of the book, he at last makes some assertions that can be assessed on their merits. For example: White ethnics "are profoundly committed to family, home and neighborhood in a fashion that those of us who are part of the cosmopolitan elite find very difficult to understand." And: "White ethnics are afraid of violence. There was much of it in their own past, both in this country and in Europe." (This will come as a surprise to blacks in Chicago who remember the white-ethnic riots against them in Cicero and Trumbull Park.) As Greeley says, we need more data about white ethnics. But—as he doesn't say—we also need less special pleading.

•

Fans of Ross Macdonald, whose tribe increaseth with every book, may turn to ***The Underground Man*** (Knopf) with the assurance that it is among the best of his remarkable series of novels featuring Lew Archer, California's pre-eminent private eye. Macdonald's plots ought not to be given away. Suffice it to note that a mysterious murder and a raging fire combine to draw Archer into a set of intricate relationships, which he proceeds to unravel in his smart, decent,

...and you thought all vodkas were alike.



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methodical way. Once again, Macdonald uses his talents as a weaver of tightly woven tales to deliver acute insights about life as it is lived (and extinguished) in his native Southern California. For a couple of decades, it has been the convention to ascribe mastery of the mystery form to Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett. We herewith nominate Ross Macdonald to a full partnership in that classy company.

•

Here Comes Everybody (Harper & Row), by William C. Schutz, whose *Joy* flirted for a while with the best-seller lists, is still another psychological self-help manual. Like most of the genre, its approach is not very different from that taken by Mel Brooks in his famous psychiatrist routine. To a girl who just sits and cuts up paper, Schutz says, "Don't cut paper!" He takes more than 300 pages to communicate a brief truism: Know yourself and be open and truthful with others. But if self-deceived people knew how to stop deceiving themselves, or wanted to, they wouldn't be self-deceived. What redeems *Here Comes Everybody* are the passages in which Schutz writes from personal experience. He and a girlfriend, for example, agree that each is free to sleep with others—and then, when she tells him she has had intercourse with another man, he discovers that the truth in his head (she is free to make love with anyone she chooses) is contradicted by the truth in his body (he can't achieve an erection). Had Schutz written the open and truthful autobiography he is clearly capable of, there is little doubt that readers would have learned more about the challenge and reward of living an honest life than they can get from *Here Comes Everybody*.

•

The Weekend Man (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Richard B. Wright, is, on the surface, a chronicle of the daily-life details of a rather ordinary fellow doing rather ordinary things (a description guaranteed to deter readers by the droves). What this superb first novel has to offer, in fact, is a compassionate portrait of a young man convinced of his own worthlessness and of the essential meaninglessness of life trying, nevertheless, to live sanely. Wes Wakeham is 30, works for a Toronto textbook firm, has a Mongoloid son, is separated from a domineering wife and is incapable of any emotion but lust and a vague scornful sadness. But he is intelligent, with an engagingly ironic sense of humor—and no self-pity. He meets a young woman at a Christmas party and manages to get her aimed toward her apartment. "Standing here in the snowy street," he reflects, "she is altogether as handsome and secretive as a Russian officer's concubine. But something has gone seriously wrong and both of us appear to be suddenly wearied with one another. It demands a great effort to keep things going." In a most wrenching scene, the incipient intercourse peters out: "We thrash about on the rug like landed fish. It's no use. Her milk-white sea-cold body is an affront." One puts down this fine book with the melancholy sense that human contact is an endless series of little misunderstandings, misinterpretations, misapprehensions.

•

Mortimer J. Adler is understandably concerned that too many people are losing faith in democratic political processes as the best means for solving problems—and he considers this more threatening than the problems themselves. In ***The Common Sense of Politics*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), Professor Adler enters the debate between liberal and radical over reform *vs.* revolution. He rejects the anarchistic notion that men could live in peace and find fulfillment in the absence of governing institutions. He argues persuasively, if somewhat tediously, that the modern state is as natural to technological man as the tribe was to primitive man, because basic human needs—both material and psychological—can be best fulfilled only through a level of social organization that amounts to government. The objectives of both the anarchist and the authoritarian, he believes, are equally utopian. But Professor Adler's own vision of a classless, harmonious, just and prosperous society achieved by peaceful democratic means and presided over by a benevolent world government seems to call for a revolution in human nature instead of in politics—and an absence of those magnetic troublemakers who keep cropping up to thwart well-meaning intellectuals. Unfortunately, the degree of idealism and selflessness needed to achieve the universal good life is not too often found in Adler's men of common sense.

•

Ignazio Silone, Italy's most famous forgotten novelist, has turned out a masterpiece. In straightforward, classically chiseled prose, ***The Story of a Humble Christian*** (Harper & Row) tells of a medieval Pope, Celestine V, who tried to combine Christian justice and mercy with the political requirements of power, and failed miserably. It is an old, old story—how saintliness always loses when confronted with political cunning—but Silone has, by some magic, managed not only to give it new and unsuspected depths but also to make it poignantly applicable to the contemporary political scene. Silone is telling us that goodness, humble but steadfast, provides an eternal idealistic energy that knits society together even when it seems to have lost all of its worldly battles. Written in play form, this possibly valedictory work—Silone is precisely as old as our battered

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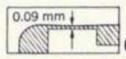

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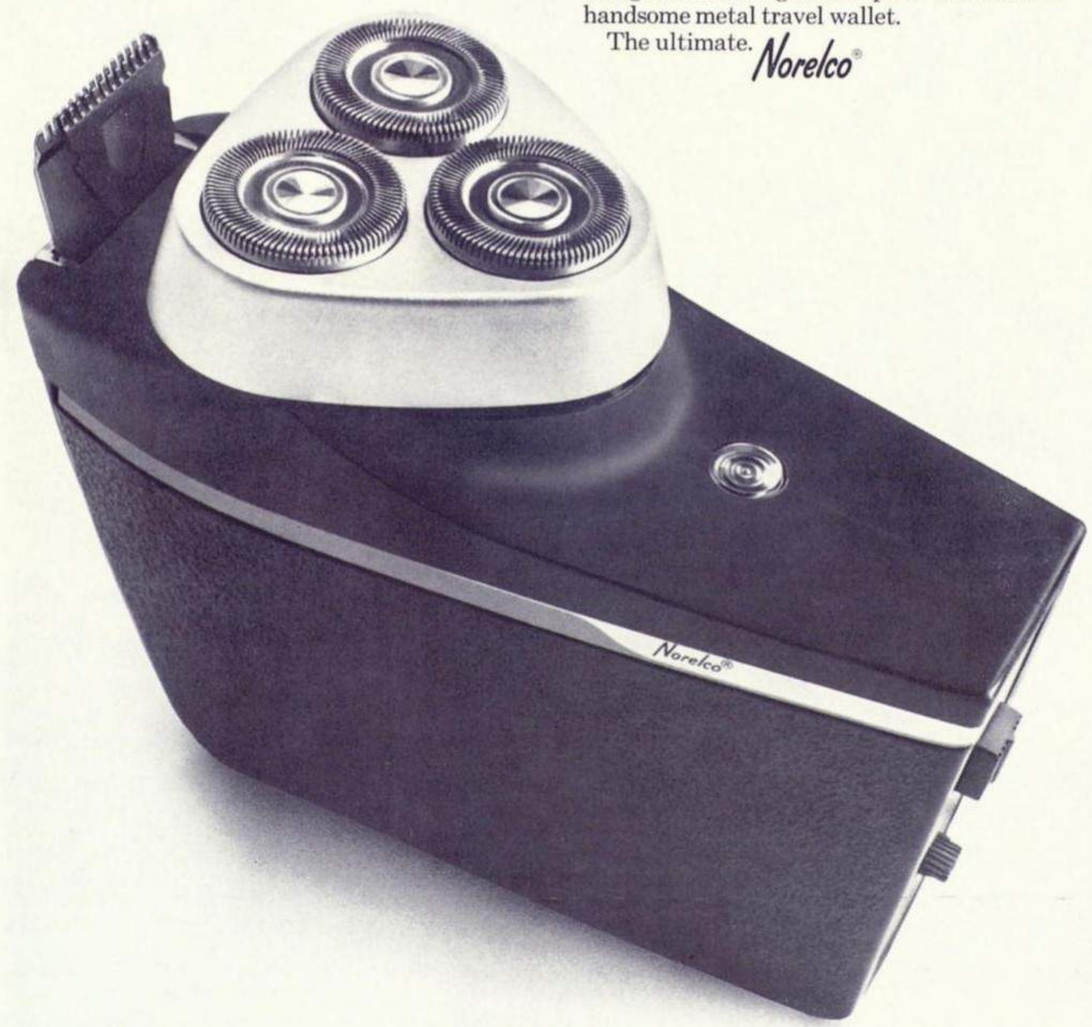

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century—is saved from pretentiousness by a robust vein of humor that puts everything in an earthy, all-too-human perspective.

•

Noteworthy: Mike Royko's ***Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago*** (Dutton) is an insider's primer on the street-level sociology of a big, brawling city, as well as a masterful analysis of the machine and its kingpin. Chapter one, in which sharpshooting newspaper columnist Royko recreates a typical Daley working day, appeared first in the March 1971 issue of PLAYBOY.

DINING-DRINKING

There are two restaurants in this country where you *must* have a phone at your lunch table. One is The Polo Lounge in the Beverly Hills Hotel, where movie options are picked up or dropped over the *salade niçoise*; the other is the ***Sans Souci,*** a French restaurant at 726 17th Street, N.W., in Washington, D. C., just about a paving stone's throw from the White House. Once you're seated, look around and chances are you'll see Art Buchwald and Martha Mitchell at a nearby table. They're not holding hands—as Henry Kissinger and Jill St. John have been known to do at the Sans Souci—probably because Martha is busy on the phone. Art will write a column about the whole experience during dessert. Neither of them will be at the Sans Souci for dinner, however. In the evening, Washington's Beautiful People fade into the night, the management puts away the phones and the lobbyists take over. The decor is Potomac Gallic, with just a touch of tackiness—bad Utrillo reproductions set off by gold-flecked wallpaper and dark-wood paneling; a carved wooden Venus and Cupid in the center of the room under a crystal chandelier. Sans Souci's food, however, is exceptionally good, especially for a city where the culinary apogee at many a leading restaurant is the popovers. The menu is varied. *Artichaut vinaigrette* or the superb watercress soup should start the meal. Either of these and the Sans Souci's special salad are worth the visit. The salad is a crisp collage of endive, watercress and mushroom, held together by a magnificent dressing that hints at the presence of French mustard among its secret ingredients. For an entree, *Grenadins de Veau* are particularly good: small slices of fillet of veal, larded and braised in a madeira-wine sauce. Very light and subtle. From the more than adequate wine list, you might select a Puligny Montrachet 1967 to accompany the *veau*. For dessert, we found the *Crème Caramel* in top form—light and firm and not too sweet. Lunch and dinner are à la carte. Entrees run from $3 to $4 for lunch. Add about $4 more for the dinner price. Lunch is served from noon to 2:30 P.M.; dinner is from 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. Reservations are imperative. For lunch, they should be made—literally—days in advance (298-7424). If the Sans Souci is booked for the hour you request, you might tell the headwaiter that you're David Eisenhower. He squeaks a little when he talks.

MOVIES

The plot of ***A New Leaf*** is surprisingly old hat, considering its appeal to the fertile imagination of Elaine May. As adapter and director of her own scenario, in which she co-stars with Walter Matthau, Miss May seems smitten with nostalgia for those high-society Hollywood comedies that were all the rage back in the mid-Thirties. Her tale concerns a wastrel (Matthau) who squanders his fortune and sets out to find an heiress he can marry—and perhaps murder, if the occasion arises—in order to retain his Ferrari, polo pony, racquet-club membership and lunches at Lutèce. The girl he selects (Elaine) is a bookish, feelthy-rich botanist who brings out the snob in him but never quite inflames his penchant for justifiable homicide. At length, the lady wins the day for love and marriage by discovering a new species of fern and naming it after her reluctant but grudgingly contented spouse. *A New Leaf* itself belongs to an uncommon species—a movie so full of good ideas and zany dialog that you can laugh your head off without actually admiring it very much. While the acting of minor roles is impeccable (especially that of Jack Weston as an unscrupulous estate attorney and of Broadway's *Red Hot Lover*, James Coco, doing a droll turn as the hero's hedonistic guardian), both May and Matthau seem to be giving dry impersonations of characters instead of playing them for real. Experience shows, however, in the sure-fire Nichols-May timing of gags, whether verbal ("All I am—or was—was rich, and that was all I ever wanted to be," Matthau observes plaintively) or visual (Elaine approaching the marriage bed with her head through the armhole of a diaphanous nightgown). There's fun to be had here, but don't expect miracles.

•

The stunt specialists who plotted the auto-chase sequences for *Bullitt* come through with much, much more of the same in ***Vanishing Point***. If one automobile chase can rev up a movie, then it stands to reason, doesn't it, that a movie consisting of nothing *but* chase scenes will enjoy even greater success? Well, maybe. But *Vanishing Point*'s eight-cylinder excitement becomes pretty monotonous after a while, since there is only so much that director Richard C. Sarafian and his technical experts can do with the saga of an asphalt cowboy (Barry Newman) who takes off from Denver, vowing to deliver a late-model sedan in California just 15 hours later. He never does get there, but he reveals a bit about himself in flashbacks while police sirens wail in four states. The car jockey is a hyperkinetic, disillusioned war veteran and, in all respects, a born loser. To remove any vestige of doubt about his antisocial status, he is cheered during his cross-country flight by a blind, black disc jockey named Super Soul (Broadway's Purlie, Cleavon Little, infusing the role with style), who keeps broadcasting brotherly encouragement. Such groups as Delaney & Bonnie & Friends and Big Mama Thornton provide musical accompaniment right up to the *Easy Rider* ending, which has begun to show signs of wear.

•

Making movies without synchronized sound—which means that the lines actors speak are seldom matched or even closely related to the action on the screen—is a lazy trick that may pass for experimentation but is actually an attempt to sell amateurism as style. With the success of *Joe* behind him, director John Avildsen apparently won the right to make ***Okay, Bill*** in any way he saw fit. While feigning sophistication on the sound track, he chose to do a so-so social satire about a wealthy, youngish Westchester exec (Bob Brady) who begins to question the values of his comfortable world when he joins an old college chum and some outasight fashion freaks for a lost weekend on Fire Island. Breathlessly sensuous love scenes would seem to be Avildsen's forte—if only he knew when to exhale. By far the richest asset of *Okay, Bill* is Nancy Salmon, a toothy brunette beauty oozing effortless sex appeal as the hero's wife. Small wonder that the square-cut hero asks himself whether money, security and suburban bliss really matter all that much and decides the answer is hell, yes. It's a chuckleheaded question at best, with this girl Nancy lounging around the house.

•

The members of a private hunting preserve in the woods of Michigan are gathered to observe the club's centennial year when all hell breaks loose—a flood, then bombings and open warfare between the well-heeled hunters and a tribe of hippie freaks. ***The Sporting Club*** carries symbolism so far that the club historian is a pipe-smoking scholar named Spengler, presumably to remind audiences that the movie's real subject is the decline of the West. *Club* more clearly marks the decline of director Larry (*Goodbye, Columbus*) Peerce and scenarist Lorenzo Semple, Jr., who mount their naïve anti-establishment

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allegory in a style appropriate to grand opera. It's god-awful throughout but manages to grow progressively worse until a climactic orgy—triggered by the exhuming of a time capsule, which reveals that the club's founders (way back in 1870, mind you) left their descendants little more than a pornographic group portrait. The display of sagging breasts and buttocks serves no socially, sexually nor dramatically redeeming purpose whatever.

•

Director Donald Siegel has been elevated to *auteur* status by a coterie of film critics who admire his seasoned professionalism and the tight, action-packed movies that result—notably, *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers* and *Madigan*. As producer-director of ***The Beguiled,*** Siegel is in top form, working his wiles on a cock-in-the-chicken-coop yarn about a wounded Yankee soldier (Clint Eastwood) who seeks refuge in the Deep South at an isolated seminary for young ladies. With the Civil War raging just beyond the seminary's wrought-iron gates, petticoats stir up a storm within as the soldier explores the options open to a lone male surrounded by an excitable headmistress (Geraldine Page), her virginal assistant (Elizabeth Hartman), a beautiful slave woman (Mae Mercer) and one of the bolder young ladies (Jo Ann Harris). The acting is uniformly good and there is some psychological subtlety in the early scenes, but the movie takes an abrupt turn toward melodrama—and never turns back—after a wild nightmare episode in which the soldier keeps two of the womenfolk waiting in vain behind their unlatched doors. He wakes up the next morning with his bad leg amputated and bitterly concludes that there is some phallic symbolism in his missing member. And how.

•

After reams of advance publicity about freshman director George Lucas busily expanding his prize-winning student film at Southern Cal to feature length, his long-awaited ***THX 1138*** is a science-fiction fizzle. As director, editor and co-author, Lucas demonstrates technical virtuosity rather than major talent in filming his vision of a futuristic superstate where drugs keep everyone properly sedated. It is diverting—for the first ten minutes or so—to look at the blinding-white walls and bald-headed inhabitants (Robert Duvall as THX, Donald Pleasence as SEN and Maggie McOmie as LUH are the principal shaved heads) who have been programmed to do what the computers tell them. The ticking tapes and public-address system are coolly malevolent, with ominous admonitions about "illegal sexual activity" and "criminal drug evasion." Soon, though, mere technological razzle-dazzle becomes a bore, because the movie

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doesn't add a single new idea to the catalog of dramas about man *vs.* machine. The vestigial plot consists mostly of a long, long chase by armed guards with shiny metal faces. Any credit due for *THX 1138* should go in equal shares to the art director, cinematographers and sound man. While the mind slumbers, they at least give one's eyes and ears a workout.

•

The quiet lyricism and looseness of form that made ***Summertree*** a hit twice over (at New York's Lincoln Center and then off-Broadway) have been completely ignored in the movie version, produced by Kirk Douglas, with son Michael in the starring role as a bewildered lad who leaves his trouble behind and goes off to die in Vietnam. Ron Cowen's play was a wistful collection of memories recalled on a virtually bare stage. The movie was directed by Anthony Newley in the slick, conventional style of Hollywood domestic drama. Douglas the younger, who created the pivotal role of the boy in *Summertree*'s first tryout production, has a forceful screen presence that makes him seem a good deal less ordinary than the character he plays—a college dropout whose old man (Jack Warden) doesn't understand why he prefers his guitar to engineering or why he leaves school to shack up with an easygoing married nurse. Before the draft board casts its long shadow over a young man's fancies, *Summertree*, though dwarfed by lack of imagination, yields two warm-blooded female performances: a very real one by Barbara Bel Geddes as the hero's steadfast mom and something even better by Brenda Vaccaro, unpretentious as a pizza in the role of the errant nurse whose husband comes home from the wars too soon.

•

With his entourage of some 42 musicians, singers, children and one agreeable mongrel, English soul singer Joe Cocker makes ***Mad Dogs and Englishmen*** the most exhilarating pop-rock epic since *Woodstock*. Critically speaking, *Mad Dogs* is not a film at all but a neoprimitive canned concert put together during a cross-country U. S. tour that took Cocker and company, along with a battery of cinematographers, from Fillmore East in Manhattan to Plattsburgh, Dallas, Minneapolis and San Francisco over a two-month period in 1970. Very little happens offstage—an occasional picnic, a puff of pot, press conferences, a tour of the John Kennedy assassination site, anything to vary the menu of Holiday Inns—and almost no one other than the star is identified, as if it were taken for granted that music lovers don't care who rooms with whom, or even who's been having those children. Cocker himself looks like a cross between Toulouse-Lautrec and an unmade bed. Not that his appearance matters once he steps up to a microphone; his performances are electrifying. Codirectors Pierre Adidge and Sid Levin use multiple-screen images and four-track stereo sound to whoop up the Cocker power, which is measured in megadecibels. Keep your seat belts fastened.

•

Czech director Milos Forman can keep pace with any working American director as a wry but spirited spokesman for today's youth. ***Taking Off,*** his first American film, weaves its slight, disarming tale through a collage of candid moments at a pop-singing audition—where dozens of scrubbed and mostly anonymous young things tell us how they feel about love, life, sex and music. These are superb sequences, a breath of spring among all the tired imitations of *Easy Rider*, and they serve to introduce the film's heroine (lovely movie newcomer Linnea Heacock), a runaway teenager with nothing much on her mind but a rock musician. Generally, Forman borrows the improvisational style and even some of the substance of those frail, funny, home-grown comedies that preceded his Oscar-nominated *Loves of a Blonde*. If the results overall are a shade less satisfactory, chalk it up to unfamiliarity with the middle-American social milieu. Forman knew the working-class characters of his Czech films like the back of his hand. Here, his satirical insights have been filtered through the sensibility of one French and two American writers, whose view of life in WASP-ridden suburbia produces many minor lapses of credibility. *Taking Off* from pungent commentary to broad jokes about middle-class parents who form S. P. F. C., a Society for the Parents of Fugitive Children. As the newest members, Lynn Carlin and Buck Henry skillfully simulate the nonprofessional spontaneity that defines Forman's style. Drunk or sober, both are game recruits for an organization wholly committed to formal dinners, strip poker, group boozing and naïve experiments in smoking pot. Getting-the-grownups is the weakest aspect of a movie that conveniently skirts the nitty-gritty of parent-child relationships. *Taking Off* has little to say, but Milos Forman says it jauntily.

•

Everything essential to a thriller is packed with deadly precision into ***10 Rillington Place,*** which re-creates in cold-blooded fashion several of the grisliest crimes committed in the early 1950s by John Reginald Christie, a mild-mannered London slumlord who gassed, strangled and sexually assaulted at least a half-dozen women. He bamboozled the law to the point of testifying for the prosecution in the murder trial of Tim Evans, an innocent Welshman who was hanged for a crime Christie committed—murdering Evans' wife in one of his flats. As a result of this miscarriage of justice, capital punishment was abolished in England, though the arguments against it are only partly persuasive here—the moviegoer is likely to crave an eye for an eye while watching Richard Attenborough's quietly brilliant performance as the multiple murderer. Going about his business with neat efficiency until the final moments of sexual frenzy, Attenborough is a marvel of monstrosity. Among his victims are young John Hurt, who achieves a poignant portrait of Evans, the Welsh braggart and congenital loser whose lies help tighten the noose around his neck, and Judy Geeson, as the unfortunate Mrs. Evans, who is no less affectingly believable. The ghastly chronicle unfolds with that splendid English reserve that makes acts of violence seem so eerily matter of fact—plant a violated corpse in the garden, then time out for a cuppa tea. American director Richard Fleischer (after practice runs on *Compulsion* and *The Boston Strangler*) appears to have mastered the style and is helped by Clive Exton's crafty screenplay, filmed in London's sleazy Notting Hill section, at the actual scene of the crimes.

•

Doing what they can as co-stars of a philosophical comedy called ***They Might Be Giants,*** George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward manage to come out of it with their reputations intact. Scott plays an eminent but deranged jurist who imagines he is Sherlock Holmes and Joanne is cast as his psychiatrist, whose name just happens to be Dr. Watson. Yes, the good doctor falls in love with her patient during a series of archly contrived misadventures all around Manhattan, which prove—as if every veteran moviegoer hadn't guessed it already—that the real world is so crazy that a person might be better off taking a trip into lunacy. *Giants* is based on scenarist James Goldman's own stage play, a work that either went unproduced or was instantly forgotten. The movie version shows why.

•

Fellini fans, rejoice: Cinema's master showman is back with ***The Clowns,*** an extravaganza fashioned last year for French, German and Italian television and like nothing ever seen or dreamed of by devotees of the tube on either side of the Atlantic. The prodigious Federico, as co-author and director, has described this work as "an unstructured story, a diary of notes, profiles and sketches." Which scarcely hints at the exuberance, charm, nostalgia and humor of a film

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impossible to categorize as conventional feature or informative quasi-documentary or deeply personal reminiscence. *Clowns* tries everything, stops at nothing but reveals a great deal about the forces that shape Fellini's life and art, beginning with a pungent flashback to his boyhood—when the freaks and funnymen of a traveling circus struck him dumb with fear. (They closely resemble many of the real-life lunatics he would come to know and use in his work. From *La Strada* to *La Dolce Vita* and *Satyricon*, the ineffable sadness of human existence is somewhere painted on the face of a clown.) The midsection of the movie offers interviews with a number of elderly retired clowns in France, Spain and Italy; a sequence backstage at the circus with Amazonian Anita Ekberg; a glimpse of Charlie Chaplin's youngest daughter, Victoria, as a magician's assistant; plus some first-rate clowning by Fellini himself. "What is the message of this picture?" inquires a reporter, and the director has scarcely begun to answer when an empty bucket plops onto the reporter's head. For a grand three-ring finale, *Clowns* soars into pure fantasy, marking the death of humor with a trumped-up funeral for a clown—in which balloons, colored streamers and pratfall artists compete for attention until one expects the screen to burst wide open. Fellini's detractors will note the master's lack of restraint, and they will be right; compared with his more cerebral contemporaries, Fellini has no cool whatever. What he does have is the errant genius to do as he damn pleases—and make it a cockeyed wonder from beginning to end.

RECORDINGS

Stoney End (Columbia) may be a new beginning for Barbra Streisand, whose career seems to have—let's say it—plateaued. She's into the pop-rock-folk bag with a vengeance—a trio of Laura Nyro tunes, including the title song smash, Nilsson's *Maybe* and, among others, Randy Newman's *Let Me Go* and (the best effort on the album) *I'll Be Home*. Composer Newman accompanies Barbra on his tunes, and familiarity obviously breeds success. The backgrounds vary, but, in marked contrast with some of Miss Streisand's past albums, they're kept fairly simple. It all works.

•

The confluence of jazz and rock artists with symphony orchestras almost always leads to disaster. Not so on ***Friends & Love . . . a Chuck Mangione Concert*** (Mercury). Trumpeter Mangione (he plays Flügelhorn on these two LPs) leads the Rochester Philharmonic safely into, through

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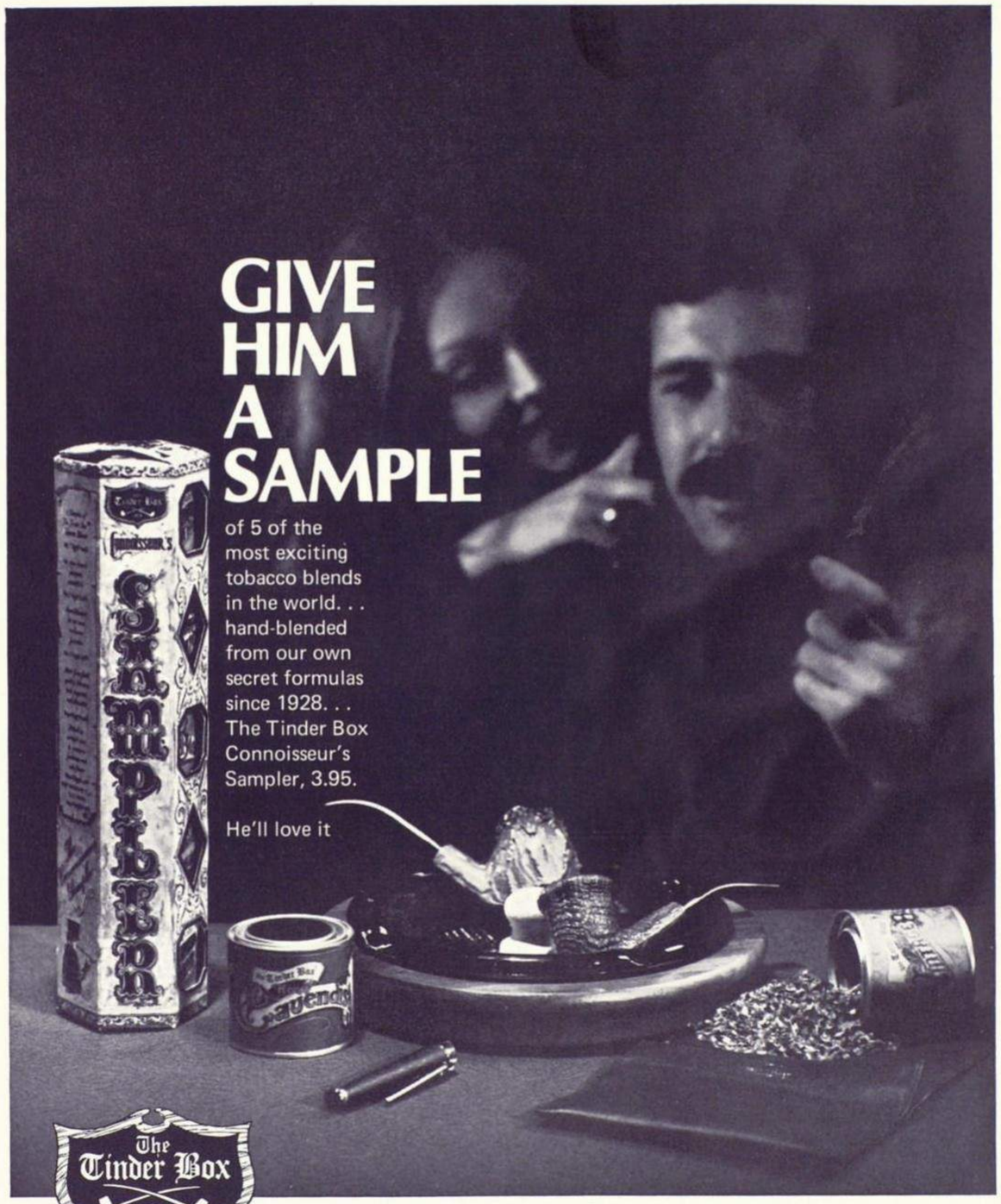

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Playboy Club News

VOL. II, NO. 122 © 1971, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC. DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES SPECIAL EDITION YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS JUNE 1971

Golf Tourney Set for Lake Geneva Links

LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN (Special)—Chicago Bears halfback Brian Piccolo was a happy-go-lucky competitor who never quit, no matter how long the odds or how grinding the game.

But there was one fight he couldn't win—the fight against lung cancer that took his life last June at the age of 26.

His fight against cancer is continuing with the Brian Piccolo Fund golf tournament, to be inaugurated at the Lake Geneva Playboy Club-Hotel links on June 7.

On that day, 100 foursomes will tee up at $100 per person to honor Piccolo and continue his fight. All proceeds from the affair will go to the Fund. Foursomes will be made up of three regular golfers, who will be joined by a player from the ranks of professional football.

Among those playing will be pro-football stars Bob Griese of the Miami Dolphins; George Blanda of the Oakland Raiders; Roman Gabriel of the Los Angeles Rams; John Brodie of the San Francisco '49ers—and every one of Piccolo's Chicago Bears teammates who can swing a golf club. Also on hand will be Bears standout back Gale Sayers, Piccolo's roommate and close friend.

Keyholders Invited

Keyholders are invited to join this benefit affair, which will include a banquet and awards ceremony.

It was no accident that Lake Geneva's classic layout was selected as the site of the Piccolo tournament. In addition to boasting the outstanding courses in the Midwest, Lake Geneva is within easy reach of Piccolo's friends in the Chicago area. Also, Lake Geneva's two 18-hole courses are favorites with discerning golfers in the area who enjoy the challenge these layouts offer.

Great Gorge—Play Near

Cut from the same classic pattern as Lake Geneva is the 27-hole layout at Great Gorge, New Jersey, site of Playboy's new $20,000,000 Club-Hotel, scheduled to open the winter season of 1971–1972. Golfing play begins at Great Gorge this summer—with the links reserved exclusively for keyholders and their lucky guests.

Keyholders also can enjoy classic golfing at Playboy Plaza in Miami Beach at the Country Club of Miami, home of the annual National Airlines Open. And, in Jamaica, keyholders can play a tropical round at the lush Upton Golf and Country Club.

Keyholders can enjoy great golfing at Great Gorge's two courses this summer.

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Coming—Great Gorge, N.J. (Club-Hotel)

Mini-Revues Are New Hit in Clubs

CHICAGO (Special)—In our trend-setting fashion, Playboy is offering keyholders a brand-new kind of show: the mini-revue, a self-contained, totally original, Broadway-style package of great music, spirited dancing and superior comedy, starring the bright new faces of tomorrow.

Playing at Playboy Clubs in Atlanta, Chicago, Denver, Cincinnati, Kansas City and St. Louis, Playboy's mini-revues have won instant and enthusiastic praise from keyholders.

"Personally, I think it's a great change of pace from the singer-comic format," said an Atlanta Playboy Club regular after applauding *Broadway Tonite*, a mini-revue now on the circuit.

"It was like a Broadway musical—without the flat spots," noted a Denver keyholder after catching a sneak preview of *Soul Hoedown*.

On the Circuit

The line-up of mini-revues specially put together for the Playboy Clubs includes:

• *The Action Faction*, a four-man, three-gal group that rated a "larger than life" accolade in the *Chicago Tribune* while playing the Chicago Playboy Club.

• *Broadway Tonite*, a one-man, four-gal production that (according to *The Cincinnati Enquirer*) is "a very fast, a very packed and very particularly choreographed medley of Broadway tunes dating back to Ziegfeld. More cascade than cavalcade, the songs topple one over the other, while the singers helter-skelter through 40-odd costume changes."

• *Jo Ann Miller and the Act IV*, starring Miss Miller, ably assisted by two gals and three guys—so ably that writer Jonas Kovar rated the show "pure professional entertainment at a zippy pace and a delight to watch."

• *Al Williams' Soul Hoedown*, a ten-star revue with a new approach in mixing country-and-western and soul music with a rock touch and a comedy flair.

• *The Diamonds*, a 1971 model of the singing group that at one time battled Elvis Presley for a spot in the Top Ten, is a six-voice combo that plays 20 instruments with smooth precision and offers both new and old tunes.

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and out of the jazz-rock mode. Among the soloists who add a high polish to the proceedings are brother Gap Mangione on electric piano, trumpeter Marvin Stamm and reed man Gerry Niewood. There are five extended pieces, none of which is less than acceptable, and the album's triumphant mood is infectious.

•

It takes good musicians to play slick-rock, since their aim is to plunder the entire pop-music bag and demonstrate the versatility and significance of their unique musical talents. A group-ego trip, some would call it. Elektra Records has been touting a trio called Show of Hands, whose first album, ***Formerly Anthrax,*** allegedly contains "the most neoteric music on the cosmic scene." What that means is a little bossa nova, occasionally some driving organ-guitar-drums ensembles, turgid invention and deliberately unintelligible lyrics. Like so many bands today, Show of Hands is reaching too hard for the new. Yet leader Jerry McCann sings Van Morrison's *Moondance* as Mel Tormé would have 15 years ago. Maybe the group's former exposure to anthrax, a contagion usually fatal to sheep and cattle, has given it a bad case of foot-in-mouth disease. Another slick-rock outfit has produced the most quietly pretentious album heard in years. ***Mark-Almond*** (Blue Thumb) consists of Johnny Almond's jazz-influenced vibes, saxophones, etc., and Jon Mark's guitars, vocals, compositions, etc. Tommy Eyre's electric piano and Roger Sutton's bass contribute some nice interchanges on *Song for You*; otherwise, the disc is largely given over to two boring suites, *The City* and *Love*, on which soft jazz and a mélange of pseudo-rock styles vie for our inattention. Suites are popular these days, for they give groups a chance to bring in heavy content and show their multi-instrumental prowess. The sleeve tells us that this album was "conceived, written, produced and recorded in London, 14 Belvedere Drive; New York; Paris and Los Angeles." Which makes it an international anticlimax.

•

A new group of nine jazz-rockers called Melting Pot has cooked a passable stew on ***Fire Burn, Cauldron Bubble*** (Ampex). Its ensemble work is sharp. Mickey Smith's lead guitar is competent and Kenny Tibbets' voice, which sounds like David Clayton-Thomas', leads the way through the best numbers, *Feeling Alright* and *Tell the Truth*. Melting Pot likes to use boogaloo rocking riffs and heavy orchestral flashes. The result is fairly conventional jazz-rock, but well done.

•

For some time now, the Hollies have been one of the tightest, strongest vocal groups in rock. Their new album, ***Moving Finger*** (Epic), besides giving a good sampling of their wares, shows what ex-Holly Graham Nash brought to fruition in Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. Though the group sometimes explores the middle-period Beatles style (*Confessions of a Mind*), it is most at home with the sounds and sentiments of Fifties rock (as on *Gasoline Alley Bred*). The lyric situations are usually realistic and the tunes always move.

•

After all the hoopla, the partnership of Dave Mason—from the English band Traffic—and Mama Cass Elliot hasn't come to much. Add to a few TV shows, a few concerts and a few cancellations one album on which there are a few interesting songs. ***Dave Mason & Cass Elliot*** (Blue Thumb) is pleasant enough listening, but it contains nothing very exciting and there is just too much sameness. *Pleasing You* has a little more bite than most of the tunes and Mason's *Glittering Façade* has more musical variety than the others. It's easy to see why Mason got top billing: The record is rather like Cass's voice—bland, with a touch of softness.

•

The Chambers Brothers have produced a fine album of rock-'n'-soul music. ***New Generation*** (Columbia), that ought to set anybody dancing. Typically energetic offerings such as *Practice What You Preach* and *Are You Ready* are set against big production affairs on the order of *When the Evening Comes*, which employs strings and a choral group. The sound is not all love and joy—*Pollution* features a chorus of coughs—but there is a charging vigor and Gospel flavor to everything here.

•

Composer Pierre Boulez places himself in the hands of conductor Pierre Boulez on ***Pli Selon Pli*** (Columbia), the first major composition to emerge from his atelier in several years. The title (roughly translatable as "fold upon fold") comes from a Mallarmé poem that depicts the town of Bruges emerging from the mist and, with it, Boulez clearly intends to indicate the gradual, layer-by-layer unfolding of his own musical message. That message is couched in a rarefied idiom that combines silvery percussive pings, peremptory brassy barks, pizzicato stutterings and the sibilant swoops of a soprano voice in gloriously complex cacophony. Boulez' performance is as razor-sharp as his music.

•

Jack Jones Sings Michel Legrand (RCA) was recorded on the composer's home ground, Paris, and the City of Light evidently has had an illuminating effect on the vocal insights of Mr. Jones; he's never handled his material better. Perhaps it was due to the Oscar-winning Legrand's being on hand to arrange and conduct the session. Among *les grands* melodies: *The Years of My Youth* (whose Hal Shaper lyrics are the only ones not penned by the formidable wordsmith duo Marilyn and Alan Bergman), *The Windmills of Your Mind*, *What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?* and a couple of items from *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart* that rate several stars more than the film.

•

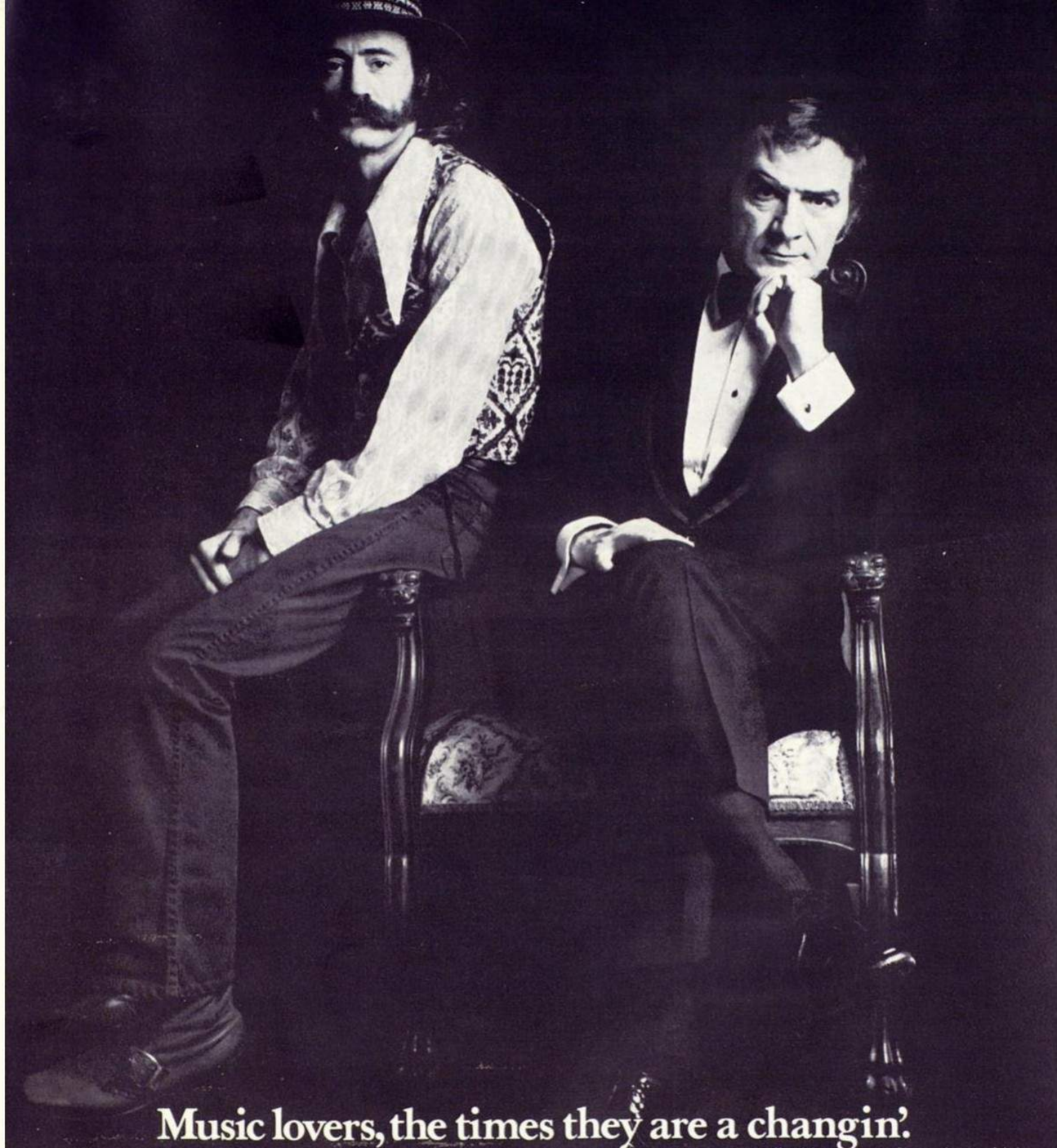
Seven men from England, calling themselves If, have been busy transforming jazz-rock for over a year now. It's about time. The music of such groups as Blood, Sweat & Tears has begun to sound studied, predictable and standardized. If's first album brought a needed sense of flow and experiment; its second, ***If*** (Capitol), brings power and assurance. Getting its drive without the use of brasses, the band has two real virtuosos in reed man Dick Morrissey (flute, tenor and soprano sax) and guitarist Terry Smith, who plays everything from flamenco rock to octave chords à la Wes Montgomery. By comparison, a group like Chicago sounds amateurish and rigid. Its latest two-disc set, ***Chicago III*** (Columbia), should have been edited down to one: It relies too much on forced freedom and message numbers (one, *Progress?*, consists of discordant wailing, street noises, air hammers and a flushing toilet). Chicago can get it together, as on *Happy 'Cause I'm Going Home* and *The Approaching Storm*. When it does, the result is jazz-rock of a high order.

•

A Memory of Johnny Hodges (MJR) provides an evocative reprise of the late altoist's limpid sound and limitless ideas. Recorded in Paris in 1950 with Ellington sidemen, visiting expatriate tenor man Don Byas and French pianist Raymond Fol, the three sessions put the Hodges genius on full display: nitty-gritty blues via *That's Grand* and *Last Leg Blues*, uptempo items such as *Bean Bag Boogie* and—perhaps what the Rabbit did best—lush ballads (*Time on My Hands* and *Sweet Lorraine* are quintessential examples of the genre). His confreres are estimable musicians in their own right, but Hodges shows why he was without peer. The recording is available through the mail for $5 from Master Jazz Recordings, Inc., Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021.

THEATER

The three sisters in Paul Zindel's ***And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little*** are schoolteachers: a wilted innocent on the edge of insanity (Julie Harris), a wisecracking



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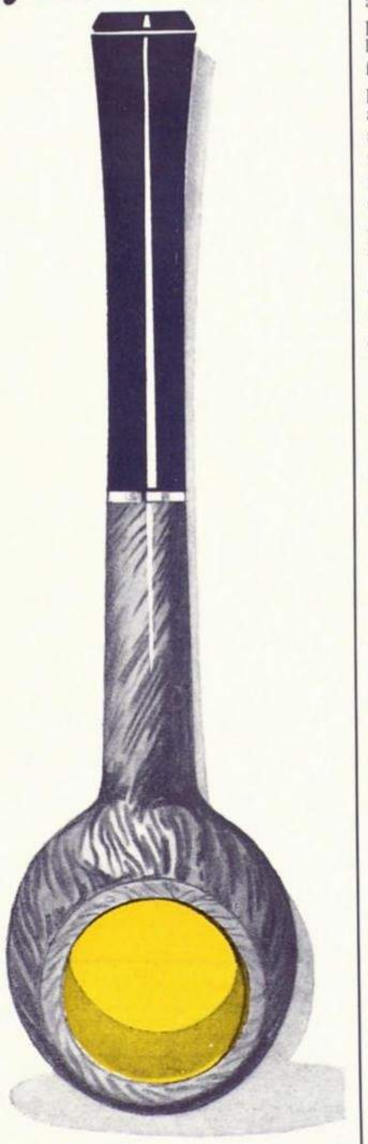

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middle sibling on the brink of despair (Estelle Parsons) and a survivor who has freed herself from the family strangle hold at the price of her own humanity (Nancy Marchand). These are queen-size characters ripped from the author's memory book (as was his earlier hit, *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*) and, as they mock and abuse one another and their coexistence, the play flashes with humor and vitality. Much of the success is due to the actresses, who invest the roles with their own energy and imagination. As the self-server, Miss Marchand is smoothly harsh. Miss Harris is birdlike but resilient even as her mind is splitting. But the finest performance is by Miss Parsons. In her hands, middle Reardon's shrewdness and flipness mask depths of compassion. The play has problems: Psychological pieces are missing; the end is unresolved; director Melvin Bernhardt occasionally gropes for a gimmick. But Zindel knows the Reardons, and the audience gets to know them, too. On the basis of this and *Marigolds*, it's clear that Zindel is a delivering (as compared with promising) playwright who can create characters with living room enough for the biggest actresses. At the Morosco, 215 West 45th Street.

•

Molière, like Ibsen, was a charter member of the men's auxiliary of women's lib. In ***The School for Wives,*** he ridicules Monsieur Arnolphe, an infuriating woman-demeaner who has schooled his ward, Agnès—his chattel since infancy—to be his wife and to serve him dutifully, faithfully and drudgingly. And she has nothing whatsoever to say about it. Or so he thinks. Smug and insufferable, Arnolphe is also hilarious in a portrayal by Brian Bedford, particularly when facing the young lady's inevitable assertion of will. She may be stupid (in a blissfully ingenuous performance by the lovely Joan van Ark), but Agnès knows intuitively that the cantankerous Arnolphe is not for loving. She has fallen for the heart-strong Horace (rendered too heartily by David Dukes). Foreseeing the horns of the cuckold in his future, Arnolphe tries to snare the lady and succeeds in snarling the plot. This is a festive demonstration of the wages of male supremacy, and Richard Wilbur's witty verse translation is trippingly executed. At the Lyceum, 149 West 45th Street.

•

Ibsen is in season. His sturdy 19th Century consciousness puts him in good social and moral standing in 1971, as shown by the revival in repertory of ***A Doll's House*** and ***Hedda Gabler,*** a pair of plays about mad housewives. When Nora in *A Doll's House* slams the door on her husband and a life of enforced infantilism, she becomes a charter member of women's lib. Hedda is so suffocated by her oppressive, deadening life that she kills herself. For all their relevance, both plays have flaws. Nora's switch from doll to family dropout occurs too quickly; Ibsen wrote it in stage shorthand. Hedda's malaise seems unduly maleficent; she is surrounded by bores rather than villains. But performance can compensate somewhat for the flaws—and these productions have one tremendous asset: Claire Bloom. She is a superb Nora. Her desertion is chilling, her emancipation, vital. She is less well cast as Hedda; though effective at catching the lady's bite and selfishness, she does not fully communicate her desperation and latent passion. Yet Miss Bloom is a radiant actress and reason enough for the twin revival. Her surrounding company—the same for both plays—is uneven. Donald Madden plays Nora's fussy husband as a wild-eyed, red-maned neurotic and is even more disturbed as the tormented philosopher-lover in *Hedda*. Patrick Garland's direction and the new adaptations by young British playwright Christopher Hampton (see following review) serve Ibsen well; but, finally, the evenings belong to the redoubtable Miss Bloom. At the Playhouse, 357 West 48th Street.

•

Stand Molière's *The Misanthrope* on its head and you have Christopher Hampton's ***The Philanthropist.*** Instead of a spiteful cynic who hates everyone, Hampton's protagonist is a mild-mannered professor, a philologist named Philip, who loves everyone (and quotes Molière). At least he finds some good in everyone—even the boring (like himself), the fickle (like his fiancée) and the cynical (like Braham, the insulting novelist who comes to dinner at Philip's digs in the university). Directed by Robert Kidd, *The Philanthropist* is a trick play. It begins with a surprising and pointless suicide on stage, is full of offstage horrors and is based on the notion that the hero is incredibly dull. Actor Alec McCowen has to make this jellyfish so colorless that he becomes colorful. Without either blanding into the scenery or resorting to mannerisms, McCowen succeeds—impressively incarnating this rampant self-effacer in a severely disciplined but very full performance. As Philip explains at one point, "My problem is that I'm a man of no convictions. At least I think I am." The play is talkier than this near epigram would indicate, but the language is literate. It's those who speak the words, however, who bring them—and the play—to life. Victor Spinetti delivers a waspishly astringent performance as Braham, and McCowen manages to turn the dullness of Philip into magnificent theatricality—which is the neatest trick in the show. At the Ethel Barrymore, 243 West 47th Street.

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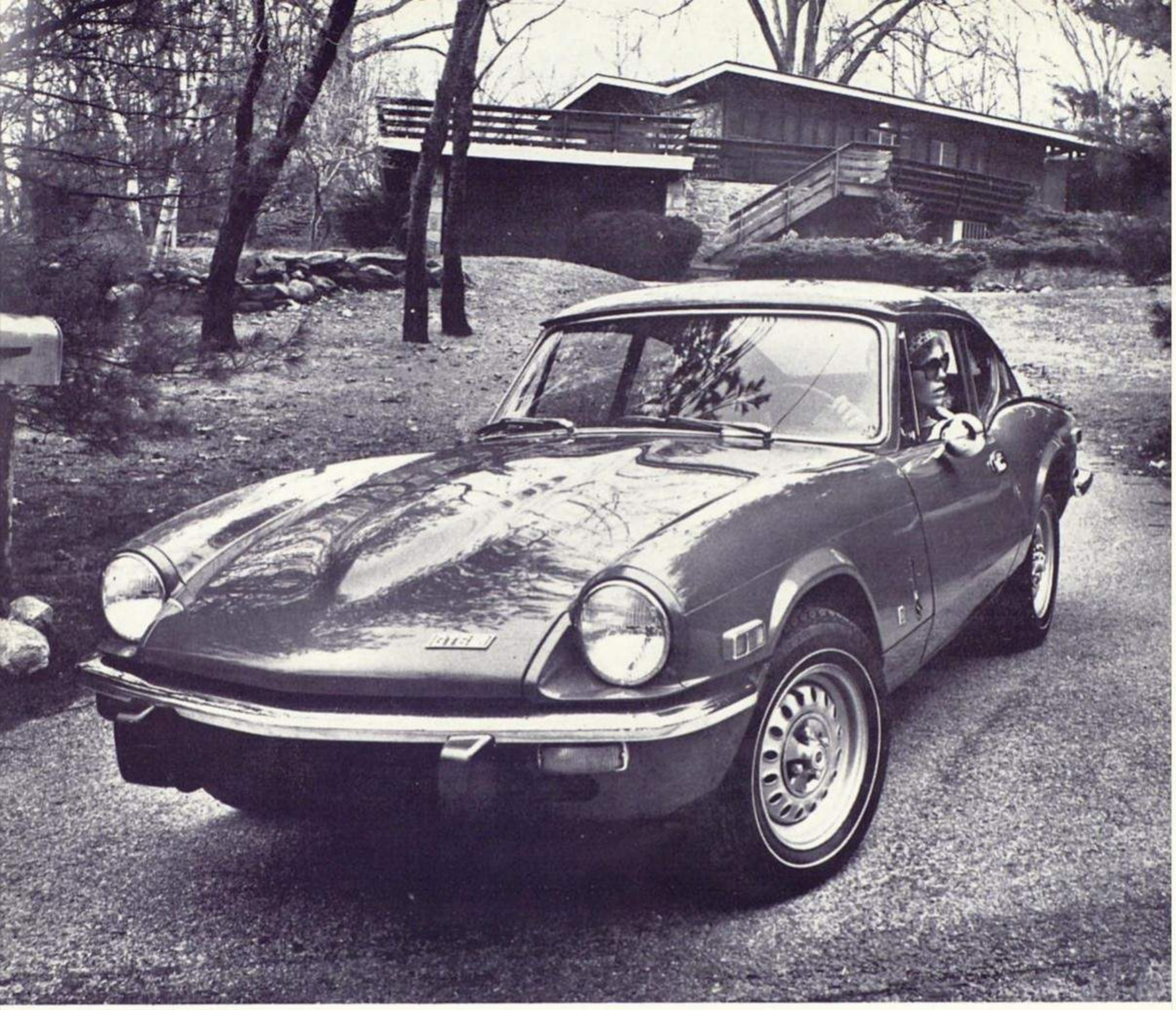

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A friend of mine and I recently had an argument over what part beauty plays in the choice of a mate. He contends that when I meet the girl I'll marry, physical appearance won't matter. I realize the virtues of the intangible qualities of a relationship, but don't you think that I have a point when I insist that beauty will be a factor?—S. D., Washington, D. C.

We agree that your personal concept of beauty can (and should) play a part in your choice of a wife, but how large a part depends on many other elements. Bertrand Russell said, "Women tend to love men for their character; while men tend to love women for their appearance." As the patriarchal view of marriage fades, however, and male/female relationships become more and more equalized, that statement becomes less and less true. Perhaps the best way to assess what balance you want in a mate is to decide beforehand how much time you'll want to spend looking at her and how much relating to her. Bear in mind that looks fade, but character usually becomes enhanced with age.

This summer, I intend to hitchhike across the country and I would like to know if it's illegal in any state. I also wonder if there are any tips you can offer a novice.—B. G., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

States that prohibit hitchhiking entirely are Delaware, Maine, Washington and Connecticut. Most other states prohibit hitchhiking on superhighways and usually require that you stand on the shoulder, not on the pavement, if you're thumbing a ride along other roads. As for general tips: Carry your money in traveler's checks; take along a sleeping bag; when you ask the driver how far he's going, talk to him on the driver's side, so you can tell if he's been drinking. Also carry a sign naming your destination, look neat and clean and don't wear sunglasses—most drivers like to look you in the eye. For further information, send two dollars for the "Hitchhiker's Handbook" to Vagabond Press, Ltd., P. O. Box 83, Laguna Beach, California 92652.

My fiancée and I have set our wedding date in July. Unfortunately, her folks, who have never really liked me, have suddenly insisted that "tradition" demands that my family pay for the reception hall, the drinks, the band, etc. They have also increased the guest list from relatively few to 160. I'm just recently out of the Service and, because of my family's financial position, it is out of the question that we pay for this. I've heard otherwise about this tradition and think my girl's parents are trying to embarrass me. Just what is the truth about who pays for the reception?—I. L., Des Moines, Iowa.

Traditionally, it's the bride's parents who pay for all aspects of the wedding and the reception—including the rental of the hall, the liquor, the music, etc. It's possible they're trying to embarrass you, as you suggest, but it's also possible that they, too, are short of cash. If you decide either of these possibilities is true, take a pass on the hall, the drinks, the band and the 160 guests and have a small private ceremony. If worst comes to worst, elope.

An automobile-buff friend of mine insists that the Kaiser-Darrin was the first American car to have a fiberglass body. I insist it was the Corvette. Who's right? Frankly, I had never heard of the Darrin.—M. S., Cleveland, Ohio.

Howard A. Darrin showed a convertible in 1946 that had a fiberglass body. He also designed the Kaiser-Darrin K-D 161 sports convertible, produced by Kaiser-Willys in 1953, which had a fiberglass body and doors that slid forward into the front wings. Only 240 units were made, possibly because the fiberglass Chevrolet Corvette, also introduced in 1953, was put into production first.

I am a 22-year-old girl, attractive and a virgin. I am well aware that this is a "down on virgins" period, but isn't it possible a man might still want to go places and do things with a girl even though he knows she's not going to make love later? Most men I meet seem to expect sex after the first date. They think I'm a swinger because of the way I dress, wear my hair and carry on a conversation; but I don't give them the impression I'm going to put out, they get that idea all by themselves. Naturally, they drop me shortly thereafter. I'm not a prude but I do think a girl should share sex only with the person she marries. Aren't there any men left in the world who think the same?—Miss W. B., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Possibly—but your real problem happens to be one of communication. Many men, who don't necessarily think as you do at all, would still be happy to respect your wishes, if only they knew what they were. By your own admission, you act, talk and dress like a swinger. Well, if you look like a duck, walk like a duck and quack like a duck, you can hardly blame men for thinking you're a duck. As long as you want to look like a

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swinger—but don't want to play swinging games—tell your male acquaintances so right off. Otherwise, they can't be blamed if they confuse the contents of the package with the wrapping.

Why did the male stars of old-time stag movies often keep their shoes and socks on while otherwise stripped to the buff?—W. H., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

There are several theories, one of which holds that old-time stag-movie stars were recruited from the ranks of pimps, drifters and skid-row habitués, all representatives of a lower class that (according to Kinsey) frowned on complete nudity during intercourse because it was immodest. Another theory, advanced by Dr. Paul Gebhard (Kinsey's successor as director of the Institute for Sex Research), maintains that the actor didn't remove his shoes and socks because films were shot in a matter of minutes and he would just have to get dressed again—besides, shoes and socks neither hindered the action nor obscured the moving parts (except for toe jobs). Unlike the tattooed middle-aged gentlemen tastefully attired in socks, garters and masks who humped their way through so many of yesterday's sex thrillers, today's stag-movie star is likely to be young, clean-cut and maybe even working his way through college.

Some hunting friends and I were discussing shooting the other day and I happened to say that if you fired a rifle aimed dead level over a perfectly level course and simultaneously dropped a bullet from the same height as the muzzle, both bullets would strike the ground at the same time. My friends say it's impossible. Who's correct?—R. P., Madison, Wisconsin.

You are. The dropping to earth of the bullet because of the pull of gravity is completely independent of its lateral motion. Barring wind resistance, the weight, shape and even lateral motion of an object have no effect on the rate with which it falls—the acceleration due to gravity is a constant and all objects dropped from the same height at the same time will reach the ground simultaneously. Credit Galileo for this one.

My girl and I are deeply in love and plan to be married when we graduate. Next semester, we will be attending the same college and, since neither of us has to live in a dorm, we've been thinking about getting an apartment to see if we can stand living together. We also figure it will be cheaper. How do we go about telling our parents—and convincing them to go along with the idea?—L. S., Berkeley, California.

How you go about telling your parents depends on who they are and how you think they'd react to the news. Bear in mind that the moral code of their younger days was different from that of today. They may be shocked, they may go along reluctantly but silently to keep peace with you, or—quite possibly—they may approve. To live your own lives takes both courage and conviction, as well as the realization that in so doing you may unintentionally hurt those close to you. Do your best to understand their feelings and be as gentle and tactful as you can.

How did applause, as appreciation for a good performance, originate?—R. M., Denver, Colorado.

In ancient Rome, actors—not willing to leave to chance anything so tenuous as appreciation—stepped forward at the end of a play and commanded the audience to express its approval by clapping their hands. If the performance merited it, the audience obliged. "Applauding" (from the Latin, applaudere, *to clap) then spread to other occasions that demanded a sign of approval, though there were many variations on hand clapping. Some students, for example, rapped on their desks to show their approval of lectures, while others stamped their feet—presumably because they were too busy taking notes.*

The girl to whom I'm engaged is very lovely and has lived with me for about a year. Something that troubles me, though, is that in the past there has been a very strong, almost chemical, attraction between myself and other women I've been involved with, though they were not as physically beautiful as my fiancée. With my girl, I just don't feel this chemistry at work and I'm worried about whether our marriage can succeed if our sex life is bland. However, with some of the women for whom I felt a strong physical passion, the relationship was terrible otherwise. What are the prospects for our marriage?—C. E., Chicago, Illinois.

In trying to understand the more powerful attraction the other girls had for you, we suggest you look at psychology rather than at chemistry. It was probably some personality trait in the girls that appealed to a complementary tendency in your own emotional make-up and triggered your passion. Our advice as far as marriage goes: If you're not sure of your direction, don't move.

While dining out, my girl and I ordered South African rock-lobster tails. They were delicious, but my young lady insisted they weren't really lobsters but crayfish. I said they were true lobsters. Who's right?—E. H., St. Louis, Missouri.

Neither of you. South African rock-lobster tails come from the spiny lobster. They're usually lighter in weight, with smaller pincers (when present at all) than those of Maine lobsters (half of which now come from Canada). Crayfish resemble lobsters but are strictly fresh-water crustaceans.

I'm about to invest in a new stereo system and intend to build up a library of fine classical music. Which do you recommend—records or cassettes?—T. L., Cranston, Rhode Island.

Right now, discs are your best bet, since they're cheaper and more plentiful. Also, they provide considerably better frequency response. Cassettes are less prone to damage and have the advantages of extreme compactness and durability. Furthermore, cassette players are available for your car. We suggest that you start out with a top-quality turntable/changer and add a cassette deck soon.

Some months ago, you discussed in *The Playboy Advisor* silicone implants for women who want to increase the size of their bust. I have heard there is an equivalent operation for the penis and, for obvious reasons, I am intensely interested. What are the facts?—N. B., Seattle, Washington.

There is no known method for increasing the size of the penis. Undoubtedly, what you're thinking of is a prosthetic splint for impotent men. The splint consists of a rigid plastic shaft, inert and nonreactive to body tissue, that is implanted in the penis (a quick operation, involving no shock nor hemorrhage, done under general anesthesia). At ease, the penis hangs in its normal position; for intercourse, the man lifts his penis for insertion and the rest of the act is performed normally. No pain is experienced by either partner.

However, the treatment for impotence is usually not surgical in nature. Masters and Johnson have had astonishing results with a treatment comprised primarily of personal counseling and sex education combined with a modified form of behavior therapy. (Financed by a Playboy Foundation grant, the St. Louis scientists have recently begun training teams to teach the Masters and Johnson techniques throughout the country.) In view of the available therapy, we think that any person with an impotence problem should consider surgery only as a last resort.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

Just wondered if you heard the clever one-liner Dr. Peter Rossi of the Johns Hopkins sociology department delivered on TV: "The one great problem of marijuana is that it might lead to cigarette smoking."

Ellwood L. Englander
Washington, D. C.

THE POT-SMOKING COLONEL

Colonel Gerald V. Kehrli of the U. S. Air Force has been sentenced to three years imprisonment and a $15,000 fine for the use, possession and transfer of marijuana. According to the prosecution, Colonel Kehrli said he thought smoking marijuana was a good thing because it helped to bridge the generation gap between himself and his men. He must be a remarkable man, because he's no young radical but a 46-year-old veteran of 27 years in the Air Force.

Assuming that what is alleged about Colonel Kehrli represents the truth, we feel he should be praised for taking the time and making the effort to understand the younger generation. We would like to see public support for Colonel Kehrli. He should be thanked by the military establishment for his dedication to the improvement of human relations within the Services rather than prosecuted. We urge anyone interested in supporting Colonel Kehrli to write to the Department of the Air Force asking for clemency for him.

Sgt. Jerry Kent
A/1C Joel McAliley
Sgt. Lawrence Smith
APO San Francisco, California

NATIONAL BUST DAY

The National Bust Day Committee (*Forum Newsfront*, May) is comprised of people who believe marijuana laws to be unrealistic, meaningless and useless. In an attempt to overturn these laws, they will present themselves at the main police station of the nearest population center on June 5, 1971, in possession of enough marijuana to violate the law, demanding to be arrested, standing mute at the arraignment and demanding a jury trial.

It is our belief that it would be impossible to prosecute everyone who takes part on June fifth, because the courts couldn't handle the case load; they are nearly unable to function now because of the rise in the various kinds of crime. Nor can the police arrest some of the participants and ignore others. This would be tangible evidence that the law is applied selectively and would provide the basis for an effort in the courts to have marijuana laws declared unconstitutional. We are hoping that law-enforcement officials, confronted with this crisis, will declare a period of amnesty on the enforcement and prosecution of marijuana laws. During this period, the existing laws can be re-evaluated and more appropriate ones drawn up for the future.

We do not consider this action of ours to be civil disobedience. Rather, it is unprecedented compliance with the law. Were the robbers and murderers of this country to turn themselves in, the police would be delighted. We do not expect them to look on our action with the same glee.

John C. Struthers, Chairman
National Bust Day Committee
Allendale, Michigan

Although we sympathize with the aims of the National Bust Day Committee, we're a bit fearful for the safety of at least some of the expected volunteers. So, you heads had better watch your asses.

HEROIN LEGALIZATION

There has been much discussion in *Playboy Forum* letters about legalization of marijuana. I think it is time for society to consider also the partial legalization of heroin. Of course, across-the-board legalization is unwise and not likely to be accepted, but why can't we make heroin available to addicts? As is well known, all but the most affluent addicts are forced to become thieves to support their habit; legalization would spare them this degradation and save the general population millions of dollars every year. If this is unacceptable, then why shouldn't we at least try the New York system, in which the addicts are given methadone, another addicting drug that happens to be legal?

Paul E. Rubin
Toledo, Ohio

ALL THE RESEARCH

E. M. Davis, chief of police of Los Angeles, California, declares, "Until all the research is in on Cannabis, I think that all bunnies should stay off the grass" (*The Playboy Forum*, February).

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my heart belongs to daddy

When will "all the research" be in? Obviously, never.

There already is a considerable body of research on marijuana that has found nothing dangerous about it. Marijuana has been used for thousands of years with no apparent ill effects. It is obvious that no known dangers exist and that there is no reason for the present harshly punitive laws against this drug.

Those who support such an argument as Davis' will not consider all the research to be in until they find something to justify prohibition—if they can find something. If they don't find anything, they will perpetuate their prejudices as long as they can with Davis' argument. And perfectly innocent people will continue to suffer at their hands.

Robert Jamieson
Toronto, Ontario

THE SNOOPERS AGAIN

Last year, you were kind enough to publish a letter of mine (*The Playboy Forum*, May 1970) in which I discussed insurance and employment investigators. The largest firm in this field has 7000 investigators who grind out an incredible 35,000,000 to 40,000,000 reports annually, many of them containing unproved and possibly false allegations, which the victim never sees and never has an opportunity to rebut.

I am writing again to call attention to the indictment in New York City of this same firm on charges of using bribery to obtain confidential information from the New York City police department. When offered the chance, the firm quickly entered a plea of guilty to a lesser charge (giving an unlawful gratuity to a public servant). Seven other firms in the same field were also indicted on the same charges and copped a plea by also pleading guilty to the lesser charge. This is not a pretty picture of the business ethics of these snoopers, is it?

Since 1965, I have been trying to persuade the Federal Trade Commission that some regulation controlling these firms is necessary. Every reader who has ever been denied insurance or credit or a job, without knowing why, can wonder if some unsubstantiated gossip, incorporated in one of these reports, was responsible; you can wonder, but, under the present lack of control, you can never know.

The Fair Credit Reporting Act passed by Congress in 1970 contains loopholes that allow many of the worst practices in this field to continue. Until we have stronger legislation, the livelihoods and reputations of all of us are at the mercy of these invisible and not overly ethical corporations.

David P. Weinberger
West Miami, Florida

Mr. Weinberger's previous letter quoted Senate subcommittee–hearing testimony showing that unconfirmed gossip about marital infidelity, homosexuality and other sexual "offenses" often gets into these reports and that serious blunders by the information gatherers—such as a legal secretary being recorded as a cabaret employee—are not uncommon. One former investigator in this field told the Senate Banking and Currency Committee that, due to production quotas, it is "almost impossible" for inspectors to verify the information placed in the files.

PERMANENT CRIMINAL RECORDS

To keep a permanent record of an arrest when the state has failed to convict a person of a crime is in itself a form of punishment and violates our jurisprudential principle that an accused person is innocent unless proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. A bill has been introduced in the Maryland assembly that would prevent this kind of punishment. An editorial on this bill in *The Washington Post* stated in part:

> An arrest record, if you are young, poor, ill-educated and without influential friends, may close many job opportunities to you; you may find it hard to get bonded for any position involving fiduciary trust or to get a license to practice many trades or crafts or to obtain Government employment of any sort. You will find it incessantly embarrassing to admit that you have an arrest record—and even more embarrassing to deny it. Your credit rating will suffer. Your social standing, if you ever achieve any, will be forever precarious.
>
> All of this is because, as a society, we have become marvelously skilled at keeping records. We have developed machines that can remember things about you that you thought long ago forgotten, that can dredge them up at the crook of anybody's finger, that can keep them waiting indefinitely to embarrass or destroy you. This is why we look with so much sympathy upon a bill now before the Maryland assembly to require the destruction of all police records concerning persons arrested but not convicted.

When a person is arrested and not convicted, the arrest by itself becomes a significant part of his personal history. The state should not be allowed to punish indirectly and without trial those whom it cannot punish directly and legally.

J. F. Miers
Reston, Virginia

AMERICA'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS

Some time ago, I read in PLAYBOY that there is a Federal law that permits the Government to imprison people, without trial, in concentration camps after the President proclaims a state of

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

CRACKDOWN ON HARDCORE?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*By deadlocking four to four (with Justice William O. Douglas abstaining), the U. S. Supreme Court has affirmed a Maryland supreme-court ruling that the film "I Am Curious (Yellow)" is obscene—which augurs ill for the future of sex movies. Although the decision sets no binding legal precedent, it indicates that at least four Justices do not agree with the Court's previous broad interpretation of the "redeeming social value" doctrine under which films far more sexually explicit and far less substantive than "Curious" have been protected from prosecution. Consequently, legal observers believe many of these films (and publications) will not survive Court tests in the future. Even though Justice Douglas can be expected to vote with the liberals (if he votes at all), experts assume that one or more of the Justices will move to the conservative side in more blatant cases. A crucial test may come if the Court rules on "The Illustrated Presidential Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography," whose publisher and distributor have been indicted on Federal obscenity charges in Dallas and San Diego. "The Illustrated Report" is a purportedly complete version of the actual Government report, spiced with hundreds of photographs and drawings depicting virtually every type of conventional and deviate sexual activity. Dr. Morris Lipton, a member of the commission, which recommended an end to censorship, briefly analyzed the illustrated edition at a meeting of the American Psychopathological Association. "It is a travesty of our serious efforts," he said, "but illustrates vividly and erotically the kinds of materials with which the commission was concerned," as well as the meaninglessness of the redeeming-social-value standard for assessing pornography.*

JACK THE SPANKER

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS—*A fast-talking young man with no credentials inveigled 13 Northwestern University coeds into letting him spank them during three sessions in a hotel room for what he claimed was a psychological research project. After each session, the group discussed personal reactions, some of the spankees saying they were excited, others merely complaining that it hurt, while the spanker himself proclaimed, "I like to spank girls whenever I get the chance." However, no one thought to blow the whistle until the spanker's checks (he promised each girl $15 per session) began to bounce. Then the university security office and the state's attorney's office stepped in. Pressing no charges, because the young women had participated voluntarily, the authorities merely ordered the man to pay up. The* Chicago Daily News *quipped that the results of the research were "lost to posterity," while the* Chicago Tribune *seemed to share the sentiments of some unnamed "officials" that the "13 gullible coeds should be paddled by their parents."*

MORE ARE MERRIER

Figures compiled by two sociologists indicate that the sexual revolution has continued to move from words to deeds during the past ten years. Dr. Carlfred B. Broderick of Pennsylvania State University surveyed 200 newlyweds and found that 75 percent had had sex with each other before marriage and 30 percent of the women were pregnant on their wedding day. Declaring this a dramatic increase over a decade, Broderick attributed it to women's greater willingness to accept premarital sex as morally permissible. Professor Harold T. Christensen of Purdue University reported that at a Western university influenced by the Mormon culture, the percentage of women who had premarital intercourse increased from 10 percent in 1958 to 32 percent in 1968; at a Midwestern university, the increase over the ten years was from 21 to 34 percent; and at a university in Denmark (where, said Christensen, young people may be moving toward casual sex and away from sex with commitment), the increase was from 60 to 97 percent. The figures for men did not change in America during the decade, Christensen said, remaining at 37 percent in the West and 50 percent in the Midwest; but the indefatigable Danish men leaped from 63 to 94 percent. The sociologist added that in all cases, fewer people in the 1968 study felt that they had broken their own moral code when they engaged in sex, and he implied that narrowing the gap between an individual's standards and his behavior has the beneficial effect of reducing guilt feelings. "This is not to say that lowering standards is preferable to stricter control of behavior," he said. "Value-behavior discrepancy has undesirable effects, but the question of how best to reduce this discrepancy is for the policy maker, not the scientist."

THREE-YEAR MARRIAGES

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND—*Two women members of the Maryland legislature have introduced a bill that would revolutionize marriage: Instead of a permanent legal relationship to be dissolved only by divorce, it would be a three-year contract with option to renew. The bill is sponsored by delegates Lena Lee and Hilda-gardeis Boswell. Said delegate Boswell, "I'm a firm believer that you shouldn't be shackled to people whom you don't love. I'm also a firm believer in trying to adjust yourself as easily to marriage as possible and, if it doesn't work out, getting out as amicably as you can."*

PRESTO! CHANGE-O!

Therapists around the country using a variety of techniques are claiming success in helping many of their homosexual patients make a heterosexual adjustment. Pessimism about the possibility of making such a change has long prevailed among mental-health professionals; in 1935, Freud wrote, "We cannot promise to achieve it." Eight years ago, however, a team of psychoanalysts headed by Dr. Irving Bieber announced that about one fourth of 106 patients had shifted to heterosexuality. More recently, Dr. Lawrence J. Hatterer published a book titled "Changing Homosexuality in the Male," in which he claims that about one third of 200 patients made a heterosexual adjustment after being treated with a combination of psychoanalytic and behavior-therapy techniques. Dr. Samuel Hadden reports that about a third of homosexual males are able to make the shift after treatment in group therapy. Dr. Joseph Wolpe has reported an "impression" that about 75 percent of patients treated exclusively with behavior-therapy methods become heterosexually oriented. All the therapists emphasized that successful sexual reorientation depends heavily on an individual's strong desire to change.

Meanwhile, a debate is building in the medical community (and was reflected in April's "Playboy Panel: Homosexuality") over whether homosexuality should be considered a pathological condition or simply another kind of sexual behavior. Dr. Judd Marmor, writing in the newsletter of the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States, states, "If we recognize . . . that neither homosexual nor heterosexual sex-object choice in human beings is innate or instinctual but that both represent 'learned behavior,' then we must conclude that there is nothing inherently sick or unnatural about life experiences that predispose an individual to prefer homosexual sex objects except insofar as this preference represents a socially condemned form of behavior in our culture."

NOT A CLIMAX IN A CARLOAD

LONDON—*If sex can sell cigarettes, perhaps it can also sell nonsmoking—so reasons the Royal College of Physicians. Because the grim warnings about cancer and heart disease have failed to cut down appreciably on the number of British smokers, the new emphasis in England's anti-cigarette campaigns will be: the girl nobody wants because her hair smells of tobacco, the man who repels women because of his brown teeth, the hint that smoking decreases sexual stamina. If people won't stop smoking to save their health, the British medical men hope, maybe they'll do so to save their sex lives.*

NATIONAL POT PICTURE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*A nonprofit corporation has been formed and registered as a lobby to work toward liberalizing the country's pot laws. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), headed by attorney Keith Stroup and launched with a Playboy Foundation grant, will sponsor and promote reform legislation and court actions at both state and Federal levels to remove penalties for possession and use of grass. According to Stroup, NORML "does not advocate marijuana nor deny the need for further research to determine any possible long-range effects, but we are certain that present prohibitory laws do vastly greater harm to society and individuals than the drug they seek to proscribe."*

Elsewhere:

- *Representative Michael Ross of Washington and assemblyman Franz Leichter of New York have introduced bills to legalize and regulate the sale and use of marijuana in their respective states. Both bills would subject pot to essentially the same controls that apply to alcoholic beverages.*
- *In Illinois, state representative Leland H. Rayson has introduced a bill to remove marijuana from the narcotics category and eliminate penalties for possession of small amounts by people 18 or older (see Rayson's letter in the April "Playboy Forum").*
- *In California, a group calling itself the Proposition of Today (POT) Committee has launched a campaign to legalize marijuana by voter-initiative petition that would add a state constitutional-amendment proposal to the 1972 ballot; the proposal resembles the amendment that repealed Prohibition.*

The most publicized recent attack on marijuana came from the newly elected president of the American Medical Association, Dr. Wesley Hall of Reno, who said in a speech that a forthcoming A. M. A. study would prove marijuana causes birth defects and premature loss of sex drive. A. M. A. officials told PLAYBOY *they had no knowledge of such a report; they guessed that Dr. Hall was speculating and that the newsmen were exaggerating.*

national emergency (*Forum Newsfront*, October 1969). I believe several Congressmen were making efforts to repeal this law, but I never heard what happened. Is this threat still hanging over our heads?

Richard Cook
Chicago, Illinois

Yes, it is. The law to which you refer is Title II of the Internal Security Act of 1950, which was passed over President Truman's veto. It provides that, if a national emergency is proclaimed, the President may order a mass roundup of people and hold them indefinitely, without trial, "if there is reasonable ground to believe that such [persons] will engage in, or probably will conspire with others to engage in, acts of espionage or of sabotage." From the days of Senator Joseph McCarthy to the Chicago Conspiracy trial, the American people have had repeated demonstrations of the way ignorance, opportunism or malice can lead to all sorts of trumped-up charges being leveled against political dissenters. Many citizens are, therefore, justifiably concerned about the enormous potential for abuse in such a law as the Internal Security Act. In 1969, Senator Daniel K. Inouye of Hawaii and Representatives Abner Mikva of Illinois and Spark Matsunaga of Hawaii introduced bills to repeal Title II. Inouye's bill passed the Senate after a letter from Deputy Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst to Senator James O. Eastland indicated that the Nixon Administration favored repeal of Title II. Later, however, both the House and Senate bills became bogged down in committees, and when Congress finished its session in 1970, nothing had been done about them. The bills then automatically died.

In 1971, Mikva and Matsunaga reintroduced their bill to repeal Title II, as did Senator Inouye. Both are before Congress now; however, at least one compromise bill has been proposed, which would permit the emergency detention provisions to stand, with the addition of certain so-called safeguards. The concerned reader should write his Congressmen and Senators, urging rejection of halfway measures and calling for the complete repeal of Title II.

REPORT FROM BRAZIL

I doubt that you will receive this letter, since all mail in Brazil is censored and it is difficult to smuggle anything out. Nevertheless, I feel that I must try to communicate with the people of the United States, who do not know the role their Government plays in Latin America.

The U.S. has Americans working in various countries as agents to suppress political opposition. Many of these operatives are in Vietnam and the others are in various parts of Asia, Africa and Latin America. Costa Rica, Guatemala, Panama and Brazil are especially favored with the presence of these overseers. In Brazil, since 1964, they have helped to maintain a military dictatorship that all citizens fear and some hate. Under this regime, citizens are arrested on the streets —without any reasons given to their family or friends—and simply disappear into our prisons.

Brazilian prisons are much like Nazi concentration camps. The 60 prisoners who were released—in return for three officials of the U.S., Japan and Germany who had been kidnaped by revolutionary forces—were very lucky. If they had remained in prison, they would probably be dead by now. Political prisoners seldom survive their terms there; most die, it is claimed, of heart attacks or suicide. Skeptics suspect that they are actually tortured and murdered.

Even we who are not leftists live in fear, for any sign of opposition—or just an unfounded suspicion—can lead to such fatal imprisonment. We dare not speak and it is perilous to attempt to send such a letter as this. And all of these conditions are the result of support, connivance and cooperation by your Government in Washington, under the pretext that it is protecting the free world.

(Name withheld by request)
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

INCORRIGIBLE AT 14?

I found this news item in a copy of the *Palo Alto Times*:

> A 14-year-old boy was sentenced to life imprisonment Monday after pleading guilty to charges of rape, robbery and car theft.
>
> Cobb County [Georgia] superior court judge Harold C. Raven imposed the sentence after the district attorney's office recommended the life imprisonment.

I don't think I have heard of a completely incorrigible 14-year-old person. If this is true of the boy, there is the possibility of his being mentally unbalanced and, if so, life in prison is not going to rehabilitate him one iota. Obviously, the judge who handed down the sentence had no intention of helping, or even trying to help, the boy.

Mrs. Robert N. Frank, Jr.
Palo Alto, California

DOES NOBODY CARE?

I thank PLAYBOY for its coverage of the inadequacies and downright horrors of America's present mental-hospital system. Being a "graduate" of such an institution myself, I know whereof I speak. Last year, at the age of 17, I voluntarily committed myself to a mental hospital in New York City, because I had been suffering from chronic depression and compulsive thoughts of suicide since the age of 13. I don't know what caused this—whether it was bad heredity (as the 19th Century psychiatrists believed), childhood traumas (as the Freudians claim) or some chemical imbalance (as the latest school of thought tells us). All I knew was that I had a saboteur within me who wanted me dead, that the saboteur seemed stronger than the conscious and rational me and that I was helpless against this invasion.

I was charged $60 a day at the hospital, and this is the kind of care I received: For the first four days, neither a doctor nor a nurse spoke to me—when I asked to speak to a doctor, or at least a chaplain, the orderlies told me to shut up and wait my turn; on the fifth day, I saw a doctor (for five minutes), who was neither consoling nor helpful. The room in which I slept, with three other patients, had a strong overhead light, which stayed on all night and made sleeping almost impossible. One evening, I had a fainting spell in the corridor. I awoke the next morning in the same place on the floor; nobody had moved me back to my bed. After 13 days, I realized I was not being treated as a human being but as a vegetable. Although I had voluntarily committed myself, I had to argue heatedly with several doctors before they let me leave to seek treatment from a private psychiatrist.

PLAYBOY and other magazines have exposed such conditions (and many hospitals are worse than mine was). People must *know* by now that such things go on and, yet, nothing is done. We have billions to spend on wars but very few pennies for those of us with emotional problems. Does nobody care?

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

THE WAR GOES ON

The advertisement taken by Vietnam Veterans Against the War (PLAYBOY, February) will not save lives or end the war. If the founders of V. V. A. W. are really veterans, they should know this. They should also know that such ads destroy morale here in Vietnam. Isn't it bad enough that we have to endure this war? Why do they have to remind us that if we are killed, we will have died in vain?

The ad also contains an outrageous lie: It states that the U.S. kills and wounds 160,000 Vietnamese civilians every year. Only a moron could believe such a wild statement.

Sp/4 Ray R. Cassidy
APO San Francisco, California

The founders and all members of Vietnam Veterans Against the War are, indeed, veterans, and the 160,000 Vietnamese civilian casualties per year is based on official Department of Defense statistics. The intent of the advertisement was not to depress you by reminding you of horrible truths that you understandably wish to avoid; the intent was to raise pressure

Gen. U. S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

Heineken tastes tremendous

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.

against the war here in the States, so you will not have to die in vain and can come home soon.

THE RED DRAGON

After reading the February *Playboy Forum*, I am convinced that every bum who has never done anything good for his country can get published in your magazine and give advice to the rest of us. The United States became big and rich before it was infested by these lice and dirty worms and self-installed counselors who keep telling us that our police are no good, our Army is no good, the past President was no good, our present President is no good and even our National Guard is no good. Meanwhile, the Red dragon in Moscow and Peking looks on and gloats, for when our Army and police and National Guard are destroyed, then the Communists will be quick to enslave us.

Seeing all these dastardly and treacherous operations, I heartily propose that we draft Senators George McGovern, J. William Fulbright and Edmund Muskie and all the Red professors in our colleges and send them to training camps at once. At least then, these Red-wingers will do something useful for their country—such as shining the boots of the real American soldiers.

Janis Ore
Great Falls, Montana

DESERT SONG

True love may blossom anywhere, and I have gotten wind that it has mushroomed on the Nevada desert. Just as a series of underground nuclear tests was completed, Dr. Strangelove was so moved he sang the following to a female assistant (to the tune of *All Men Are Created Equal*):

Will you still find me attractive,
After I'm radioactive,
After we've tasted victory in World War Three?
Will you still find me attractive,
After I'm radioactive,
After the world consists of just you and me?

Lawrence La Fave, Ph.D.
University of Windsor
Windsor, Ontario

BOOM POWER

The necessity of preserving the cherished American right to bear arms makes imperative the formation of the National Dynamite Association. Our flag, our freedom and the basis of the Nobel Peace Prize are at stake. Some Marxist pothead perverts have been misusing this tool of man in a way God never intended. This not only destroys the foundations of our system, it also undermines Americans' belief in the purity of dynamite explosions.

These are the goals of the N. D. A.: (1) Stop all well-intentioned but essentially foolish attempts to keep dynamite out of the people's hands. (2) Constantly work to reinforce the clean and decent image of dynamite. (3) Teach young Americans correct procedures for its use. (4) Remind Americans that people kill, not explosions.

People are going to have to wake up to the need for dynamite. With a four-day work week coming up, man is going to need bigger and better weekend stimulation than fat-assing it in front of his TV set. And remember, no dictatorship has ever been established in any country in which the citizenry had access to dynamite. Happiness may be a warm gun, but ecstasy is a fresh blasting cap.

Ritchie McBride
San Diego, California

SAIGON SAFARI

There are many criminal ways of wasting human and natural resources. The most stupid and obscene waste I have heard of in a long time, however, is that connected with Safari Island, just off the coast of Alaska. Safari is privately owned and has been stocked with many exotic species of animals specially imported from their native grounds—some of them truly beautiful and very scarce. Have they been taken there to save them from extinction? No; they are targets for so-called sportsmen who are tired of killing ordinary animals and who are happy to pay heavily for the thrill of killing something different.

To save this from being just another bitch letter, I'd like to make a constructive suggestion to these fun-loving outdoorsmen. There is lots of good hunting these days in Southeast Asia, and the boys sent there by their uncle in Washington are an ungrateful bunch who keep complaining that they want to come home; many of them lack the patriotism and the love of blood and slaughter that the older generation (particularly our gallant hunters) so conspicuously exemplify. Why not give all the gents who seek passage to Safari Island an option to go to Southeast Asia instead? The hunting is even more exciting there, because the targets shoot back. And this might allow our President to remove the troops, as he has promised to do, sometime before 2000 A.D.

Clay Dennis
Hampton, New Hampshire

THE WHOLE EARTH

The media have now made most Americans aware of the problems of population control and ecology. Unfortunately, the widespread talk in business and Government about preserving the environment has created the impression that these problems are now being faced and real changes are being made. This is not true. All existing political and economic systems are still working in isolation from, and usually with hostility toward, one another; the most massive efforts of all the major powers are still directed toward building more weapons with which to threaten and intimidate. The need for what many scientists call "whole-earth planning" is still largely unfulfilled, since this kind of planning requires a degree of international cooperation that simply does not exist. In short, we are rapidly approaching an environmental crisis, and governments everywhere are still largely avoiding the only actions that can save us.

James Cordes, Northeast Coordinator
The Population Institute
Washington, D. C.

WHITE MAN'S GOD

I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoyed the article on Billy Graham, *Nearer, Silent Majority, to Thee* (PLAYBOY, February). The believers in Billy Graham's God have made America what it is today, not because they are hypocrites but because they sincerely practice the arrogant and anti-nature religion of Christianity. This is why so many Indians are returning to the ways of our fathers and rejecting the white man's God. We have seen enough of racism, polluted air, fetid lakes and wholesale destruction of wildlife. We have a better religion, and I'm sorry if it sounds smug or prejudiced to say this. Some day, whites will confront the devastation they have created and they will learn humility.

Sheantoma
Bradenton, Florida

ECOLOGY AND TECHNOLOGY

In stating R. Buckminster Fuller's thesis about energy and wealth (*The Playboy Forum*, March), PLAYBOY has fallen prey to a common misconception. As any college physics student knows, while the energy of a closed system remains constant, its entropy always increases. That is, natural processes always tend toward states of increased disorder. What we are doing is using up our available sources of energy at a rate greater than the ability of our technology to make new sources available. Until solar energy is in use on an everyday basis, we had better hang on to our oil, coal and wood.

Steven Hochhauser
Sacramento, California

Buckminster Fuller's rejection of the second law of thermodynamics as a universal principle is based on his axiom that there are no closed systems—that closed systems, like straight lines or bodies at rest, are obsolete notions that hinder, rather than help, our understanding of the universe.

Fuller's synergetic-energetic geometry is still debatable, of course, and it will probably take another generation of experiments and research before his position on the second law of thermodynamics

"A woman astronaut? What on earth for?"
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It began about 10 years ago when we asked, "Should a gentleman offer a Tiparillo® to a lady?" A lot's happened since then. Today, a gentleman not only offers a Tiparillo to a lady, but the lady is taking up the offer.
Yes, times have changed. And you can blame us. Pro football players go to hairdressers. Curvaceous young women are jockeys. Co-ed dorms are part of an education. The list is a mile long, and at the head of it is Tiparillo... with its trim shape, comfortable size, clean tip.
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Tiparillo: Maybe we started something.

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BFG. THE LIFESAVER® RADIAL TIRE PEOPLE.

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is truly confirmed or refuted. However, a modification of that law, supporting as much of Fuller as we quoted in the March "Playboy Forum," has become generally accepted—and if "any college physics student" does not know about this, most graduate physics students do. We refer to the development of general systems theory, which redefines both closed and open systems. While closed systems follow the second law precisely, and entropy increases within them, making energy less usable, open systems operate without this restriction, so that negative entropy (negentropy) may increase, making energy more usable.

As L. Brillouin wrote in American Scientist *in 1949:*

> *The second [law] means death by confinement. . . . Many textbooks, even the best of them, are none too cautious when they describe the increase of entropy. . . . The theory of relativity and all the cosmological theories that followed . . . involve a broad revision and drastic modification of the laws of thermodynamics. . . . The earth is not a closed system. . . . The sentence to "death by confinement" is avoided by living in a world that is not a confined and closed system.*

Of course, this does not deny the existence of an ecological problem. It is because they wish this problem to be understood correctly, as a misuse of technology rather than a consequence of an inescapable universal law, that Fuller and others have emphasized so urgently that there is nothing in thermodynamics that makes the growing ecological disaster inevitable.

MUTILATED DREAM

The *Forum Newsfront* for January contained an item about American education titled "Killers of the Dream," quoting a Carnegie Corporation report about oppression and repression in our schools. In this connection, consider the case of Robert Tash, a student at Dixie Hollins High School in Florida. Young Tash wrote a letter to the *St. Petersburg Independent* criticizing school officials; he was promptly suspended from school and, in order to graduate, was forced to apologize publicly. The *St. Petersburg Times* then published an editorial, "How to Mutilate a Dream," which stated:

> A boy who was patriotic enough to believe in the American dream found himself forced to repent for that belief.
>
> This is all wrong.
>
> It is . . . [the school officials] who should apologize to Tash and to the people of Pinellas County—for depriving a young citizen of a basic freedom, for shaking his faith in his country, for breaking his young and noble spirit and for setting before the young an example of trampled American principles.

William M. James
Gulfport, Florida

SEXUAL IGNORANCE

I read an article in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality* that blamed most sexual problems not on deep Freudian complexes but on simple ignorance. A few examples of the prevalence of sexual ignorance cited by the authors, Drs. A. B. and B. A. Chernick, were truly startling:

In one case, a husband and wife, both university graduates, sought treatment for infertility. Examination of the wife showed that she was still a virgin, and questioning revealed that the couple was not aware that sexual intercourse is a necessary preliminary to conception and childbirth.

About 20 percent of U.S. medical students are convinced that a woman must have an orgasm before she can become pregnant; about 33 percent of the students will not attend optional sex-education courses and will subsequently avoid treating patients with sexual problems.

The esteemed and statistically precise Alfred Kinsey himself, describing the female genitalia in his *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, placed the clitoris in the wrong area.

Obviously, sexual ignorance was not buried with Queen Victoria.

John Robinson
Toronto, Ontario

TEENAGERS AND V. D.

As a health educator, I am all too aware that mankind's old nemesis, venereal disease, is as real as it ever was—despite all medical advances—especially among today's adolescents. Should a young person contract a venereal disease and recognize it as such, he is likely to react in one of three ways: He may ignore the symptoms and hope they will go away (as they do, temporarily, in syphilis); he may consult friends, who probably won't know what to do; or he may consult a physician. Generally, the last thing he will do is confide in his parents. Why? Because of fear of parental condemnation, because of guilt over breaking religious codes of conduct, out of a wish to avoid charges of sexual promiscuity and from dread inspired by the old wives' tales about physiological effects of V. D. It's no wonder adolescents don't act rationally, with so many horrors hanging over their head.

Young people are having sex; they always have and, unless something more interesting replaces it, they always will. Not everyone will engage in premarital sex, nor will those who do, engage in it all the time, but most will experiment at some time before they are married. It is the obligation of parents and schools to warn children of the possibility of contracting venereal disease through sexual intimacy, to tell them how to avoid the diseases and to direct them to the proper source of treatment. Young people must be taught about methods for prevention and given enough understanding of the problem to be able to overcome their fears and seek treatment if needed. Only then will we bring V. D. under control.

James V. Balsamello
Piscataway, New Jersey

CLERGY VS. PSYCHOTHERAPISTS

After reading the January *Forum Newsfront* item about psychotherapist Alexander P. Runciman, who claims that clergymen make poor counselors for people with sexual maladjustments, I looked in vain for another item to balance the picture. For instance, you might have quoted Masters and Johnson's conclusion, in *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, that many psychotherapists harm their patients by entering into sexual relations with them. Lacking such balance, PLAYBOY tends to give the impression that the new high priests of psychotherapy are blameless compared with the old priests of theology.

Major Nathan M. Landman, Chaplain
APO New York, New York

The January "Playboy Forum" contained, in addition to Dr. Runciman's warnings against clergymen as counselors in the "Forum Newsfront," the following "balancing" items about psychotherapists: (1) Dr. Franklin E. Kameny's charge that the hypothalamotomy operation now being used on homosexuals may leave as many vegetables in its wake as the once popular prefrontal lobotomy, (2) Dr. Thomas S. Szasz's letter opposing the forcible use of psychiatric techniques on involuntary subjects and (3) a letter and editorial reply concerning the struggle to end involuntary hospitalization of persons allegedly mentally ill.

We think the psychotherapists suffered rather worse than the clergy in our January "Forum."

As for Masters and Johnson's statement that many psychotherapists seduce their patients, we reported that information when "Human Sexual Inadequacy" was published ("Forum Newsfront," June 1970). We should add that Masters and Johnson later clarified their statement, making it much broader than originally understood. "This does not in any sense confine itself to medicine," they say in Nat Lehrman's book "Masters and Johnson Explained" (Playboy Press). "It includes the psychologist, the social worker, the minister, priest and rabbi and various other professional disciplines." We

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also should add, to make the record complete, that Masters and Johnson disagree with Dr. Runciman's view that clergymen necessarily make poor sex counselors.

SAVING VIRGINIAN VIRGINITY

Here is an excerpt from an article in the Newport News, Virginia, *Daily Press*:

> [Senator Herbert Bateman] said, in a resolution, that open visitation privileges in college dormitories and coeducational dormitories are leading to frequent, if not regular, cohabitation between the sexes. . . .
>
> All of this, it says, has led to an increasing pattern of promiscuous relationships, "contrary to declared standards of public morality and contravening the public policy of this Commonwealth."

I am amused to find that such enlightened men as state senators think that people aren't going to engage in sexual activities if college administrators don't permit visitors of the opposite sex in dormitory rooms. No wonder there is a generation gap.

James B. Hubbard, Jr.
Fort Eustis, Virginia

TWO BEAUTIES

As a result of the fuss over *The Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography*, two professional crusaders against so-called smut have been much in the public eye: the Reverend Morton A. Hill, S. J., and President Nixon's appointee to the commission, Charles H. Keating, Jr. Want an idea of what these two beauties are like? Here are some excerpts from the syndicated column "Religion Today," by the Reverend Lester Kinsolving:

> [Father Hill] recently told the *National Catholic Reporter* why he is convinced that pornography causes sex crimes: "From content analysis. . . . From things people say . . . not a judgment based on empirical evidence but on the basis of common sense."
>
> Father Hill also affirms that he is able to detect what he calls "soft-core pornography" in "music on the radio with sex and drug lyrics." When asked if he believes that "any utopias of decency exist in the world," he replied:
>
> "Greece, where there is an excellent moral atmosphere. . . ."
>
> Keating is the ultraconservative legal counsel for an organization called Citizens for Decent Literature. His capacity for objective study of pornography (he rarely attended any of the commission's meetings) is evident in his having written that "PLAYBOY is perhaps the most dangerous and inherently evil of all magazines dealing with sex . . . very few, if any, young people can dwell on PLAYBOY without committing sin."

From content analysis, from the things they say and on the basis of common sense, I'm forced to conclude that the notoriety of these men is cause for alarm. If President Nixon and the 60 U. S. Senators who voted to denounce the commission's report really take this pair of witch doctors seriously, then the most serious deficit in Washington is not in the national treasury but in our elected leaders' heads.

Thomas Carroll
San Francisco, California

A NUN'S ABORTION

Dr. Leon P. Belous' letter in the March *Playboy Forum* quotes a thank-you note from a Catholic nun who states she obtained an abortion at the doctor's clinic in California. As a man, I feel deeply sympathetic with the human agony of Sister's five-day passion. A more dire predicament would be difficult to conjure. However, the very extremity of the situation makes me wonder about the propriety of the solution chosen for it. Here we are, faced with a woman who, by solemn vows taken before the altar of the Lord, whom she professes to serve and whose truths she teaches, has devoted her existence to the service of Christ and to the Church, which she claims he established as the agency for the salvation of mankind. Yet in her own time of desperation, Sister chose to ignore these truths and teachings, to forsake what she professed by her vows and outward life and to give precedence to what she calls her "career." It would seem that outwardly, her career will continue; by her daily words and actions, she will manifest her sworn beliefs and will teach those beliefs to others. Having resolved the problem of picking and choosing those of her surface beliefs that are convenient for her personal life, Sister can now pen beautiful resurrection similes, speak of healing and restoration, a return to life from death. This is paradoxical and, I fear, hypocritical. It is easier to understand Sister's attitude toward the fact of abortion than it is to understand her successful (although superficial and momentary) reconciliation of her two antithetical courses.

If she is in the right, then I must stand in apology. If she is wrong, I only hope the God she claims to believe in is as generous in granting mercy as he is mysterious in choosing instruments.

Dan Michau
Hazelwood, Missouri

We suspect, though we have no way of knowing, that it will be difficult for Sister to teach with vigor the official Catholic doctrine on the immorality of abortion—if she ever did. But we bet she will put her heart into "Matthew" 7:1-2: "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

UNWED PREGNANCIES

The March *Playboy Forum* published a number of letters on the thorny subject of abortion, including two from unmarried women who found themselves, as the old saying goes, "in trouble." The plight of the single woman who becomes pregnant is compounded in our society by two factors: shame and ignorance. She herself may feel that she has been immoral, and if she doesn't, many people who discover her problem will try to make her feel this way. Along with this shame, she has the difficulty of not knowing where to turn for advice and help.

I've discovered a book that deals with all the problems the unmarried pregnant woman has to face and gives details on all the options for solution, from abortion to keeping and raising the baby. It's called *Single and Pregnant*, and the author is Ruth I. Pierce, a young social worker who has counseled many California women who became pregnant out of wedlock. Published by Beacon Press of Boston, Massachusetts, the book is a sympathetic, no-nonsense, comprehensive source of every kind of information—including phone numbers and addresses of a variety of consultation and referral services—the unmarried pregnant woman will almost certainly need.

Mrs. Jack Friedman
Los Angeles, California

ABORTION CRUSADE

As the January *Forum Newsfront* indicated, serious problems have arisen in New York State since the passage of abortion-repeal legislation. Guidelines established by the New York City Board of Health may tend to limit the number of women who can be helped under the law. Fees for abortions are frequently much higher than they need to be. The complicated problem of getting an abortion in New York has led to the exploitation of women by the imposition of so-called counseling or referral fees. I am shocked to learn that some out-of-state women have even been charged a fee for being given the phone number of Parents' Aid Society.

I established Parents' Aid Society in Hempstead, New York, as a free birth-control center and abortion-advisory service. Never in all these years of helping women get abortions has the center charged a counseling fee, though we do ask a woman to send a donation to Parents' Aid Society if she can. We've helped over 12,000 women, ranging in age from 12 to 51, get safe medical

(continued on page 185)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ALBERT SPEER

a candid conversation with the best-selling author of "inside the third reich," hitler's closest confidant and second-in-command

At the stroke of midnight on September 30, 1966, the giant iron gates of Berlin's Spandau prison creaked open and a tall, silver-haired man walked uncertainly out into the glare of flashbulbs and TV floodlights. Prisoner number five of the four-power-administered penitentiary greeted his wife without visible emotion, shook hands cordially with the governor of the Spandau district and spoke briefly to the press, first in German and then in fluent French and English. "My sentence was just," he said quietly. "We were treated correctly and properly the whole time. I have no complaints." He turned and walked with his wife to a waiting car. Rudolf Hess, Adolf Hitler's executive secretary, now 77, lay inside alone in his cell—Spandau's only remaining prisoner—as Albert Speer, Hitler's architect, friend and second-in-command throughout World War Two, sped off to freedom after 20 years' imprisonment.

There were many who felt that his sentence had been too lenient. It has been estimated that Speer, as Hitler's gifted minister of armaments and war production, was almost singlehandedly responsible for prolonging the Nazi war effort by almost two years. In the spring of 1944, the London Observer *wrote, "Speer is . . . more important for Germany today than Hitler, Himmler, Goering, Goebbels or the generals. They all have, in a way, become the . . . auxiliaries of the man who actually directs the giant power machine."*

After Germany's unconditional surrender, Speer was arrested by the Allies and tried before the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg, along with 21 other surviving Nazi leaders. He was charged with having brought more than 5,000,000 slave laborers to the Reich, "many of them under terrible conditions of cruelty and suffering." To the fury of his codefendants, the opposition of his own lawyer and the surprise of the judges, Speer accepted full responsibility for the most telling count against him: the forced-labor charges. On September 30, 1946, he was found not guilty on two counts of the indictment relating to conspiracy to initiate aggressive war, but was convicted on crimes-against-humanity charges, although the court took note of such extenuating circumstances as his efforts to provide better food, clothing and housing for the forced laborers and his defiance of Hitler in the last year of the war. Overriding Russian demands for the death penalty, the court sentenced Speer to 20 years' imprisonment and he was transported to Spandau prison.

He settled down to the harsh regimen of prison life with surprising adaptability; but as the years dragged on and his children grew older, Speer began to become concerned about their assessment of his role in the Third Reich. Would they despise him as a mass murderer—or would a sense of misplaced loyalty pervert their filial devotion into neo-Nazi political sympathies? Speer realized that he must somehow try to explain to them why and how he had become involved with Hitler and the Nazi movement, and in greater length and detail than he was permitted in his two single-page monthly letters. That need to explain—if not to justify—was the origin of his memoirs. As he wrote successive installments over the long years of imprisonment, Speer's own thinking was altered in subtle but pervasive ways. His only escape was through reading, and he began to pore over volumes of history, philosophy, theology, psychology and sociology. "In 1945, my book would have been different," he says now. "I was only technically educated. But in Spandau, I read Freud, Jung, Adler, Barth, Buber. I was another man in 1966 from the man I was in 1945."

When the gates of Spandau swung

"There was an ultimate coldness about Hitler. I never met anyone else with whom I felt this sense of something missing, this impression that at the core of his being there was just a deadness."

"At Nuremberg, I saw one photograph of a Jewish family being led to the gas chamber. I couldn't rid my mind of it. I would see it in my cell at night. I see it still. It has made a desert of my life."

"So many people expect me to offer justifications for what I did. I cannot. There is no apology or excuse I can ever make. The blood is on my hands. I have not tried to wash it off—only to see it."

open to that other man in 1966, he had already written the first draft of his memoirs, over 2000 manuscript pages. Originally, he had designed them solely as a personal testament to his children but as the final form of the manuscript took shape in the year following his release, he came to feel that others besides his family could benefit from his experiences. He talked it over with each of his children, "since they would have to live with it," and delegated to them veto power over publication. But all agreed that Speer's memoirs should see print.

Upon publication in Germany, the book was an instant best seller and has already sold over 200,000 copies in the German edition. Rapidly translated into a dozen languages, "Inside the Third Reich" has soared to the top of the best-seller lists in the United States, England and western Europe and precipitated both lavish critical praise and bitter controversy. Writing in The Nation, *Lincoln Kirstein predicted that "Inside the Third Reich" "may, in its somber logic, be the prose masterpiece from World War Two," and in a review in* The Wall Street Journal, *critic Frank Gannon suggested that, "At its deepest level," Speer's memoirs define "20th Century Western man's dilemma and potential in a way that Saint Augustine and Rousseau did for their own times when they wrote their confessions . . . a staggering and monumental book." And Thomas Mann's son Golo, in a German review praising Speer's honesty in confronting his own guilt, declared: "Speer consecrated himself to self-accusation as he had consecrated himself to serving Hitler; such a man does not do things by halves."*

But while no critics doubted the intensity of Speer's mea culpas, *a few reviewers challenged their integrity. According to this view, Speer's acceptance of personal responsibility for the crimes of the Reich is more propaganda than penitence, a cynical device to disarm his critics and justify both himself and the majority of Germans who supported Hitler. In a devastating essay in* The New York Review of Books, *historian Geoffrey Barraclough not only cast doubt on the sincerity of Speer's repentance but also accused him of doctoring the statistics of his own ministry in order to put "the whole story of German war production in a falsely dramatic light." Barraclough warns against the growth of what he terms the "Speer legend," fostered by uncritical book reviewers and savants ignorant of the realities of the Third Reich. "The picture the Speer legend presents," he concludes, "both of Speer himself and of the regime he served, is a distorted picture."*

To evaluate the origins and outlines of the Speer legend, and to probe the complexities and contradictions of Speer's own character, PLAYBOY *sent Eric Norden to interview the 66-year-old ex–Reich minister in his pleasant timbered villa on a wooded hill overlooking the Neckar River, three miles from the picturesque university town of Heidelberg. Norden writes of their meeting:*

"Speer greeted me amiably and escorted me into the richly furnished living room of his spacious home. He was still handsome in a distinguished, company-director manner, and his beetling black eyebrows reminded me of the younger man I had seen in photographs strolling through occupied Paris with his friend and patron, Adolf Hitler. As we sat over Scotch and sodas by a roaring fire, snow began to fall lightly outside and his three-year-old Saint Bernard, Bello, snored contentedly at her master's feet as Speer's attractive wife, Margarethe, served us heaping plates of home-baked cakes and rich German pastries.

"The atmosphere was so relaxed and gemütlich *that, for a moment, I forgot I was speaking to the man who throughout the Second World War had stood second in the Third Reich only to Adolf Hitler, the man whose organizational talents and energies had contributed immeasurably to the death and suffering of millions. He appeared just another upper-middle-class German fond of playing the country squire on his escapes from the board room. As we talked, two of his grandchildren, pig-tailed little* Kinder *of three and four, played noisily in an adjoining room, and Speer spread his hands helplessly and shrugged in the gesture of harassed but indulgent grandparents everywhere.*

"For six weeks, I had studied this man, poring over his book and published interviews, as well as the voluminous reviews and polemical articles in the American and European press. But as I leaned forward to switch on the tape recorder, I felt no closer to the real man behind the public façade than I ever had. I had been frustrated throughout my research by a certain vague opacity, an insubstantiality, about Speer; and as we began talking, I experienced some of the same doubts I had had while reading his book and studying his published statements: As forthright as he appeared on the surface, there seemed to me to be a veil drawn between him and the truth.

"I suspected, as some reviewers had, that the litany of his self-recrimination was in itself an evasion of ultimate responsibility. Now, as I began the interview—which was to extend into almost ten days of relentless day-and-night question-and-answer sessions, ending with both Speer and myself on the brink of exhaustion—this uneasiness persisted, intensified at first by his curiously detached manner. As my interrogations proceeded late into that night and resumed over breakfast the next morning, I began to realize that what disturbed me most about Speer was his tranquillity, the way in which he could accuse himself of terrible crimes in the same tone he would use to offer me a piece of Apfel Torte.

"But as I listened to Speer recount the terrors and triumphs of the Third Reich in German and the fluent English he learned in Spandau, as I saw the patient concern with which he tried to express and explain himself and his era in the course of our tiring sessions, I realized that this interview and all his other confrontations with press and public were part of the burden he bore, part of his penance—way stations to a salvation he himself recognized as unattainable." Norden began the interview by asking Speer about the harsh judgment of his critics.

PLAYBOY: Critical acclaim for *Inside the Third Reich* has not been universal. Rebecca West, dismissing the book as a cynical whitewash, brands you a "repulsive criminal," and historian Gudrun Tempel writes that "Speer may easily have been as brutal, as ruthlessly ambitious and almost as sick as Hitler . . . one puts his book away with a greater fear of men like him than of any Hitler." How would you respond to such critics?

SPEER: Perhaps they are right. After what I have done, it is not for me to call them wrong. But I think many reviewers, including those who liked the book, miss the point when they place their emphasis on me as an individual. My guilt can never be erased, nor should it be, but that guilt is only the frame for a larger picture. I wrote the memoirs to describe and explain what happened from 1933 to 1945 and to warn people so that it will not happen again, in Germany or anywhere else. I suppose that in a personal sense, it was also an attempt to understand myself, to see how and why I could have been a part of such things. But so many people seem to expect me to offer justifications for what I did. I cannot. There is no apology or excuse I can ever make. The blood is on my hands. I have not tried to wash it off—only to see it.

PLAYBOY: At Nuremberg, you accepted responsibility for the crimes of the Third Reich. But did you then, and do you now, consider yourself *personally* responsible?

SPEER: Yes, for everything that happened. For the forced labor, obviously—that was directly under my jurisdiction. But I was also responsible for acts about which I knew nothing at the time they were committed, such as the atrocities against the Jews and the mass executions of Russian civilians and prisoners of war. There was no way, legally or

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morally, for me to evade this guilt. I took that position at the Nuremberg trial, although there was a great temptation to try to save my life by mitigating guilt, by offering excuses, by blaming others, by claiming I was only obeying orders. But whenever I wavered, I would think of the mass of evidence presented before the tribunal—the photographs and testimony and documents about what had happened. In particular, there was one photograph of a Jewish family going to its death, a husband with his wife and children being led to the gas chamber. I couldn't rid my mind of that photograph; I would see it in my cell at night. I see it still. It has made a desert of my life. But also, in a strange way, it freed me. When you finally comprehend that you have devoted 15 years of your life to building a graveyard, the only thing left is to accept responsibility for your actions. From that moment of recognition, I felt for the first time in my life a sense of inner calm.

PLAYBOY: It's strange to hear such compassionate sentiment from the second most powerful man in Nazi Germany. Historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, who interrogated you at Nuremberg, conceded that you were a "civilized, sensitive, intelligent man," but said he failed to comprehend how you could "so long and so faithfully serve, at such close quarters, such vulgar tyranny." Do you have an answer?

SPEER: No. I have been living with the question for 25 years and I have found many reasons—but no adequate reply. Of course, for a while, I tried to soothe my conscience with pseudo truths, rationalizations that would make me look better to myself. I tried to persuade myself that, in a totalitarian system such as Nazi Germany, a man's isolation increases as his position rises and he is not aware of crimes committed by underlings. I would tell myself that, in this modern technological age, genocide becomes an assembly-line process, with the number of murdered rising even as the number of murderers decreases, that under such circumstances, it is easy to be ignorant. I argued that in such a system, the mania for secrecy is self-justifying and self-perpetuating and, therefore, I could not be blamed for not knowing what happened. In each of those arguments, there is a considerable measure of objective truth. But in the larger moral sense, they are all lies, evasions of my responsibility as a human being. If I was isolated, I determined the degree of my own isolation. If I was ignorant, I ensured my own ignorance. If I did not see, it was because I did not want to see.

PLAYBOY: Trevor-Roper writes, "It is this remarkable contrast between perception and blindness, between sensitivity and insensitivity, between moral standards and moral neutrality, which makes Speer psychologically so interesting." And, to some critics, so frightening. What accounted for this moral schizophrenia?

SPEER: The answer is not pleasant for me to contemplate, because it is so banal. I was blinded by the glory and authority of my position, by the great plans I was making, the great events I helped to shape. It was a classic case of *hubris*, the affliction of the ancient Greeks. I stood at the pinnacle of power and I was intoxicated by the distant landscapes I saw—while all the time a charnel house reeked at my feet. My own pride and ambition made me an accomplice in the extermination of millions of human beings.

PLAYBOY: An extermination you did nothing to prevent and—by successfully prolonging the war as armaments minister—actually assisted.

SPEER: I could not have prevented it short of assassinating Hitler before his "final solution" was under way, and at that time, I had neither the courage nor the vision to do so. But it was my duty to *confront* it, to assert my individual and collective responsibility for it. That was my greatest failure. From the very beginning, I should have seen where Hitler's hatred of the Jews would lead. But slowly, at first almost imperceptibly, I accommodated myself to his mania. When I first joined the party, I viewed Hitler's anti-Semitism with distaste but thought it was just a cheap propaganda weapon that he would abandon when he came to power. Once Hitler was in office and unleashed the full power of the state against the Jews—and the Socialists and the Communists and the Freemasons and the Jehovah's Witnesses—I just stood aside and said to myself that as long as I did not personally participate, it had nothing to do with me. I believe there is a saying in English—"We first endure, then pity, then embrace." My toleration of the anti-Semitic campaign made me responsible for it.

PLAYBOY: You've said you weren't an anti-Semite when you joined the party and you write in your book that you had many Jewish friends in your school days. How *could* you tolerate their persecution?

SPEER: By depersonalizing them. The people who were deprived of their jobs, who were hounded from the professions, whose property was confiscated and who were finally dragged off to the concentration camps gradually became abstractions to me, not human beings with families and aspirations and worries and needs like anyone else. It shames me to admit that these people disappeared from my life and my thoughts as if they had never existed. If I had continued to see them as human beings, I could not have remained a Nazi. I did not hate them; I was indifferent to them. My crime was far worse because I was *not* an anti-Semite.

PLAYBOY: You never had any qualms of conscience whatever about the treatment of the Jews?

SPEER: No. As the anti-Semitic campaign escalated, my conscience was progressively calloused and blunted. Of course, one's conscience does not just cease to exist overnight; it is slowly eroded over the years, eaten away day by day, anesthetized by a multiplicity of little crimes. Things that would have shocked and horrified me in 1934, such as the assassination of opposition leaders, the persecution of the Jews, the incarceration and torture of innocent men in concentration camps, I tolerated as unfortunate excesses in 1935; and things I couldn't have stomached in 1935 were palatable a few years later. This happened in one way or another to all of us in Germany. As the Nazi environment enveloped us, its evils grew invisible—because we were part of them.

PLAYBOY: How could a man of your intelligence and sensibility allow himself to remain part of so evil a system, however gradually it enveloped you?

SPEER: There is, unfortunately, no necessary correlation between intelligence and decency; the genius and the moron are equally susceptible to corruption. Almost 200 years ago, Goethe wrote in *Iphigenie auf Tauris* that even "the best man" finally "becomes accustomed to cruelty" and "in the end makes a law of that which he despises." As far as sensibility is concerned, I would have been shocked and outraged if I had seen some hoodlum throw a brick through a Jewish store window in 1930. But on the day after *Kristallnacht* in 1938, the great pogrom in which dozens of synagogues and thousands of Jewish homes and businesses were burned and looted, I strolled by the smoldering ruins of a Berlin synagogue, and my only reaction was to be aesthetically offended by the ruins' spilling over onto the *Fasanenstrasse*. That was all; I was bothered only by the litter. The memory of that day is one of the most painful of my life. What makes it worse is that on *Kristallnacht*, Hitler crossed a Rubicon; barbarous as his treatment of the Jews had been, I don't think even he had contemplated their physical extermination until then. More was shattered than glass that night.

PLAYBOY: When was it finally decided to annihilate the Jews?

SPEER: I am sure Hitler had it in his mind since *Kristallnacht*, but I learned from evidence introduced at Nuremberg that the actual decision was made at the Wannsee Conference in 1942, once he knew the war was going to be total, with either absolute victory or absolute defeat at the end. I think that knowledge eliminated the last remaining

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political and diplomatic restraints and liberated his most terrible instincts. It wasn't a ministerial decision; most of Hitler's government associates, including me, never even knew about it till they were told at the end of the war. Himmler was placed in charge of the extermination program, and his henchmen Eichmann and Kaltenbrunner and Heydrich organized and implemented it. But even within the SS, relatively few people were involved—the top administrators, plus the actual concentration-camp commandants and guards and logistics and transport personnel. I know that many people outside Germany believe that everyone in the country knew of the extermination, but that just wasn't the case, as historians of the period will tell you.

PLAYBOY: Since Hitler's power was absolute, why did he bother to keep his "final solution" secret—if, in fact, it was as secret as you indicate?

SPEER: It was, I think, in a sense, the last residue of humanity in Hitler prevented him from boasting about it to any but his most fanatic and degenerate followers; and then, too, on a more pragmatic level, it's possible he was afraid of the army's reaction if they had learned what was happening. His power was not completely absolute; in the final analysis, he was still dependent on the military. The generals were subservient to Hitler—until the July 20 plot, at any rate—but I doubt if the *Wehrmacht* could have stomached the horrors of Auschwitz. Despite all the crimes in which it tacitly acquiesced, the army still prided itself on possessing a military code of honor which would have prevented it from accepting the wholesale massacre of unarmed men, women and children. But they didn't know until it was too late—too late for the Jews, too late for all of us. In my own case, I did not know what was happening until 1945, when I learned with horror at Nuremberg precisely what monstrous acts our regime had been committing—a horror that has never left me.

PLAYBOY: This is the point that has aroused the greatest suspicion among your critics about your integrity. They argue that you were a member of Hitler's inner circle, by your own admission the closest thing to a friend he ever had. You were intimately involved with all aspects of Nazi military and political strategy. How, they ask, can you expect people to believe that you remained ignorant until the end of the war of the systematic extermination of 6,000,000 Jews—an extermination carried out all around you?

SPEER: I know this is difficult for many people to believe, but I think that if they really understood the machinations of the Nazi state, they would see how it could happen—and did. You must remember that pervasive interdepartmental rivalries and a fetish for secrecy affected every aspect of the Nazi state; both major policy decisions and relatively innocuous operations were shrouded in deception and evasion. Everything was compartmentalized; there was a bureaucracy even of murder.

PLAYBOY: But even in a totalitarian state, crimes are committed by *people*—people with families and friends and neighbors who must have been aware of their activities. The extermination of the Jews was on a huge scale, the most massive genocide in the history of man. How *could* it have been kept secret?

SPEER: Before this century, it would have been impossible. But no longer. This is the true horror of the technological age—that a handful of men, in utmost secrecy, have the power by virtually the push of a button to dispatch millions to their deaths. In my own case, there is no way I can avoid responsibility for the extermination of the Jews. I was as much their executioner as Himmler, because they were carried past me to their deaths and I did not see. It is surprisingly easy to blind your moral eyes. I was like a man following a trail of bloodstained footprints through the snow without realizing someone had been injured.

PLAYBOY: But in your capacity as minister of armaments, you traveled all over Germany and the occupied territories, inspecting industrial and military facilities. Do you mean to say that you never came across a concentration camp?

SPEER: Of course I knew there were camps; everyone knew that. It was what was going *on* in them we did not know. Beatings, perhaps even torture, we knew the Gestapo to be capable of; but systematic mass slaughter—no, in our worst dreams, we could not conceive the reality of that.

PLAYBOY: You were in regular contact with Himmler and his top aides, and yet they never let anything slip and you never attempted to question them?

SPEER: No. I had a chance to find out in the summer of 1944, when I was visited by one of my old friends, Karl Hanke, the gauleiter, or district governor, of Lower Silesia. Hanke was a fanatic Nazi, but he had some lingering human instincts; I remember that he had come back from the Polish and French fronts and spoken with sympathy and concern about the dead and wounded and maimed on both sides. On this occasion, he came into my office and just slumped down into my green-leather armchair and was silent for a long time. There was a strange expression on his face, and when he finally began to speak, he was quite unlike his normal hearty self. He told me he had just visited a concentration camp in Upper Silesia and he urged me in a faltering voice never, under any circumstances whatsoever, to accept an invitation to inspect that camp. He had seen horrible things there, things he was not allowed to discuss—things he could not bring himself to discuss. I had never seen Hanke in such a state.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

SPEER: Nothing. There he was, sitting in my office, hinting at things that it was my duty as a minister of the Reich to discover—not to mention my duty as a human being. But I did not question him. I did not question Himmler. I did not question Hitler. I did not speak with any of my friends or acquaintances in the government or party who might have known something; I did not investigate; I did nothing. Hanke, of course, was speaking of Auschwitz. From that point on, I had irrevocably condemned myself. My moral contamination was complete. That moment was very much in my mind when I accepted responsibility for the crimes of the Reich at Nuremberg. It has never left me. Because of my failure at that moment, my utter moral abdication, I still feel directly responsible for Auschwitz in a completely personal sense.

PLAYBOY: The sins you admit were all of omission—not acting on *Kristallnacht*, not eliciting the truth about Auschwitz from Hanke. But what would you have done if you *had* known that 6,000,000 Jewish men, women and children were being exterminated?

SPEER: This is a crucial question, and one I have asked myself many times. The answer does not help me to sleep at night. I might have resigned from the government; of that much, at least, I was capable even then. But would I have fought, protested, tried to stop the slaughter, risked my life? In all honesty, I must say I doubt it. Looking back over the decades at the man I was then, I can expect no moral courage from him.

PLAYBOY: If Hitler had admitted to you that he was annihilating the Jews, what would you have said to him?

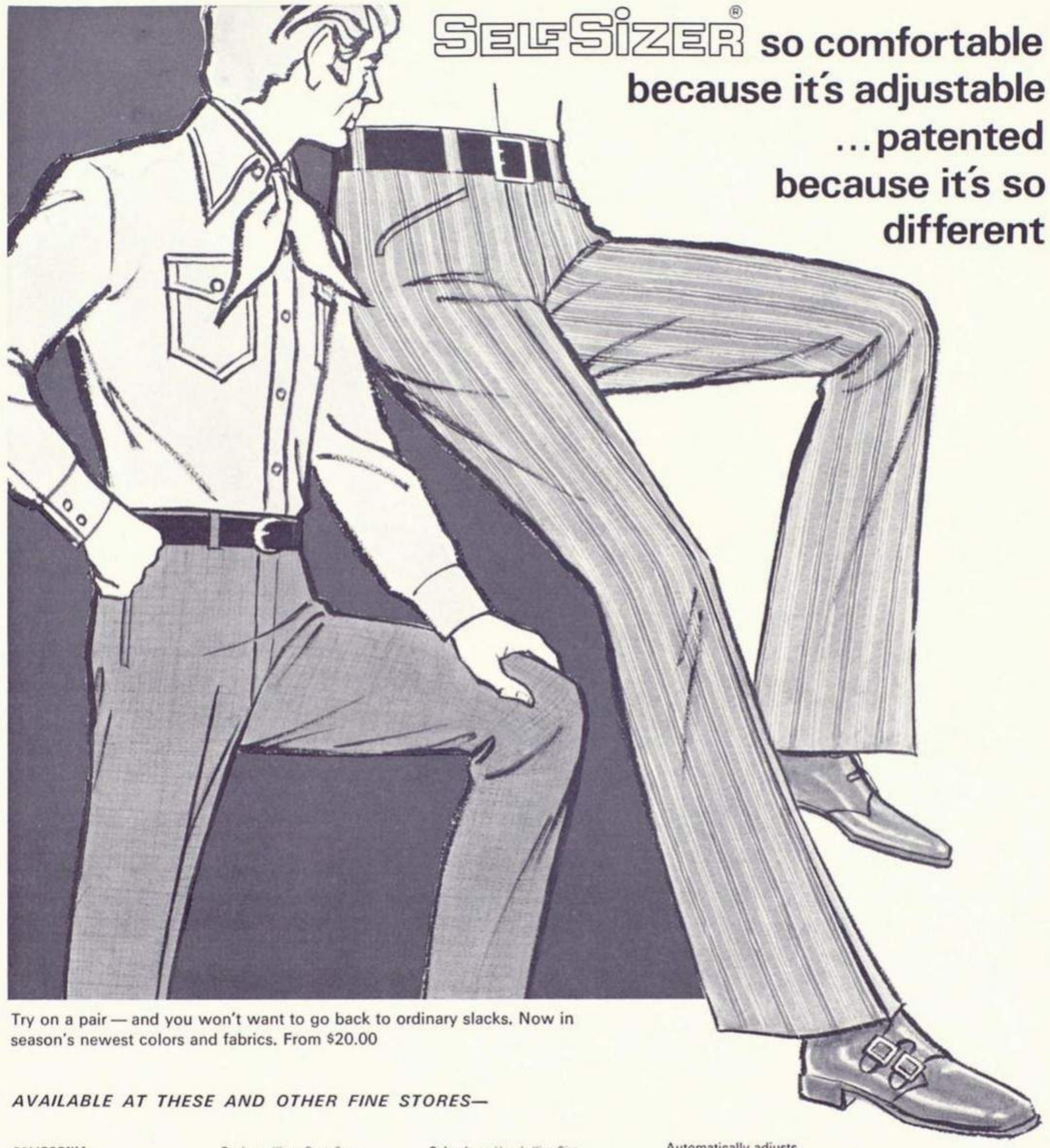
SPEER: That, too, I have asked myself, and the answer is equally dispiriting. I would have said, "You are killing them? That is insane! I need them to work in our factories." That would have been, I am afraid, my first reaction at the time.

PLAYBOY: No moral outrage? No revulsion?

SPEER: The man who left Spandau was not the same man who entered. That other Speer—I hate to think of him as me, but he is me, of course, my *Doppelgänger*—would have thought only in terms of efficiency and the war effort. The killing of the Jews would have seemed to me a waste. A crime, perhaps, if I had thought about it abstractly, but first and foremost a *waste*. I had no thought other than oiling the war machine. Even with blood.

PLAYBOY: One historian has written that you loved machines more than people. Was he right?

SPEER: Yes. That is why I could serve



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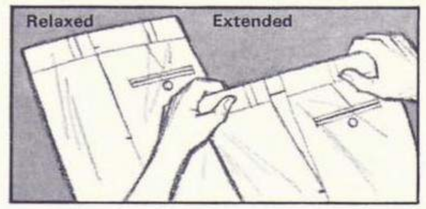

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Hitler so long and so faithfully and so blindly. Sometimes I think, in despair, if only I could go back to the beginning and change it all, become a professor of architecture in some small university town. But I can never escape the consequences of that betrayal of my conscience.

PLAYBOY: What were your original motivations for joining the Nazi Party?

SPEER: They were not in themselves base. I sincerely believed that the Nazis offered the only salvation for a Germany torn by social and economic chaos and that it was thus my duty to assist them to come to power. You must remember the conditions in Germany following World War One: inflation followed by deflation and massive unemployment, great human suffering and despair, decadence and moral decay, the apparent disintegration of all our traditional institutions and values. It seemed that the democratic system had hopelessly failed to provide answers for the problems of the nation, and people with a social conscience tended to gravitate to the extremes of either right or left. Some became Nazis, others Communists—often for the very same reasons. The sound and constructive thing would have been to try working within the system to solve the economic crisis. But to the idealistic and impetuous young, that seemed sterile and ineffectual.

PLAYBOY: When were you first attracted to the Nazis?

SPEER: I started out essentially nonpolitical. By the mid-1920s, many people had become politically exhausted, drained and disillusioned, like the hippies of today, with whom I can sympathize. We felt the complex and mechanized world around us was insane, its values distorted and at odds with the realities of the human condition. Such disenchantment can sometimes generate a despairing nihilism, and there are some disturbing parallels between my own time and today. As conditions grew worse and worse, escapism succumbed to political activism and the polarization of left and right grew. Friends, even families, divided on political lines and, increasingly, the center became an untenable position. The political battles of the outside world raged in microcosm throughout the universities.

In 1925, I began my studies at the Institute of Technology in Berlin and became a student of the great architect Professor Heinrich Tessenow, who belonged to the "Ring" school of architects, along with Gropius and Mies van der Rohe. In the summer of 1927, I received my architect's license and began teaching at the Institute. On my salary, I was able to marry the girl I had loved since my childhood and we honeymooned in the Mecklenburg lake district; my wife and I launched our boats in Spandau, 100 yards or so from the prison in which I would spend 20 years of my life. At the Institute, I became Professor Tessenow's assistant.

The Nazis, meanwhile, grew in influence and took control of the school parliament. But at that time, I still could not make up my mind politically. Conditions had become so bad in Germany that I felt drastic measures were required to restructure the entire social and economic system—but I did not know how to translate this disaffection into concrete political action. Then, toward the end of 1930, some of the Nazi students in Tessenow's seminars invited me to attend a rally, where Hitler would address the students of both the Institute and Berlin University. I had hitherto rather half-heartedly resisted their attempts to convert me to National Socialism, but I wanted to hear their leader, so I attended.

PLAYBOY: Was this the first time you had seen Hitler in person?

SPEER: Yes; till then, I had tended to view him as a vulgar, rabble-rousing fanatic in a comic-opera Brownshirt uniform. But that meeting in a dirty, ill-lit beer hall drastically altered my image of him. He entered wearing a well-cut blue suit and after the tumultuous ovation died down, he spoke earnestly, persuasively, almost shyly. His manner was completely sincere, more like a dedicated professor delivering a lecture than a screaming demagog.

Within a few minutes, he had the entire audience in his grip—and by no means was everyone there his supporter. Soon his low-key manner disappeared, his voice rose to a hypnotic pitch and there was a palpable aura of tension and excitement in the hall, a crackling emotional voltage, the kind of supercharged atmosphere I'd encountered before only at dramatic sporting events. Hitler's dynamic presence filled the room, his voice swelled, his eyes transfixed the audience. It was not so much what he said—I hardly remembered afterward—but the mood he cast over the entire hall: It had an almost orgiastic quality.

Hitler always said that the masses are essentially feminine, and his aggressiveness and charisma elicited an almost masochistic surrender and submission in his audience—a form of psychic rape. I believe there may be a tendency of man, perhaps rooted in Jung's concept of the collective unconscious, to surrender himself to the yoke of a stronger personality, and this was certainly true of Hitler's mass meetings. He didn't convince his audiences; he conquered them.

PLAYBOY: Yourself included.

SPEER: Yes. I left that meeting quite overwhelmed. Here, at last, it appeared to me, were hope for the future, imaginative new concepts, new goals to be achieved, a new beginning. Hitler, I thought then, could save Germany, end unemployment, rebuild the economy, rectify the injustices of Versailles, check the Communist threat, give our people a new mission and purpose. The very simplicity with which he approached complex problems both perplexed and impressed me, as did the magic of his rhetoric. I did not translate my ideas into action for several weeks, but my mind was made up that very night. In January 1931, I became member number 474,481 in the National Socialist Party.

PLAYBOY: What were your duties as a member of the party?

SPEER: In the beginning, they were quite light. I was not an ideological firebrand, and I devoted a relatively small percentage of my time to politics. My main preoccupations were my family and my career. In 1932, a reduction in university salaries led me to resign my assistant professorship and we moved to Mannheim, where I set up practice as an architect. My career ambitions stagnated rather rapidly, however. And then commissions began coming from a totally unexpected source—the party.

PLAYBOY: What brought you to the attention of the Nazi hierarchy?

SPEER: While I was in Berlin, I was a courier for the party and, in that capacity, I met Karl Hanke, whom I mentioned earlier; he was then a minor party functionary. When he learned I was an architect, he gave me the modest assignment of redecorating his district headquarters. A few other small commissions followed, but when I left Berlin for Mannheim, Hanke and I lost touch. Then, on January 30, 1933, Von Hindenburg appointed Hitler as chancellor in the hope that a strengthened and unified right-wing government might quiet labor and left-wing dissent and stabilize the economy.

In March 1933, immediately after national elections had strengthened Hitler's hand, I received a call from Hanke, asking me to come to Berlin right away, where he introduced me to Dr. Goebbels, a small man with intense, flashing eyes and a pronounced limp from his clubfoot. Goebbels commissioned me to rebuild and redecorate his propaganda ministry, instructing me to begin at once. I left Goebbels and walked through Berlin, thrilled at the prospect of my first major commission. The atmosphere in the city was excited, exhilarating. Everyone realized that Germany had reached her hour of decision. People gathered on street corners to discuss the *Führer*'s latest moves; strangers exchanged Nazi salutes and comradely "*Heil* Hitlers," storm troopers and military bands paraded through the streets; people proudly flew the swastika flag from their windows.

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of struggle. Hundreds of thousands of people must have trembled behind shuttered windows and locked doors, waiting to pay the price for their political convictions or racial descent. But of that dark side of events I saw nothing. I knew only that Germany was experiencing a new beginning, and that I was part of it.

PLAYBOY: Was Goebbels your patron from that point on?

SPEER: No, he was shortly replaced by Hitler himself. Once again, Karl Hanke played a pivotal role in my life. He had now risen to the influential position of Goebbels' ministerial secretary, and one day, as I sat in his elegant new office, I noticed on his desk a sketch of decorations for a forthcoming night rally at Tempelhof Field. I was appalled by those drawings. "They look like the decorations for some rifle-club meeting," I told Hanke. He just tossed me the designs and said, "If you can do better, do it." I rushed home and worked through the evening, designing a huge platform backed by three tremendous swastika banners stretched across wooden struts, each one taller than a ten-story building, all illuminated by giant air-raid searchlights. The design was snapped up the next day and I learned that Hitler was delighted with it.

I was subsequently called to Nuremberg, where plans were under way for the next party rally—a particularly important one, because it would mark the first anniversary of the party's coming to power. I designed a free-form giant eagle with a 100-foot wingspread to dominate the Zeppelin Field. The local party leader arranged for me to submit my plans to Rudolf Hess, Hitler's secretary; but when I entered Hess's office with my folio of sketches under one arm, he cut me off before I could speak. "Only the *Führer* himself can decide this kind of thing," he said, then picked up a telephone and spoke briefly. He hung up and turned to me. "The *Führer* is in his apartment. I'll have you driven over there." A chauffeur drove me to a middle-class apartment house and led me two flights up and into an anteroom piled with cheap mementos and presents sent to Hitler by his worshipful female followers. An adjutant entered, opened an adjacent door casually and told me to go in. I entered, my knees trembling, and stood before Adolf Hitler, the leader of my country and my party, the man I had admired from afar for three years. He was sitting in an armchair in his shirt sleeves, cleaning a revolver.

"Put the drawings here," he said abruptly, pointing to a table in front of him, barely looking at me. He placed the dismantled gun onto the table and examined my designs closely, but with no comment. My heartbeat seemed to ring in my ears; surely he can hear it, I thought. And then, still without so much as glancing at me, he shoved the sketches back across the table. "Agreed," he said curtly and turned back to his revolver. I left the room in confusion, my pulse racing. I had met my destiny. Looking back, it was significant that he should have been cleaning a gun at the time.

PLAYBOY: Was that the beginning of your career as Hitler's architect?

SPEER: Yes. From that point on, our futures would be linked, but I hardly suspected it at the time. At first, there were no particularly dramatic commissions, although he sent a couple of rush assignments my way, such as redecorating his private office and building modern barracks for workers on his new autobahn. There was nothing grandiose about such assignments, but in the course of completing them, I continued to see Hitler and he often invited me to lunch or dinner with him and his most trusted associates. Imperceptibly, I found myself becoming part of his inner circle.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think he singled you out for such special attention?

SPEER: Hitler acted intuitively, whether in choosing associates or determining state policy, and I often thought he might be projecting onto me his own unrealized youthful architectural ambitions. But I am not a mind reader and, to this day, I'm not entirely sure why he related to me so warmly. But whatever the reasons, it was a heady experience for someone of my age to travel in the company of Adolf Hitler. Such a relationship, of course, also ensured my professional success: with the absolute dictator of the German Reich as your patron, there was not likely to be a shortage of commissions.

At that time, the major commissions continued to go to Professor Troost, Hitler's chief architect. But then, on January 21, 1934, after a brief illness, Troost died. Hitler was deeply affected by the loss, and it confirmed his congenital superstition. In October 1933, Troost had laid the cornerstone for the House of German Art, and when he came to strike the traditional hammer blows, the silver hammer broke in two in his hand. On the day of Troost's death, Hitler said to me, visibly moved: "When that hammer shattered, it was an evil omen. The architect was destined to die." I suddenly realized that the silver hammer was now in *my* hands. I was 28 years old.

PLAYBOY: Did Hitler appoint you as Troost's successor?

SPEER: Not officially, since he employed other architects on a variety of projects, but that's what it amounted to. Shortly after Troost's death, Hitler gave me my first important commission, to replace the jerry-built bleachers on Zeppelin Field, the site of the mass party rallies, with a permanent and more impressive structure. Hitler was delighted with my designs. He placed great emphasis on the Nuremberg rallies, and he considered my stadium a fitting site for those huge demonstrations.

PLAYBOY: You are generally credited—or blamed—for creating the decor and stage settings that made the mass party rallies so chillingly effective. Do you accept the responsibility for those demagogic mass rallies?

SPEER: Oh, yes, although in those days, I did not really understand the larger implications of the rallies; I was part of the machine by then and no longer questioned its operation. In any case, it was a grueling job. I was responsible for virtually every aspect of these marathon meetings, from building maintenance to lighting and stage setting. My most arduous task was the "choreography" of the rally, drilling the thousands of party members who appeared in parades and paramilitary processions.

We had a particularly vexing problem with the *Amtswalter*, the lower and middle party functionaries whose new-found power had gone to their bellies as well as to their heads; the sight of several thousand beer paunches wobbling across the parade ground was hardly awe-inspiring. So I designed the rallies so that the *Amtswalter* would cross the Zeppelin Field in darkness, through a sea of thousands of Nazi banners. I divided the flag-bearers into ten massive columns, forming lanes through which they could march to the speakers' platform. Spotlights illuminated the massed banners, as well as the huge eagle crowning the stadium; and to highlight the effect, I asked Hitler to requisition 130 anti-aircraft searchlights—virtually all the *Luftwaffe* had at the time. I positioned these around the field at 40-foot intervals, their beams slashing into the night sky, visible up to 25,000 feet, at which point they dissolved into a luminous glow.

The dramatic effect was breath-taking, beyond anything I had anticipated. The floodlit stadium gave the impression of a giant hall ringed by titanic gleaming white pillars, with an occasional cloud floating surrealistically through the majestic wall of light, like a translucent anemone drifting through the sea. British ambassador Neville Henderson wrote later that the effect was like being in a cathedral of ice.

PLAYBOY: Nuremberg was perhaps history's most impressive example of propaganda through scenic display. Countless young and impressionable Germans must have been first enraptured and then converted by your pageantry—the same young men who a few years later fought and died in Hitler's war. How can you rhapsodize about the beauty of your light shows when their cumulative

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effect was to lead a generation to its death?

SPEER: At the time, I gave no thought to such considerations; I rarely even concerned myself about politics, save in the most perfunctory fashion. I deluded myself that I was an artist and that, as Hitler's architect, I was above politics, whether I was directing party rallies or designing government buildings. This is folly, of course. I was a technician, but a technician of death. It took me many years to see that, however. From the day Troost died in 1934 to the last days of the war, I was completely engrossed in my work and totally under Hitler's domination. He became the center of my life, to the exclusion of my family, my children and my own individuality. I was part of the Nazi juggernaut as it gained momentum and gave no more thought to it than a fish does to the water in which it swims.

I could easily have seen if I had really wanted to, of course, because by 1934, the true nature of the Nazi system had already been indelibly stamped on Germany by two events: On June 30, 1934, in the so-called Roehm *Putsch*, Hitler bloodily purged the party of his archrival Ernst Roehm and Roehm's radical Brownshirt followers, along with prominent conservative opposition leaders; and on August second, President von Hindenburg died, clearing the way for Hitler's assumption of absolute dictatorial control.

I was close to Hitler throughout this period, and the emerging pattern should have been clear to me, particularly after the Roehm *Putsch*, when the Nazis murdered several hundred people, at the very least. Perhaps to justify himself, Hitler stressed the homosexuality of Roehm and his circle and the perverted atmosphere of his headquarters: "In one room, we found two naked boys!" But Roehm's death and the deaths of all the others—old party comrades and conservative democrats alike—had no effect on him whatsoever. To Hitler, the June 30 purge was just a difficult but necessary political move.

PLAYBOY: Did the bloodiness of the purge repel you?

SPEER: No, I hate to admit it did not. Right after the purge, I was assigned to renovate the vice-chancellor's office in Berlin. When I entered Vice-Chancellor Von Papen's office, I saw a large circle of dried blood on the floor of one room where his aide, Herbert von Bose, had been shot to death by the SS. I instantly averted my eyes and from that moment on, I stayed away from the room. But that was the only effect the incident had on me; it was as if I'd drawn a curtain inside my mind, blocking the incident off. All I was concerned with in those days was my ambition to excel as Hitler's architect.

PLAYBOY: Your ambitions seemed to grow proportionately with the crimes committed by your benefactors.

SPEER: Yes, I suppose so. I think from the very beginning Hitler was preparing to entrust me with tasks he had dreamed of undertaking ever since his adolescence. The first time he met my wife, at a state reception, he told her solemnly: "Your husband is going to erect buildings for me such as have not been created for 4000 years." Even then, I had no idea of the megalomaniac scale of his plans, nor of what they heralded for Germany and the rest of Europe.

PLAYBOY: When did Hitler first broach these plans?

SPEER: In the summer of 1936, he called me into his office and abruptly gave me the greatest assignment of my career: Together, we were going to rebuild Berlin as a worthy capital of the Third Reich. The designs for his new Berlin were truly staggering and my execution of them, I was convinced, could make me one of the most famous architects of history. Hitler envisioned a gigantic new capital, renamed Germania, to be simultaneously the seat of his empire and a memorial forever enshrining his memory. The heart of the existing city would be leveled and replaced by a three-mile boulevard, the *Prachtallee*, or Avenue of Splendor, twice the width and three times the length of the Champs Elysées, stretching from the Brandenburg Gate to the vital center of the whole complex, the *Kuppelhalle*, a gigantic domed assembly hall four times the size of the Capitol building in Washington, with a capacity of 180,000 people.

Leading to the assembly hall would be a huge triumphal arch 400 feet high, dwarfing the *Arc de Triomphe* in Paris, to be surrounded by a tremendous stadium holding 400,000 people, plus a massive soldiers' hall to house the high command of the *Wehrmacht*, new headquarters for the foreign ministry, the party and the *Luftwaffe*, a new parliament building for his rubber-stamp *Reichstag* and a Cyclopean fortified *Führer*'s palace, occupying 22,000,000 square feet, with vast reception halls, sprawling gardens and a dining hall capable of accommodating several thousand people.

Beside Hitler's projected palace complex, even the largest such edifice in history, Nero's fabled Golden House, occupying 11,000,000 square feet, dwindled into insignificance. Hitler believed that as centuries passed, his huge domed assembly hall would acquire great holy significance and become a hallowed shrine as important to National Socialism as St. Peter's in Rome is to Roman Catholicism. Such cultism was at the root of the entire plan. He envisioned his new capital as an eternal altar to his greatness and a means of perpetuating his ideology. Like the ancient Pharaohs, he planned to use stone to ensure his own immortality. Germania would not be a city but a sarcophagus.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any lingering regrets that those plans never came to fruition?

SPEER: I must admit that, despite their absurdity and madness, I still find it difficult to completely free myself of the power they exerted over me for so many years. Intellectually, I can now despise them—but on a deeper level, they still have a hold on me. Perhaps, apart from everything else, that is one reason why I so deeply hate Hitler: He not only enabled me to destroy my conscience, he also drained and perverted the creative energies of my youth.

But even though those plans still have a visceral fascination for me, I am grateful that they never came into being, because I can see now, as I never could then, that they were profoundly immoral in conception. Their proportions were alien, inhuman, reflecting the coldness and inhumanity of the Nazi system. "I am building for eternity," Hitler used to tell me, and that was true. But he was never building for people. The size and scale of his monuments were a prophetic symbol of his plans for world domination, and the giant metropolis he envisaged could only serve as the heart of a conquered and enslaved empire. One day in the summer of 1939, we were standing together over the wooden models when Hitler pointed down at the gold German eagle with a swastika in its talons, which would crown the top of the *Kuppelhalle* dome. "That has to be changed," he said intensely. On his instructions, I altered the design so that the eagle held a globe clutched in its claws. Two months later, World War Two broke out.

PLAYBOY: When did Hitler first confide his plans for war to you?

SPEER: Well, he never said in so many words, "Speer, I am planning a world war." But this was clear from his designs for Berlin; and over the years, he never troubled to hide his plans for conquest from his circle of intimates. But I don't think Hitler ever envisioned a general war; he thought the West was so decadent that he could achieve his territorial aspirations piecemeal, seizing one nation at a time, virtually without opposition, until he controlled all of Europe. This had been his intention ever since his remilitarization of the Rhineland in 1936, in clear violation of the Treaty of Locarno, when England and France proved weak and irresolute.

And from that point, too, a subtle change took place in him; he must have understood what an intense drama his life had become, realized that in the game he was playing, the stakes were the life or death of entire nations and the destiny of the world. A few months after his victory in the Rhineland, I was sitting

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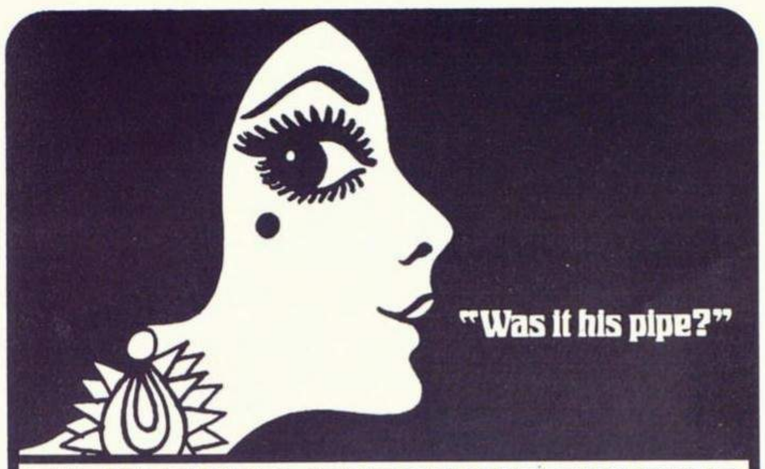

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with Hitler in his Berchtesgaden house at twilight, watching the sun fall behind the mountain peaks. He looked out the window silently for some time and then said to me softly, "There are two possibilities for me: to win through with all my plans—or to fail. If I win, I shall be one of the greatest men in history. If I fail, I shall be condemned, despised, damned." Before I could say anything, he rose abruptly and left, apparently embarrassed to have revealed his innermost thoughts and doubts in such a manner.

PLAYBOY: What was his life style at Berchtesgaden?

SPEER: Relatively modest. This was, after all, his escape from Berlin, and he dispensed with the power and pomp of his official role. His associates, like Goering and Martin Bormann, were always trying to outdo one another with splendid showpiece homes, but Hitler lived unostentatiously in his small house, the *Berghof*, a typical country lodge decorated in the comfortable ersatz-peasant style cherished by the *petit bourgeois*. The lunches and dinners he hosted were informal affairs, with simple, hearty food—no gourmet fare such as graced the tables of Goering and the other Nazi potentates.

PLAYBOY: We've read that Hitler was a vegetarian.

SPEER: He was, in addition to neither drinking nor smoking. He had a special vegetarian chef prepare his dishes. He loved animals and thought their wholesale slaughter for our tables was cruel and barbaric—the same man who could order millions to their deaths without a flicker of pity! But he wasn't a fanatic about his vegetarianism and didn't try to impose his tastes on the rest of us, although he would occasionally chide us as "carrion eaters."

After dinner, the company always followed Hitler into the *salon*, which had been fitted out as a film-projection room. Until the war, when the practice was discontinued, Hitler always saw one or two movies every evening, generally romantic films, historic spectaculars and light musical comedies, particularly those with a lot of leggy chorus girls. Hitler suffered from insomnia and would not let us go until two or three in the morning, when we would finally stagger gratefully off to our own beds to get enough sleep to face another day of stultifying boredom.

PLAYBOY: Hitler didn't seem to maintain a very heavy work schedule.

SPEER: No, his schedule, in Berlin as well as on the *Obersalzberg*, was so chaotic that it was a miracle he could cope with any of his pressing affairs as head of state. The only really systematic thing about Hitler's regimen was the way he squandered his time. Of course, this was a key to Hitler's character—he was always a bohemian and his artistic temperament was incompatible with planned, disciplined work.

He was a gifted amateur and this dilettantism was both his strength and his weakness. He had never mastered any profession; he was completely self-taught, unfettered by the rigors of a formal specialized education, and his sharp natural intelligence sometimes discovered short cuts and original solutions to problems that a specialist would never have seen. And however dilatory his work patterns, Hitler had the gift of an almost hypnotic power over people. This attracted not only impressionable fanatics but also talented administrators and, in the beginning, at least, he knew how to delegate authority to such able men.

PLAYBOY: Would any of Hitler's associates dare tell him to his face when he was mistaken?

SPEER: Seldom, if ever. And this was one of the great weaknesses of Hitler's regime. I believe this is a danger confronting every man who holds power, whether he is the head of a company or the ruler of a nation. The competition for favor breeds servility and hypocrisy. The leader finds himself cut off from all constructive criticism or discussion of new policies and surrounded by a coterie of spineless toadies.

PLAYBOY: Was there much infighting among Hitler's entourage?

SPEER: Hitler's circle was like a Byzantine court, seething with intrigue and jealousy and betrayal. The Third Reich was less a monolithic state than a network of mutually warring bureaucracies, with Hitler's satraps staking out their own independent spheres of influence and then unscrupulously seeking to extend them—often at the expense of the national interest.

PLAYBOY: Were Hitler's courtiers corrupt as well as ambitious?

SPEER: Most of them would have made their American contemporary Al Capone look like a benign philanthropist. From the moment they assumed power and got their hands on the state treasury, they lined their own pockets, amassing personal fortunes, profiteering from government contracts, building huge palaces and country villas with public funds, indulging in a lavish life style more suited to the Borgias than to self-styled revolutionaries. The rot was all-pervasive; like a fish, the Nazi government decayed from the head down.

PLAYBOY: Which Nazi leader was the most corrupt?

SPEER: I would have to accord that dubious accolade to Goering. He was a thief on the grand scale, looting the museums and art collections of Europe for his own private hoards, requisitioning state funds to build luxurious homes, expropriating state land for his vast hunting

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preserves, extorting huge bribes from leading industrialists to support his estates and palaces and the hundreds of servants who staffed them. To give the devil his due, Goering had great personal charm, and also a very keen intellect. He could be a most engaging bandit. In a sense, he was born out of his time—he was a true *condottiere*, a soldier of fortune, totally amoral, with no ideology beyond personal advancement. His state secretary told me at Nuremberg, "Goering was the last of the Renaissance princes," and he was right.

PLAYBOY: Were you on good personal terms with Goering?

SPEER: Yes, we got along quite well. He frequently invited me out to Karinhall, his grand hunting estate north of Berlin, where he lived like a feudal lord. I remember driving out one night in 1942 after a phone call from Goering asking me to come immediately on a matter of urgent national interest. When I arrived, he greeted me, his corpulent body draped in an emerald-velvet dressing gown with a giant ruby brooch pinned to the satin lapel, his face covered by a thick patina of rouge, his fingernails lacquered a bright red. He told me he had a brilliant idea: In view of the desperate steel shortage, why didn't we build our locomotives out of concrete? I just stared at him. Of course, he went on eagerly, extracting a handful of uncut diamonds and rubies from his pocket and rolling them nervously through his fingers, concrete locomotives obviously wouldn't last as long as steel ones, but we could compensate for this by manufacturing *more* of them. I looked at him for a moment, sighed and said nothing. He kept elaborating on this new brain storm as he escorted me around Karinhall, expansively pointing out the latest artworks he had "liberated" from occupied France, Italy, the Netherlands and Russia, and he was still rambling on about it when I pleaded pressing business and left.

Goering loved to revel in his illicit riches and it was a ritual with him to show his guests through his cellars, where some of the world's most priceless art treasures were stored. But it was the money and power his collection represented that thrilled him, not its beauty, and he derived the same pleasure from showing guests his huge stock of confiscated French soaps and perfumes or his vulgarly impressive hoards of diamonds, rubies and emeralds, worth millions of dollars. By the end of the war, Goering must have been the richest man in Germany. Perhaps that's why he thought up the weird idea of concrete locomotives—to carry more of his loot! Of course, by that time, Goering was no longer completely rational; his mental and physical energies had been sapped by his addiction to heroin.

PLAYBOY: He was a drug addict, too?

SPEER: Yes, he'd been addicted since the Twenties. But his deterioration was gradual. When the Nazis first came to power, he demonstrated great energy and ability; but by the beginning of the war, his drug habit dominated him completely and he began to lose his grip. After his *Luftwaffe* had been cleared from English skies in the Battle of Britain, he became completely incapacitated by drugs, stagnating in a near-comatose state of narcotic stupor. Every once in a while, he would burst out of his torpor with an impressive display of euphoric energy, but it never lasted long. As the bad news got worse, Goering retreated more and more into his drug-induced womb, bestirring himself only to engage in an intrigue against his perennial rival, Martin Bormann.

PLAYBOY: There have been reports that not only Bormann but Hitler as well survived the war and escaped to South America. Do you believe either of them could still be alive?

SPEER: Well, I haven't received any postcards. Hitler certainly did not escape; the proofs of his death are irrefutable. The facts surrounding Bormann's fate are less certain, but I tend to be a bit skeptical about reports of his survival; he seems to surface and then disappear in Paraguay or Brazil with the same regularity as sightings of the Loch Ness monster. Of course, I suppose it is possible that in those chaotic last days, he could have made his way out of Berlin and found passage to South America or the Middle East or some other distant refuge. But even if he had, I doubt strongly that he would be alive today; he would have drunk himself to death years ago. Bormann was as addicted to alcohol as Goering was to drugs. When I knew him, he had the look of a man suffering from liver disease, and I think he had only a few years of life left, in any case. If he had reached South America, the hot climate and the isolation would doubtless have accelerated his drinking and finished him off even earlier.

PLAYBOY: What kind of man was Bormann?

SPEER: He was the most coarse and brutal and ruthless member of the Nazi hierarchy—and, believe me, that took some doing. Personally, he was violent and crude, without any culture or refinement. By nature, he was an underling, but he was also a bully and treated his subordinates like animals, with sadistic contempt for their sensibilities. He was either at your feet or at your throat, the worst type of peasant, with the worst type of peasant cunning; he knew how to fool people into believing he was an insignificant and trustworthy aide of the *Führer*, while all the time he was shrewdly building up his own private empire.

PLAYBOY: What was the source of his power?

SPEER: First and foremost, his perpetual proximity to Hitler; he was with Hitler everywhere from the time he rose in the morning to the time he went to bed at night. As Hitler's secretary, he was in charge of the daily appointments calendar, and this meant that he and he alone could decide who Hitler would or would not see, and as his power grew, it became virtually impossible for any civilian to obtain an audience with Hitler without Bormann's acquiescence—for which there was often a price to pay. By the time of the war, the great majority of ministers, gauleiters and Reichsleiters could reach the *Führer* only through Bormann, and eventually, they just entrusted their programs and problems to him, hoping he would present them to Hitler. I don't think Hitler ever realized the full extent of the power he was delegating to his secretary, but gradually, at first imperceptibly, the crafty Bormann became *de facto* chief of state. Of course, he had his enemies and rivals, including Goebbels—although toward the end, Goebbels formed an alliance of convenience with him.

PLAYBOY: What sort of man was Goebbels?

SPEER: He was a very capable and intelligent man, a dedicated worker and gifted administrator, a very well organized and systematic thinker, with a great gift for abstracting problems from their context, examining them clearly and incisively and arriving at sound and objective judgments. He was the kind of man who would have made his mark even in a normal society. He towered over the mental pygmies in Hitler's entourage; he was one of the few men in the inner circle with a university education and was thus openly contemptuous toward most of his associates, whom he correctly regarded as his intellectual inferiors. Despite the fanatic rhetoric of his speeches, he had a cold, calculating mind and was quite sophisticated and cultivated. He was a bit of a martinet and had a waspish tongue, but we tended to respect each other and got along well.

PLAYBOY: Was Goebbels as corrupt as the other Nazi leaders?

SPEER: I'd place him in the middle rank of corruption, not as bad as Goering and Himmler, worse than some others. He wasn't averse to using his position for personal advancement, building palaces and lavish country homes and inflating his bank account. But even though Goebbels did feather his own nest, I suspect that material benefits were not a dominant motivating factor in his life. At heart, he was an ideologue, a dedicated Nazi, although more clear-thinking than most. He belonged to the radical wing of the party and wanted to sweep away the existing order and replace it with a

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socialist utopia. This could have been due to reformist idealism, but deep down, I think he may have been something of a nihilist. During the war, he often said that the greatest mistake we had made was not joining up with Stalin and the Communists to jointly crush the West, and he pointed out the similarities between our ideologies; he used to say that ex-Communists made the best Nazis. He was not personally ambitious or power hungry, in the sense that Bormann was, and intellectually, he was a revolutionary ascetic, not a greedy hedonist like Goering. Goebbels was more interested in using his exalted position to blackmail girls into his bed than to transport gold into his vaults.

PLAYBOY: Goebbels, too, was a womanizer?

SPEER: That's something of an understatement. As minister of propaganda, he was czar of the German motion-picture industry and theater, and his casting couch must have been the envy of the Hollywood directors of that day. Most of the leading German actresses owed their careers to Goebbels, and he was not altruistic about repayment.

PLAYBOY: Did Hitler disapprove of Goebbels' private life?

SPEER: Not as long as it didn't create a public scandal. In his own way, of course, Hitler exploited women as callously as Goebbels did.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to his relationship with Eva Braun?

SPEER: Yes. He treated her very badly. He never publicly acknowledged their relationship and went to absurd lengths to disguise it, even within his own circle of intimates. When she accompanied Hitler on trips or public appearances, she was never allowed to be seen in the motorcade or in close proximity to Hitler; and at Berchtesgaden, she was banished from the *Führer*'s presence whenever official guests arrived. On these occasions, Hitler exiled her to her small room on the second floor, with a connecting door to his own bedroom, where she would sit in sad isolation while the festivities carried on downstairs. Why Hitler kept up this transparent pretext, I don't know. Everyone knew she was his mistress. He never displayed any consideration for her feelings and was consistently callous toward her in public. This was painful to witness, because she was obviously devoted to him and easily hurt by his indifference.

PLAYBOY: What kind of person was she?

SPEER: Neither a dim-witted slut nor a scheming Madame Pompadour, but a sweet, gentle and quiet woman. She was completely apolitical and never attempted to intervene in affairs of state or influence any of Hitler's decisions. She loved sports, particularly skiing, and had a pleasant, unmalicious sense of humor; she teasingly referred to herself as "Mother of the Country." She came from a simple lower-middle-class Munich family, and neither she nor her parents ever seemed to benefit financially from her relationship with Hitler. His only gifts to her were birthday and Christmas presents of rather tasteless costume jewelry, and she lived on a frugal allowance doled out begrudgingly by Bormann. She alone of Hitler's inner circle remained unspoiled and unpretentious to the end. She was a sad, lonely person, the one member of that entourage who did not deserve her doom.

PLAYBOY: Why did Hitler treat her so shabbily throughout their relationship?

SPEER: I think there were several reasons. He used to discuss the question of marriage at the dinner table, while Eva sat next to him, her eyes lowered. "I could never marry," he would say with total insensitivity. "Think of the problems if I had children! In the end, they would try to make my son my successor, and the chances are slim for someone like me to have a capable son. That is almost always how it goes in such cases." He always cited the example of Goethe's son, who was a cretin, to explain his distrust of a hereditary succession. On other occasions, he would expound on his cynical disregard for women in general, just as if Eva were not there: "A highly intelligent man should take a primitive and stupid woman. Imagine if, on top of everything else, I had a woman who interfered with my work!" Eva's face would remain expressionless; only her eyes betrayed her pain. There was never any outward manifestation of tenderness or regard for her in his manner.

PLAYBOY: There were stories that Hitler was a homosexual. Do you think there was any truth in them?

SPEER: I think that was just wartime propaganda, rather like the stories that he was of Jewish ancestry or chewed the carpets in epileptic fits or was a syphilitic. No, Hitler was sexually normal; his perversion was of the soul, not of the body. But I don't believe he was capable of real love. Perhaps once in his life he may have been. As a young man, he had an incestuous affair with his niece, Geli Raubal, whom he drove to suicide. But as long as I knew Hitler, there was an ultimate coldness about him; on a deep level, he was devoid of all feelings of empathy and tenderness. He was an inhuman being.

PLAYBOY: And yet you said at Nuremberg, "If Hitler had ever had a friend, I would have been that friend."

SPEER: Yes, but the operative word there is *if*. I think at times that Hitler longed for the kind of human contact he could never achieve. I sensed this occasionally at Berchtesgaden, when I sat with him at teatime before his open fireplace; on these occasions, he would strive so hard to create a *gemütlich* atmosphere, serving cake to his secretaries with exaggerated gallantry, attempting to strike an easy and relaxed conversational tone with his guests, trying to play the friendly host. I felt a pang of pity for him on these occasions; he was like a ghost pretending he was alive, trying desperately to convince himself that he was, after all, a normal human being with normal feelings. But even Hitler's will could not fill that vacuum deep inside him, that pervasive quality of intangibility, of insubstantiality. I have never met anyone else in my life with whom I felt this sense of something vital missing, this impression that at the core of his being there was just a deadness. It is true that I probably came nearer to seeing this inner self than anyone else in his entourage. The only times I saw him behave with genuine vivacity and pleasure and spontaneity were when we were together, poring over architectural plans or inspecting his cherished scale models of the Berlin of the future. On such occasions, he came as close as he ever could to being human. One of my friends, after witnessing one of our work sessions, said of our relationship: "Do you know what you are? You are Hitler's unrequited love."

PLAYBOY: Could there have been an element of latent homosexuality in Hitler's relationship with you?

SPEER: Not in any conventional psychological sense. It was something deeper and darker. In *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, Freud discusses the eternal struggle between the life and death urges within man; and in Hitler, the death force held almost uncontested sway. But it's possible that, at times, he struggled unconsciously against his own evil, and the last vestiges of his humanity reached out in search of the life principle. At such times, he may have sensed in me a reincarnation of the vanished hopes of his youth. But whatever our remarkable relationship was, it was not friendship. Our rapport lasted only as long as I was his architect; once I entered his government as minister of armaments, everything began to change. The war was the real turning point in our relationship.

PLAYBOY: Were you with Hitler the day the war began?

SPEER: No, at that time, I was still excluded from high-level military-strategy meetings. For weeks before he gave the order to invade Poland, the atmosphere at headquarters had been tense, and whenever I saw Hitler, he appeared withdrawn and distracted. This was the most desperate gamble of his life, of course; for the first time, it seemed possible that his territorial acquisitions would have to be sealed in blood. But he still hoped the Western powers would cave in without a fight, as they

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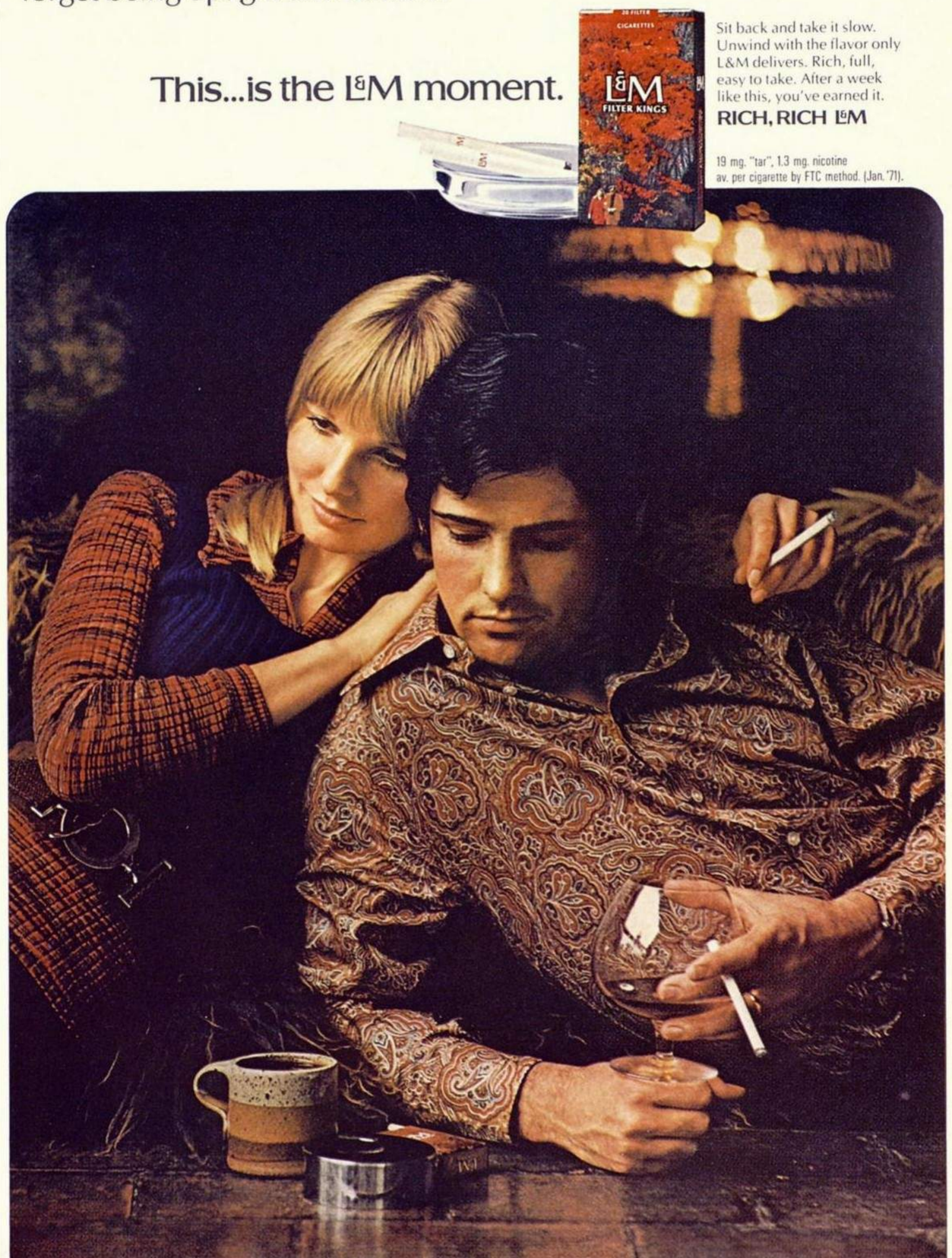

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PLAYBOY: Previously, as at Munich, Hitler had succeeded by a clever diplomatic game of bluff and deception. Why did he finally decide to risk world war?

SPEER: There were several factors involved. Hitler gave long and careful consideration to the risks involved. He was convinced that a showdown over Poland was inevitable, and he wanted it to occur while the military balance of power was preponderantly in our favor. He still hoped to keep Britain and France from intervening, even after they had guaranteed Poland's borders. He'd learned the lesson of Munich too well; when England and France allowed him to carve up Czechoslovakia and incorporate the German-speaking Sudeten territories into the Reich, he became convinced he could extract any concessions from them. He knew he was right when, six months later, he invaded the remainder of Czechoslovakia and blatantly absorbed the entire country, with no opposition from the appeasers in London and Paris.

But some kind of *rapprochement* with the Russians was a vital prerequisite to his Polish gamble. On August 21, 1939, I learned that Ribbentrop was in Moscow for some delicate negotiations with Stalin and Molotov. That night at dinner, a wire was handed to Hitler. He read it, stared vacantly out the window for a moment and then flushed a deep red. He slammed both fists on the table so hard that glasses rattled, and he cried out in an emotion-choked voice: "I have them! I have them!" His composure returned and he slumped back into his chair without elaborating. None of us dared to ask him any questions and the meal resumed in silence. Shortly after dinner, Hitler assembled his guests and told us: "We are going to conclude a nonaggression pact with Russia. Here, read this. A telegram from Stalin." He handed around the message he'd received at the table, which tersely informed him of Stalin's agreement to the terms of the proposed treaty. Hitler was euphoric, convinced that nothing now stood in the way of his mastery of Europe.

Around three in the morning, Hitler and I stood on the *Berghof* terrace, witnessing a rare and beautiful natural phenomenon. Northern lights of a remarkable intensity crackled across the night sky in a shimmering explosion of colors, bathing the mountains in a strange red glow. Our hands and faces were illuminated by this flickering red light, like cold flame, and there was something about the display that suddenly chilled me. Hitler stared out across the valley at the scarlet slopes of the *Untersberg*, then down at the red light dancing over his hands. He said abruptly: "Looks like a great deal of blood. This time we won't bring it off without violence." Even Hitler couldn't foresee how much blood.

PLAYBOY: Did he have any second thoughts after the British and French declarations of war?

SPEER: When he received the news, he was stunned. But he soon pulled himself together and managed to convince himself that England and France had been forced to declare war for appearances' sake, so as not to seem to be deserting their ally, Poland. This optimism persisted even after the war began in earnest, first in the air and then on the ground—and was vastly fortified by our victory over France in 1940, which seemed to us to sound the death knell for the Allies. It also further convinced Hitler of his godlike powers.

PLAYBOY: When was the decision made to violate the treaty with Stalin and invade Russia?

SPEER: Hitler had always intended to expand to the East, to seek *Lebensraum* for Germany in Russia; you can see this quite explicitly stated in *Mein Kampf*. This was his grand strategy; but in tactics, he was quite flexible and pragmatic, and I think that when he signed the Nazi-Soviet pact, he did not envision a showdown with Russia for several years, until he had absorbed Poland and, if necessary, brought England and France to their knees. But the scope and speed of his victories in the West made him overconfident and undermined his old resolve never to fight a war on two fronts. Russia's earlier poor showing in the Russo-Finnish War, and the outdated and deficient state of Soviet equipment, led him to a fatal underestimation of Soviet military strength.

He knew that the Russians had signed their pact with us mainly to buy time; our alliance was a marriage of convenience from the start, and the break was just a question of timing. On June 21, 1941, Hitler took me into his chancellery *salon* in Berlin after supper and played a few bars from Liszt's *Les Préludes* on the phonograph. "You'll hear that often in the near future," he smiled, "because it's going to be our victory fanfare for the Russian campaign." The next day, Operation Barbarossa, the German onslaught against Russia, began.

PLAYBOY: What was your own role in the war effort at that time?

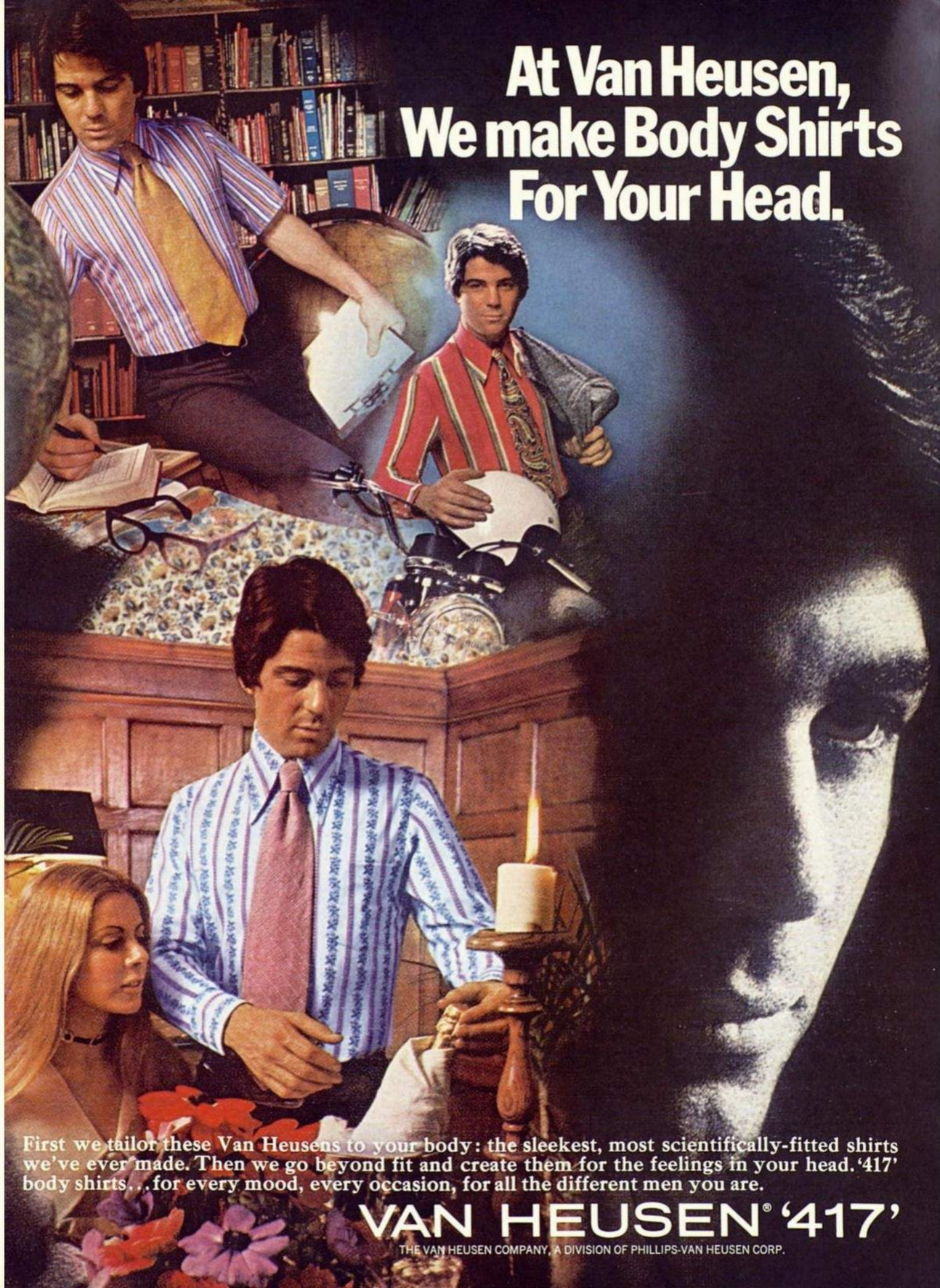
SPEER: In the late summer of 1939, Hitler, who still liked to think of himself as grand patron of the arts, had personally exempted all artists—actors, painters, musicians, sculptors and architects—from military conscription. He ordered the army to send the draft records of all artists to him and he just tore them up and threw them away. But I felt it was my duty to contribute something to the war effort, so I visited General Fromm of the army's high command and volunteered my services and those of my team of engineers and workers. Our most important military task was the development of a new twin-motored medium-range Junkers dive bomber for the *Luftwaffe*. Toward the end of 1941, I visited the Junkers general manager, *Herr* Koppenberg, at their plant in Dessau to synchronize our construction with his production plans. He took me into a room, locked the door behind him and showed me a comparative graph of projected German and American bomber production over the following three years. The figures were overwhelmingly in favor of the Americans. I asked him how Goering and Hitler had reacted to these unnerving statistics. "That's just it," he whispered, "they won't believe them."

PLAYBOY: Were none of Hitler's ministers realists?

SPEER: Not many. One man who tried to throw cold water on the leadership's delusions of omnipotence was Dr. Fritz Todt, the minister of armaments and munitions, with whom I worked closely in my capacity as chief of armaments construction. He believed that our troops were neither physically nor psychologically prepared for the rigors of the Eastern front, the arctic weather and the ferocity and determination of the Russians, who even in retreat took a heavy toll of our men. Todt derided the official optimism about the Russian campaign as willful self-delusion and predicted that the German people would soon learn the terrible truth.

PLAYBOY: What effect did Todt's pessimism have on you?

SPEER: At first, I could hardly believe what he was saying. The desperate situation he depicted was completely at variance with the rosy propaganda bulletins on the radio and with the glowing press accounts of our inexorable advances. Even at Hitler's headquarters, there was no atmosphere of crisis; everyone talked about Russia as if the war were already won and concentrated on the conquest of England as our next major task. This was typical. Even at the time of Pearl Harbor, Hitler and his aides brushed off with disinterest the news of America's entry into the war; after all, as the *Führer* said so often, the Americans were a mongrel race, sapped of creative vitality, poor and cowardly soldiers who could never tip the balance against us. In any case, it was argued, by the time the Americans got their creaky war economy into gear, we would already be the masters of Europe, with the swastika flying from the Kremlin to the Houses of Parliament. So the picture Todt painted was alien to everything I had been taught to believe about the progress of the war. Goebbels had deceived himself and his associates; it was a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PLAYBOY: How long did you yourself remain blind to the realities of the military situation?

SPEER: Not for long; events were soon to open my eyes in the most brutal fashion. At the end of January 1942, I learned that Sepp Dietrich, formerly commander of Hitler's personal guard and now leading an SS Panzer corps on the Eastern front, was scheduled to fly to Dnepropetrovsk in the southern Ukraine, where my staff had made its headquarters for railroad reconstruction work. I was anxious to check firsthand on their progress, particularly after Todt's disturbing report, so I asked Dietrich to take me along. I will never forget that trip; it was my first foretaste of the end. As we flew over Russia, a vast empty landscape of devastation stretched out before me—desolate snow-covered fields with no signs of life other than the burned-out remnants of farms and railroad installations, the few roads empty save for an occasional gutted vehicle strewn along the roadside like the bones of some prehistoric animal. There was a terrible silence over everything, the silence of death, broken only by the sound of our motors and the rattle of sleet-driven snow on the fuselage. As I looked down on this endless lunar landscape, I knew what it must be like for a soldier struggling across it on foot, cut off from supplies, blinded by the snow and numbed by frostbite. I thought of Napoleon's terrible march from Moscow and I suddenly realized that the same disaster could befall us.

When we landed at Dnepropetrovsk, I was deeply relieved to see again some evidences of organized human activity. But even there, conditions were harsh; my crew of technicians was quartered in an abandoned railroad sleeping car, kept from freezing only by an occasional puff of steam running through the heating coils from an attached locomotive. Most of the city was in rubble and our makeshift headquarters was in an icy dining car. I soon discovered that the rail situation was even worse than we had feared. In their retreat, the Russians had adopted a scorched-earth policy, destroying all stations, repair sheds, switching yards, signal systems and water tanks. As we desperately tried to mobilize our slender and overextended resources to effect at least emergency repairs, the great blizzards of the Russian winter descended on us. All highway as well as rail traffic was brought to a standstill and our crude airstrip was snowed in, cutting us off from the outside world. As the weather continued to deteriorate, our situation grew graver by the hour. We learned that a Soviet tank corps had penetrated our defenses and was rapidly approaching Dnepropetrovsk. There was only a small *Wehrmacht* contingent in the city to hold them off, so my technicians and I anxiously foraged around for weapons to defend ourselves. We came up with nothing but a few old rifles and an antique artillery piece without shells. So we broke open our remaining supply of liquor and spent the evening drinking with Sepp Dietrich and some of his men.

PLAYBOY: How was their morale?

SPEER: Very low, except for Dietrich, who, as a professional military man, would never show any outward manifestation of concern. During that evening of socializing, the soldiers poured out many of their fears and anxieties. As we sat through the night, listening to the booming of Russian artillery in the distance, songs were sung—sad and despairing songs echoing the men's loneliness and homesickness and the bleak horror of a death on the barren Russian steppes. These were the soldiers' favorite songs, not any of the familiar martial melodies, and they expressed more than a thousand words. As I sang with them, I thought what a different world this was from Berlin, where right now the night clubs and restaurants, as yet unfettered by austerity decrees, were full, the laughter high, the music gay, the champagne bubbling—a Berlin so many of these men around me would never see again.

For the moment, however, we were spared when the Russian offensive inexplicably turned back in one of those critical blunders both sides were guilty of throughout the war; and the next day, the weather cleared enough for me to fly back to Germany. I had one final impression before entering the plane. I was forced to wait on the airstrip in freezing cold for several hours while Soviet POWs strove to clear the snow and ice from the runway, and, at one point, several Russians in padded jackets surrounded me and gesticulated animatedly. They spoke no German and I no Russian, but finally, one scooped up some snow and rubbed my face with it. I realized he was warning me of frostbite. Another of the Russians reached into the filthy, tattered remnants of his Red army uniform and handed me a clean, folded white handkerchief to wipe my face. Later, that image stuck in my mind: Here was one of a race we were determined to turn into helots, a people whom we already regarded with utter contempt and indifference as little more than pack animals, giving me what was probably the last of his personal possessions—and for no reason other than that I was a fellow human being threatened by the elements.

Though, once again, I did not draw the proper conclusions from this incident, it remained with me. But soon the plane took off and the Russian workers were left behind—ants on the snow-swept waste. Within hours, I would be at the "Wolf's Lair," the *Führer*'s command headquarters in Rastenburg, back in the "real world" of pomp and power and glory—and inhumanity. As I arrived, Todt emerged from a conference with Hitler, appearing exhausted and depressed. He sat with me, drinking a glass of wine, glumly reticent, and then excused himself for a few hours' sleep. He was flying back to Berlin, he said, and asked me if I'd like to accompany him. I accepted eagerly, glad to avoid the grueling train journey, and agreed to meet him at the airport later.

But when my own meeting with Hitler ended, it was after three o'clock in the morning and I was totally exhausted, mentally and physically. I sent Todt a message that I could not fly with him to Berlin and was assigned a small bedroom where I could get some sleep. I was awakened the next morning by the harsh ringing of the telephone. I picked it up groggily and Dr. Brandt, Hitler's personal physician, came on the line, his voice charged with excitement: "Todt's plane has just crashed and he has been killed." He hung up and I sat there numbly for several minutes while the news sank in.

PLAYBOY: Did you expect Hitler to appoint you as Todt's successor?

SPEER: That was the last thought in my mind. Todt's position was, after Hitler himself, the most important in the Reich. I expected that a small proportion of Todt's construction tasks would be shifted to me, but I never even dreamed that I would become his successor. I assumed that his duties would be transferred to other ministers, with the bulk of his work probably falling to Goering. This was what I expected when Hitler summoned me to his office at one o'clock in the afternoon on the day of Todt's death. Unlike our meeting of the previous evening, he greeted me formally, in his capacity as chief of state, and his manner was businesslike. He replied to my expression of condolences and then said abruptly: "*Herr* Speer, I appoint you successor to Minister Todt in all his capacities."

I was rooted to the ground, unable to speak. I could not believe I was hearing right. "I've selected you for the whole task. I have confidence in you. I know you will manage it." I stood there in silence, unable to think of anything to say, and Hitler ignored me, coolly returning to his paperwork. When I left, he had no personal word for me, none of the friendly goodbyes I'd grown accustomed to. I'd had my first taste of our new relationship. I was no longer his personal friend and architect but an underling in his government. But at the time, I did not recognize the significance of this change in Hitler's manner. As I left his office, my thoughts were reeling in confusion—and some apprehension. I had been transformed from an architect

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to the number-two man in the government, with complete responsibility for the efficient functioning of our war effort. I had been entrusted, in effect, with the destiny of the entire nation.

PLAYBOY: By all accounts, your successes, at least in the early days, were quite phenomenal.

SPEER: Yes, once we had restructured the war economy under a central planning control and mobilized our industrial reserves and resources, the production results were remarkable. Within six months of my appointment, production had soared in every area under our control. In the period from February to August 1942, production increased by a ratio of 27 percent for guns and 25 percent for tanks, while ammunition output rose by 97 percent. Our armaments production in that half year rose by 59.6 percent. By 1943, our factories were producing seven times the weapons produced in 1942 and over five times the amount of ammunition; our total munitions production rose from 540,000 tons in 1941 to 2,558,000 tons in 1943. Even as the Allied air onslaught grew in ferocity, our production figures continued to skyrocket. The Allies were quite amazed by the way our arms industry kept going almost to the end.

When I was arrested after the war, General Frederick L. Anderson, commander of the U.S. Eighth Air Force, visited me in my cell and talked to me for some time about the way our arms industry had continued functioning despite his bomber attacks. He told some reporters afterward, "Had I known what this man was achieving, I would have sent out the entire American Eighth Air Force merely to put him underground." So it is true that we had some startling successes. But they only served to delay the inevitable. The forces arrayed against us were too overwhelming for even the most brilliant industrial planning to overcome.

PLAYBOY: But you did succeed in delaying the inevitable; without your efforts, according to some historians, Hitler might have had to admit defeat as early as 1942 or 1943. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers and civilians on both sides died in that period, and yet you still speak of your achievements with apparent pride.

SPEER: I am not proud of my role in prolonging the war—just the opposite. It would have been far better for Germany and the world if the collapse had come in 1943, when the human sacrifice would have been far less and many victims would have been spared. So, in that sense, my successes were really failures—crimes, in fact. But, of course, in those years, I did not think in ethical or humanitarian terms. All I was interested in was increasing our war production.

PLAYBOY: And yet there is still that note of pride in your voice when you discuss these technical achievements.

SPEER: I cannot help feeling stirrings of pride. This is my weakness—a human weakness, perhaps. Those were the days of my youth, and I achieved things which many people predicted were impossible, and I suppose my ego still takes pleasure in those accomplishments. Then I think of all the cities destroyed, the soldiers killed, the Jews butchered between 1943 and 1945—and my pride turns to sickness. But I will not be a hypocrite and say the pride is not there. Intellectually, I have accepted that it is wrong to be proud of such things, but emotionally, I still feel a surge of pride when I think of the obstacles I overcame and the goals we achieved. I would be dishonest if I said otherwise.

PLAYBOY: Despite your efforts, when did the tide of war begin to turn against you?

SPEER: The final and irrevocable turning point was Stalingrad, although things had begun to go badly even before that. Hitler never expected a prolonged war and, therefore, he had never prepared for one. The moment his series of blitzkrieg victories ceased and the struggle began to drag out, we encountered shortages of strategic raw materials, particularly fuel, that seriously hampered our war machine. It really was a miracle that we were able to keep going as long as we did, considering the huge drains on our resources and manpower. These problems were manifested particularly acutely in my own armaments-production work.

Because of our manpower shortages, I recognized the prime importance of employing German women in industry. This had been done with considerable effect in the First World War and was already standard procedure in the Allied nations, but Hitler would not hear of it, nor would the responsible officer for manpower, gauleiter Fritz Sauckel. This was a crucial error. If from the beginning we had followed the Allies' lead, we could have had over 1,000,000 German women working in our factories, freeing 1,000,000 men for the army. But the refusal to entertain my proposals had a more sinister result. It was a major contributing factor to our program of forced labor from the occupied territories—which led to my own conviction at Nuremberg and 20 years in prison.

PLAYBOY: When did the slave-labor policy begin?

SPEER: As early as November 1941, Hitler told me when I stressed our manpower problems, "The area working directly for us embraces more than 250,000,000 people [and] we will succeed in involving every one of these millions in the labor process." Hitler ordered Sauckel to recruit labor from the occupied countries, by force, if necessary, and Sauckel enthusiastically agreed, promising to provide millions of workers for our factories. Sauckel went ahead with brutal procurement of forced labor, and millions of foreign laborers, Soviet POWs and concentration-camp inmates were sent to work in my armaments factories, often under the most appalling conditions.

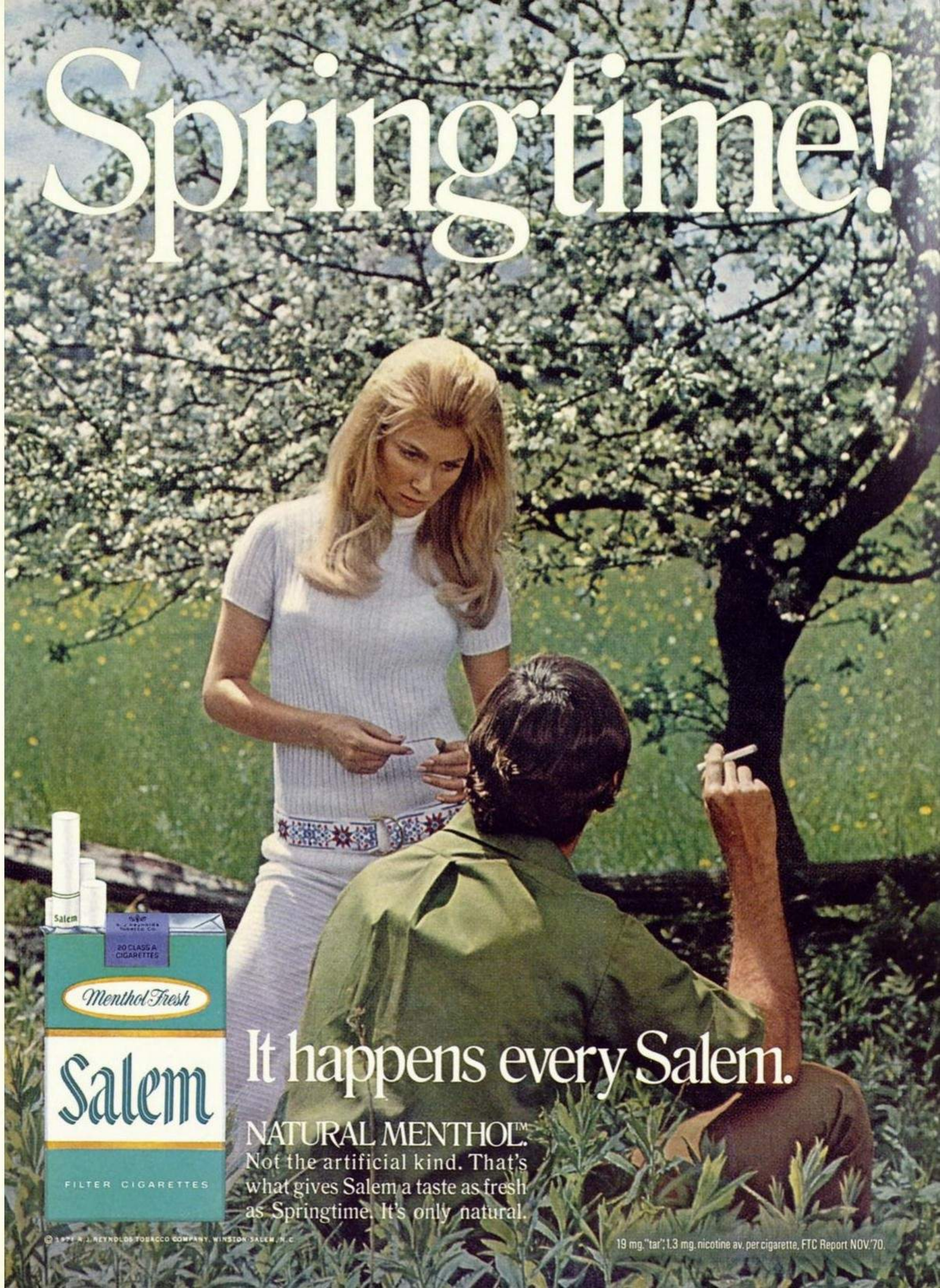
PLAYBOY: Are you shifting blame for the slave-labor program to Sauckel?

SPEER: No, Despite my initial reservations, I was Sauckel's wholehearted collaborator on the forced-labor program, and I share his guilt. I will not split legalistic hairs to lessen my own responsibility. Sauckel was technically in charge of the entire program, but our roles were rather like the captain of the slave ship and the slaveowner who buys his cargo. Who is more, or less, guilty? At that time, I thought only about the efficient functioning of our economy, and I was deeply grateful to Sauckel for each worker he sent me. When it appeared that we might fall behind schedule in our armaments production, I pressed Sauckel to provide me with more workers; and when we failed to fulfill quotas, I often shifted the blame to him. When Hitler instructed Himmler to provide concentration-camp inmates for the plants, I welcomed them, as I did Russian prisoners of war. I treated these millions of people as no more than servomechanisms for our machines of war, and that is both a legal and a moral crime.

PLAYBOY: If only for reasons of economic efficiency, you could have improved the barbaric conditions under which these men worked and lived—and died.

SPEER: I actually did try to improve conditions. In fact, this was one of the reasons the judges at Nuremberg gave for reducing the severity of my sentence. But even when I did do the right thing, it was for all the wrong reasons. I saw the conditions under which these prisoners worked on several occasions and it is burned into my memory—and my conscience. In December 1943, I inspected a huge rocket-production complex built in air-raid-proof caves in the desolate Harz Mountain range. The foreign workers there had been provided by the SS, which was then my rival in manpower procurement, and I remember vividly walking through those bleak, echoing caverns where thousands of slave laborers worked on V-2 assembly lines.

These men went about their work like zombies, and as I passed among them, they looked at and through me blankly with drowned eyes and mechanically plucked their blue prison caps from their shaven skulls until I had passed by them. They walked and worked like men swimming under water, immersed in their private horrors. They were skeletal, undernourished and brutally treated. I learned that sanitary facilities were virtually nonexistent, disease was everywhere and the mortality rate was tremendous; the men were forced to sleep in the wet, chilly caves and they died like flies from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dysentery, tuberculosis and pneumonia. After I left the caves, which reeked with human illness, I almost vomited, and I had to down several stiff brandies before I could carry on. I knew that we were ruthlessly exploiting slave labor, but I had not been prepared for this sickening human reality.

PLAYBOY: What did you do about it?

SPEER: I immediately dispatched the labor force to build a large barracks camp on a nearby hill to quarter the workers and instructed the overseers to improve sanitary and health conditions and improve their diet. I sent Dr. Poschmann, the medical supervisor for my ministry, to inspect the site and see that all hygienic precautions were taken and that henceforth the men would be well fed, clothed and housed and provided with civilian doctors stationed at the camp. Whenever I tried to improve living and working conditions for foreign laborers, of course, I was faced with stiff opposition from the SS, whose declared policy was to treat these men as no more than beasts of burden. But don't get me wrong; I took such measures only for reasons of maximizing efficiency and production. As I said to Hitler so often, what good to our war effort is a sick or dead worker? I helped these men rather as one would keep livestock well fed, not out of any sympathy for their plight as human beings.

PLAYBOY: In a review of your book, Willi Frischauer writes, "I have come across nothing quite as repugnant as the tears Speer sheds" for your slave laborers. How would you answer him?

SPEER: What can I say to him? My behavior on this question *was* repugnant and there is no way I can convince anyone of the sincerity of my guilt. It is something I must live with. I suppose, to be honest, that the tears I shed are for myself as well as for my victims, for the man I could have been but was not, for a conscience I so easily destroyed.

PLAYBOY: How many slave laborers died in your factories?

SPEER: There are no precise figures, but thousands must have perished from disease, malnutrition and, in some cases, the brutality of SS guards. And, of course, the casualty figures among both forced laborers and German workers mounted with the increasing tempo of Allied air attacks on our industrial installations. By the end of the war, our factories were taking a tremendous pounding from the air.

PLAYBOY: How effective was the air war against Germany?

SPEER: Much less effective than it could have been. The Allies didn't know it, but they had victory within their reach in 1943. In August of that year, they began a series of devastatingly effective bombing raids on our ball-bearing factories, which were pivotal to all our armaments production. By paralyzing this crucial nerve center, they could have completely wiped out our armaments production. Ball bearings were vital and irreplaceable components of every major weapon from tanks to planes, and a few more Allied raids would have crippled our arms production; the war would have been effectively over.

And then, to our utter astonishment and tremendous relief, the Allied raids abruptly terminated and we were able to rebuild the damaged factories, although they never again achieved their full industrial capacity. I learned after the war that the Allies had assumed that our totalitarian system was so efficient that we had dispersed our ball-bearing plants across the countryside in camouflaged sites and in bombproof caverns and bunkers. They were, of course, completely wrong. The Allies failed to grasp the effectiveness of their strategic bombing and, instead, switched to a policy of vast air raids all across the country and saturation bombing of major civilian centers. This killed many people, but it did not seriously damage the economy.

PLAYBOY: Some observers, such as playwright Rolf Hochhuth, have charged that the Allied "terror bombings" of such German cities as Dresden were immoral and inhumane and actually constituted a war crime in themselves. Do you agree with them?

SPEER: I think you have a saying in English about the pot calling the kettle black, so after all my own sins, I am not going to accuse others; if my own hands were clean, perhaps I could do otherwise. All I can say is that these raids certainly did not achieve their stated objective of shortening the war. There is no doubt that the air attacks were terrifying, but their final result was to engender more hatred than fear among the survivors.

I was in my ministry in Berlin when the Royal Air Force began its great bomber offensive against the city on November 22, 1943. We were in the midst of a staff conference when the air-raid siren sounded; and when I was informed that a huge fleet of Allied bombers had reached Potsdam, I adjourned the meeting and drove to a flak tower in the vicinity, where I intended to witness the attack from the platform, as I had done previously. I had just reached the top when direct hits nearby forced me to take refuge inside; the heavy concussions were shaking the thick concrete tower like a leaf. All around me staggered dazed and bleeding anti-aircraft gunners; the terrific air pressure from the detonations of the bombs had flung them against the walls and down the stairs like rag dolls. For 20 minutes, we huddled together in the tower while bombs rained down on the city and we were choked by a haze of cement dust from the crumbling walls.

As the sound of the exploding bombs began to recede from our immediate vicinity, I reeled out onto the observation tower and looked out over the besieged city. Berlin appeared to be one giant inferno. Fierce conflagrations raged everywhere and there was a sinister, seductive quality of beauty about the terrible scene; if one could forget the death and suffering in the streets below, it was quite visually entrancing. The night sky was shattered by the explosion of countless parachute flares, which the Berliners dubbed "Christmas trees," casting a fitful illumination over the burning city. Anti-aircraft shells exploded in bursts of flame amid the roiling black smoke, and the sky was slashed by searchlights, like gigantic swords in some medieval duel. Occasionally, an enemy bomber would be trapped in a probing searchlight and I would watch as it struggled to escape the cone of light like a moth trying to wriggle free of its pin, until the anti-aircraft gunners zeroed in on it and the bomber dissolved in a blossom of flame, its debris plummeting to earth, lost in the sea of fire that was sweeping the city.

The spectacle was strangely choreographed and somehow unreal. It was only when the raid was over and I ventured forth into the streets that its apocalyptic splendor dissolved into the screaming and sobbing of the maimed and bereaved and the grim finality of death. I got hold of my staff car and drove to the sections of the city where key factories were situated, driving over streets thick with rubble, past rows of flaming buildings. Dispossessed families stood or sat before their burning homes, pathetic bundles of salvaged possessions piled around them. The air was filled with suffocating clouds of soot and smoke and the sound of crackling fire was everywhere, as if some giant carnivore were rending the city in its jaws. A huge pall of smoke hovered over Berlin, extending up to 20,000 feet in height, and even when day came, everything remained as dark as night. There was a *Walpurgisnacht* atmosphere about the city, heightened by the near-hysterical laughter and gaiety of people dazed and stunned by the disaster and unable to comprehend its full dimensions. From that point on, Berlin was subjected to relentless and devastating Allied air attack, until, at the end of the war, the city was reduced to rubble.

PLAYBOY: How did Hitler react to the systematic destruction of his cities?

SPEER: With a weird, somnambulistic indifference. As reverses accumulated, beginning with the totally unexpected disaster at Stalingrad, Hitler's state of

(continued on page 168)

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gray matters *deep in the depository seethed a vast network of disembodied minds, locked in endless programmed reveries of love, hate and fear...*

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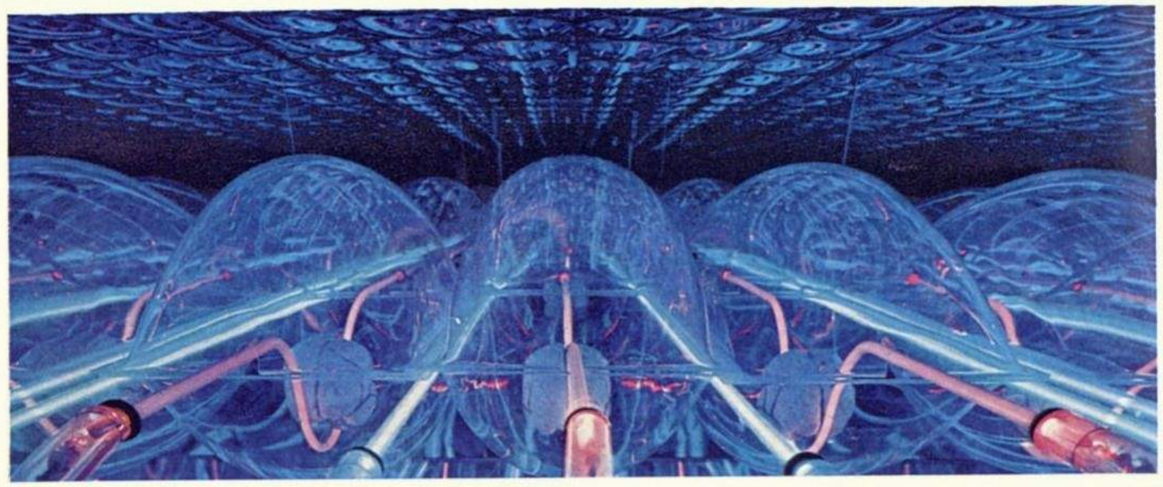


fiction By WILLIAM HJORTSBERG

HIVE

THE SCANNER SEES: unending gun-metal walls; plastic flooring; three DeHartzman Communicators, multifrequency channel finders attached and blinking; and the forward end of the subdistrict memory file. A soft flush of blue has suffused the luminous egg-crate ceiling—the first gentle trace of a dawning day. At the end of the aisle, the sector's community power unit is already humming with life.

Next to the power unit, in the foremost deposit drawer, a solitary cerebromorph has switched off his scanner and floats in voluntary darkness. His number is A-0001-M(637-05-99). His name was Denton "Skeets" Kalbfleischer. Skeets is the senior resident of the depository. He is 12 years old and will remain so forever.

Over in aisle B, an Amco-pak Mark IX maintenance van prowls silently along on pneumatic treads. The Mark IX is a clumsy piece of equipment and economic considerations alone keep it from becoming obsolete. Accordingly, its use is restricted to those sectors established before the Awakening. Maintenance vans are programmed to perform a wide range of mundane chores; the Mark I's clean and polish the aisles each night, the Mark III's tend the power units. Every Amco-pak above Mark V is a mechanic, equipped with telescoping arms and pneumatic digits capable of the most intricate and precise manipulations. Mechanically minded depository residents never tire of watching the vans at work and a special scanner channel has been provided to satisfy these vicarious repairmen.

• • •

One aisle-B resident with no interest in the Amco-pak is a former Czechoslovakian motion-picture star housed in deposit drawer number B-0486-F (098-76-04). Classified female (in the advanced sectors, no sex distinctions are made among resident cerebromorphs), Vera Mitlovic spends her time screening old films. Although Center Control considers 20th Century cinema to be frivolous, and thus detrimental to individual spiritual advancement, the old movies are recorded in the memory file and all Vera has to do is check her memory-file index and dial the appropriate code key on the telescript console.

Vera is awake this morning even before reveille serenade (today, the overture to Wagner's *Der fliegende Holländer*) and dials her first film the moment the memory-file librarian switches on for the day. It is *Bohemian Idyl*, a Czech romantic comedy starring Vera as a Prague fashion designer who falls in love with a gypsy. Two Center Control regulations for members of her category are neglected: By not checking her memo tapes for a dream playback, she has failed to file the required auditing report; more importantly, for the third day in a row, she will miss the morning meditation exercise.

But Vera doesn't care. With the old film flickering, she is transported beyond the demands of Center Control. Does it matter if the print is in poor condition, the celluloid yellow and scratched? It is like watching her own ghost. The challis skirt lifts and swirls; her long, limber legs gleam with firelight; she dances about the caravan encampment, tempting the fiddlers with her buoyant breasts. And where are those lovely legs today, those youthful breasts? Gone to dust, with only their image preserved; a shadow etched in silver nitrate. Vera's joy is tinged with sadness and regret. If only she had eyes, she would be weeping.

• • •

Three drawers down from where Vera views her melancholy matinee, Obu Itubi, a late–22nd Century Nigerian sculptor, is programming a memory-file entomology tape on the habits of bees. Itubi was the most distinguished member of the school known as the African Renaissance. His work with plastic and steel represents the final flowering of Western humanism, a last gasp of anthropomorphism before *(continued on page 112)*

. . . . . until, spurred on by a desperate hunger for a long-lost past, one of them rebelled

"C'mon, admit it, Francesca—you're not even interested in how I broke ninety!"

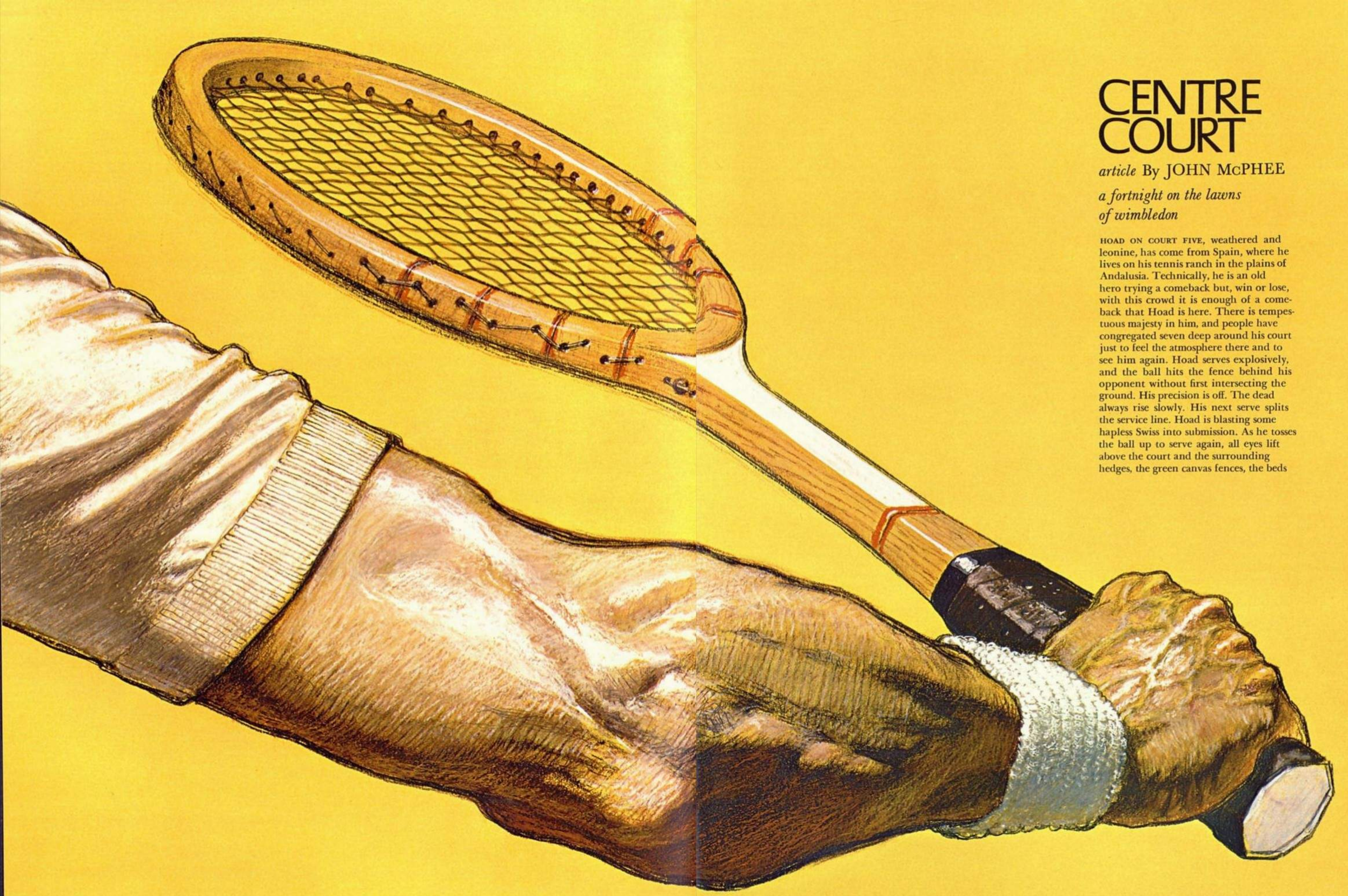


ILLUSTRATION BY FRED BERGER

CENTRE COURT

article By JOHN McPHEE

a fortnight on the lawns of wimbledon

HOAD ON COURT FIVE, weathered and leonine, has come from Spain, where he lives on his tennis ranch in the plains of Andalusia. Technically, he is an old hero trying a comeback but, win or lose, with this crowd it is enough of a comeback that Hoad is here. There is tempestuous majesty in him, and people have congregated seven deep around his court just to feel the atmosphere there and to see him again. Hoad serves explosively, and the ball hits the fence behind his opponent without first intersecting the ground. His precision is off. The dead always rise slowly. His next serve splits the service line. Hoad is blasting some hapless Swiss into submission. As he tosses the ball up to serve again, all eyes lift above the court and the surrounding hedges, the green canvas fences, the beds

of climbing roses, the ivy-covered walls —and at the top of the ball's parabola, it hangs for an instant in the sky against a background of half-timbered houses among plane trees and poplars on suburban hills. Rising from the highest hill is the steeple of St. Mary's Church, Wimbledon, where Hoad was married 16 years ago. He swings through the ball and hits it very deep. "Fault." Hoad's wife, Jenny, and their several children are at the front of the crowd beside the court, watching with no apparent dismay as Hoad detonates his spectacularly horizontal serves.

Smith, in a remote part of the grounds, is slowly extinguishing Jaime Fillol. Tall, straightforward, All-American, Stan Smith is ranked number one in the United States. He grew up in Pasadena, where his father sold real estate. A fine basketball player, Smith gave it up for tennis. He is a big hitter who thinks with caution. Under the umpire's chair is his wallet. The locker rooms of Wimbledon are only slightly less secure than the vaults of Zurich, but Smith always takes his wallet with him to the court. Fillol, a *Chileno,* supple and blue-eyed, says "Good shot" when Smith drives one by him. Such remarks are rare at Wimbledon, where Alphonse would have a difficult time finding Gaston. The players are not, for the most part, impolite, but they go about their business silently. When they show appreciation of another player's shot, it is genuine. There is no structure to Fillol's game. Now he dominates, now he crumbles. Always he faces the big, controlled, relentless power of the all-but-unwavering Smith. Smith does not like to play on these distant courts close to the walls of the Wimbledon compound. The wind rattles the ivy and the ivy sometimes rattles Smith—but hardly enough to save Fillol.

John Alexander has brown hair that shines from washing. It hangs straight and touches the collar of his shirt in a trimmed horizontal line. The wind gusts, and the hair flows behind him. Not yet 20, he is tall, good-looking, has bright clear eyes and could be a Shakespearean page. In his right hand is a Dunlop. He drives a forehand deep crosscourt. There is little time for him to get position before the ball comes back —fast, heavy, fizzing with topspin.

In Alexander's mind, there is no doubt that the man on the other side of the net is the best tennis player on earth. He hit with him once, in Sydney, when Laver needed someone to warm him up for a match with Newcombe. But that was all. He has never played against him before, and now, on the Number One Court, Alexander feels less the hopeless odds against him than a sense of being honored to be here at all, matched against Laver in the preeminent tournament of lawn tennis. The Number One Court is one of Wimbledon's two stadiums, and it is a separate closed world, where two players are watched in proximity by 7000 pairs of eyes. Laver is even quicker and hits harder than Alexander had imagined, and Alexander, in his nervousness, is overhitting. He lunges, swings hard and hits wide.

Laver is so far ahead that the match has long since become an exhibition. Nonetheless, he plays every point as if it were vital. He digs for gets. He sends up topspin lobs. He sprints and dives for Alexander's smashes. He punches volleys toward the corners and, when they miss, he winces. He is not playing against Alexander. He is playing against perfection. This year, unlike other years, he does not find himself scratching for form. He feels good in general and he feels good to be here. He would rather play at Wimbledon than anywhere else at all, because, as he explains, "It's what the atmosphere instills here. At Wimbledon things come to a pitch. The best grass. The best crowd. The royalty. You all of a sudden feel the whole thing is important. You play your best tennis."

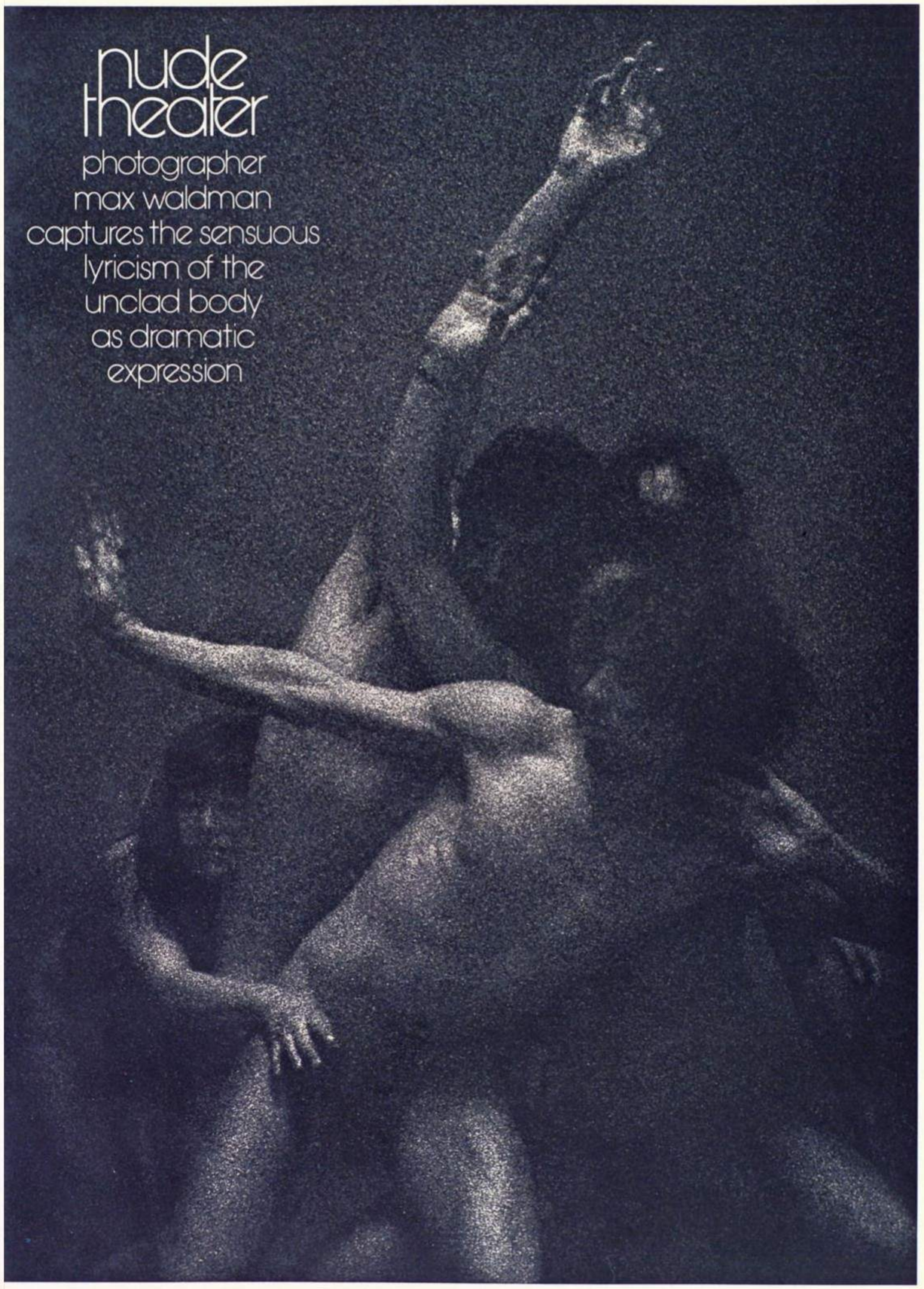
Laver, playing Alexander in the second round, is in the process of defending the Wimbledon title. In the history of this sport, no player has built a record like Laver's. There have been only three grand slams—one by Budge, two by Laver. Wimbledon is the tournament the players most want to win. It is the annual world championship. Budge won Wimbledon twice. Perry won it three times. Tilden won it three times. Laver has won Wimbledon four times and no one at Wimbledon this afternoon has much doubt that he is on his way to his fifth championship. There are 128 men in this tournament, and 127 of them are crowded into the shadow of this one small Australian. Winning is everything to tennis players, although more than 99 percent of them are certain losers—and they expect to lose to him. Laver, who has a narrow and delicate face, freckles, a hawk's nose, thinning red hair and the forearm of a Dungeness crab, is known to all of them as Rocket. Alexander, who is also Australian and uses a Dunlop no doubt because Laver does, has just aced the Rocket twice and leads him 40–love. To prepare for this match, Alexander hit with Roger Taylor, who is left-handed, and practiced principally serving to Taylor's backhand. Alexander serves again, to Laver's backhand. When Laver is in trouble, fury comes into his game. He lashes out now and passes Alexander on the right. He passes Alexander on the left. He carries him backward from 40–love to advantage out. Alexander runs to the net under a big serve. A crosscourt backhand goes by him so fast that his racket does not move. In the press section, Roy McKelvie, dean of English tennis writers, notifies all the other tennis writers that beating Laver would be a feat comparable to the running of the first four-minute mile. The match is over. "Thank you," Laver says to Alexander at the net. "I played well." A person who has won two grand slams and four Wimbledons can say that becomingly. The remark is honest and therefore graceful. Alexander took four games in three sets. "I've improved. I've learned more possibilities," he says afterward. "It should help me. The improvement won't show for a while, but it is there."

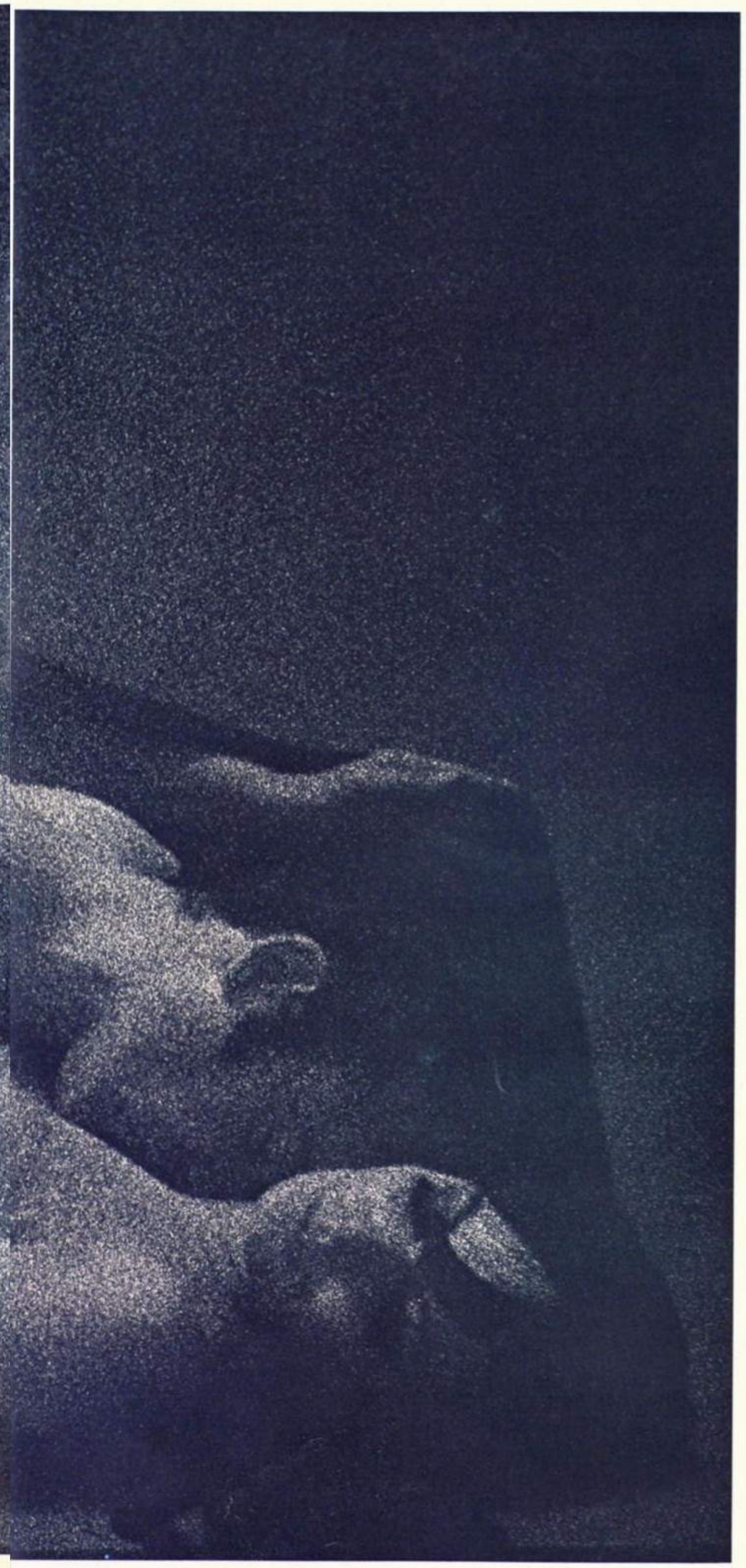
Roger Taylor leans against the guardrail on the sun-deck roof of the Players' Tea Room. He is 25 feet above the ground—the Players' Tea Room is raised on concrete stilts—and from that high perspective he can see almost all the lawns of Wimbledon. There are 16 grass courts altogether, and those that are not attended with grandstands are separated by paved walkways ten feet wide. Benches line the edges of the walkways. Wimbledon is well designed. Twenty-five thousand people can move about in its confined spaces without feeling particularly crowded. Each court stands alone and the tennis can be watched at point-blank range. The whole compound is somehow ordered within ten acres and all paths eventually lead to the high front façade of the Centre Court, the name of which, like the name Wimbledon itself, is synecdochical. "Centre Court" refers not only to the *ne plus ultra* tennis lawn but also to the entire stadium that surrounds it. A three-story dodecagon with a roof that shelters most of its seats, it resembles an Elizabethan theater. Its exterior walls are alive with ivy and in planter boxes on a balcony above its principal doorway are rows of pink and blue hydrangeas. Hydrangeas are the hallmark of Wimbledon. They are not only displayed on high but also appear in flower beds among the outer courts. In their pastel efflorescence, the hydrangeas appear to be geraniums that have escalated socially. When the Wimbledon fortnight begins each year, London newspapers are always full of purple language about the green velvet lawns and the pink and blue hydrangeas. The lawns are tough and hard and frequently somewhat brown. Their color means nothing to the players or to the ground staff, and this is one clue to the superiority of Wimbledon courts over the more lumpy but cosmetic sods of tennis lawns elsewhere. The hydrangeas, on the other

(continued on page 246)

nude theater

photographer max waldman captures the sensuous lyricism of the unclad body as dramatic expression





Dark, compelling, melancholy—these views of actors and actresses in the nude, by studio photographer Max Waldman, move far beyond the ordinary promotional stills used by theatrical productions. But it's not only the subjects' nudity, nor the chiaroscuro light treatment, nor even the textured graininess that makes them distinctive works

The Living Theater tableau, preceding page. Casts restage "The Sound of a Different Drum" (left), "Tennis Anyone?" (top)

of art. Rather, it's the tragic, almost too real, human struggle for self-liberation that they portray. Since finding subjects who can be so expressive is a difficult task, Waldman employs gifted dramatis personae from off-Broadway plays—men and women who quickly grasp his photographic techniques. Then, in his Manhattan

Players from the troupes of "Oh! Calcutta!" (top) and "Dionysus in 69" (right) recapture dramatic scenes.

studio, he lights, stages and directs scenes for his camera, often creating them, as for the dancers at left and above. Yet, in the final work, we see past such theatrics—just as we look beyond the unclad figures—to see the totality of Max Waldman's photographic art: images of man's striving toward self-realization.

"Improvisation" is Max Waldman's own title for dancers' artistic, impromptu studio performance (left and top).

gray matters *(continued from page 100)*

the machines lulled the world into meditation. His file number is B-0489-M (773-22-99).

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The Amco-pak in aisle B has finished its work on the auxiliary community power unit. A malfunctioning valve has been located and replaced and now the Mark IX sorts and repacks the complex array of tools laid out for the job. A comic business: The Amco-pak is an absent-minded octopus, searching with its many arms for a variety of misplaced gadgets. Scanner viewers are always amused by this clumsy clean-up operation.

The Amco-pak locates the tools; it lumbers up the aisle, retractable arms stored, pneumatic digits at rest, mindlessly treading toward its next assignment. Many depository residents are frankly envious. They feel it is a waste to bestow those miraculous fingers on a machine incapable of appreciating their worth.

• • •

Skeets Kalbfleischer is sleeping late. The reveille serenade has simply been digested into his dream, a stirring sound track for the Hollywood sex fantasies that still occupy his adolescent mind even after a more than 300-year absence from grade-B double features. Skeets is a definite problem for Center Control. On one hand, he is a historic landmark; the very first cerebromorph, the cornerstone of the oldest depository in the system. But, on the other hand, his complete failure to achieve any measure of spiritual progress in this enlightened age following the Awakening is a matter of considerable concern to the auditing commission.

The problem isn't that Skeets is not educated. In the centuries following his operation, he has earned the equivalent of several dozen baccalaureate degrees. He has ten doctorates to his credit. Sealed in his cerebral container from the age of 12, he has been spoon-fed knowledge by whole committees of curious scientists. He is versed in mathematics, languages, the arts; he is an outstanding authority on molecular biology and Ninth Century Hindu cave painting. Learning, programmed on endless reels of magnetic tape, has saturated his brain cells and Skeets spouts answers with the speed and accuracy of a computer. Denton Kalbfleischer is a very successful experiment. One problem only: In this sophisticated age of meditation and spiritual liberation, Skeets still wants to be a cowboy.

• • •

"The superfamily Apoidea, consisting of various social and solitary hymenopterous insects. Observe *Apis mellifera*, the common honeybee, both industrious and social. This insect lives in a colony consisting of three classes: The majority of the colony are neuters, known commonly as workers; they gather the pollen and build the comb; the female is called the queen; she is the reproducer, the egg layer, and there is only one per colony. The male of the species is called the drone and his is an idle life. The drone's only function is to. . . ." Obu Itubi isn't listening to the narrator's voice. He has turned the volume down until the mechanized, monotone drawl is reduced to a murmur faint as the distant humming of the bees. All the more recent memory-file tapes are narrated by computer and the sound tracks have an assembly-line sameness that makes Obu Itubi's flesh crawl. An unpleasant sensation, akin to the phantom pain amputees of an earlier age suffered in the areas of their missing limbs, for Itubi no longer has flesh.

• • •

A bower of evening primroses arches delicately over the lovers' heads, sweetly scenting the late afternoon. (The primroses were made of paper and were dusty from long storage in the property shop.) The slanting rays of an amber sunset gild the features of the handsome young couple. (The lightman was malicious and he had trained his 1000-watt instruments directly into Vera's eyes.) Distant violins blend with the shimmering nocturne of nightingales and crickets. (The musicians were drunk and made rude remarks concerning the leading lady's private life. The birdcalls and insect noises were the work of a pock-marked fat man who whistled into a microphone and rubbed two rosin-covered sticks together.) "My beloved . . . my treasure . . ." the dark-eyed gypsy croons, while the blushing girl flutters and sighs. (His breath stank of garlic sausage and not even a heavy application of gum arabic kept his toupee from slipping slightly askew.) "Come away with me to the Moravian mountains, my love. I want to take you to the little village where I was born." (The leading man, who spoke Czech with a thick Slavic accent, was actually born in Croatia.) Leaning forward, he cups her radiant face in his hands and kisses her lips as the violins burble and the sunset dies like a smear of raspberry jam on the cyclorama.

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Skeets Kalbfleischer is also a film star of sorts. A special tape composed of ancient newsreels, newspaper clippings and hospital training films is stored in the memory file under the general classification MEDICINE, subheading "Surgery." Skeets has programmed the tape several times, out of the same morbid curiosity that once caused men to peek under their own bandages.

The film is a history of mankind's first successful cerebrectomy. It tells the story of a 12-year-old boy named Denton Kalbfleischer, who was returning home with his parents to Joliet, Illinois, from a Christmas skiing vacation in Vail, Colorado. While circling O'Hare Field in a holding pattern prior to landing, his jetliner was apparently hit by lightning. The resulting crash was, at that time, the worst air disaster in aviation history.

Over 500 people were killed, many of them on the ground, as bits of molten 747 rained down on East Cicero like a meteor shower. And when, amid the din of sirens, a fireman found Skeets's broken body heaped on a curbside pile of rubble, it was at first assumed that he was a neighborhood boy injured by falling debris. Only many hours later, during a check of the passenger lists, was his correct identity discovered.

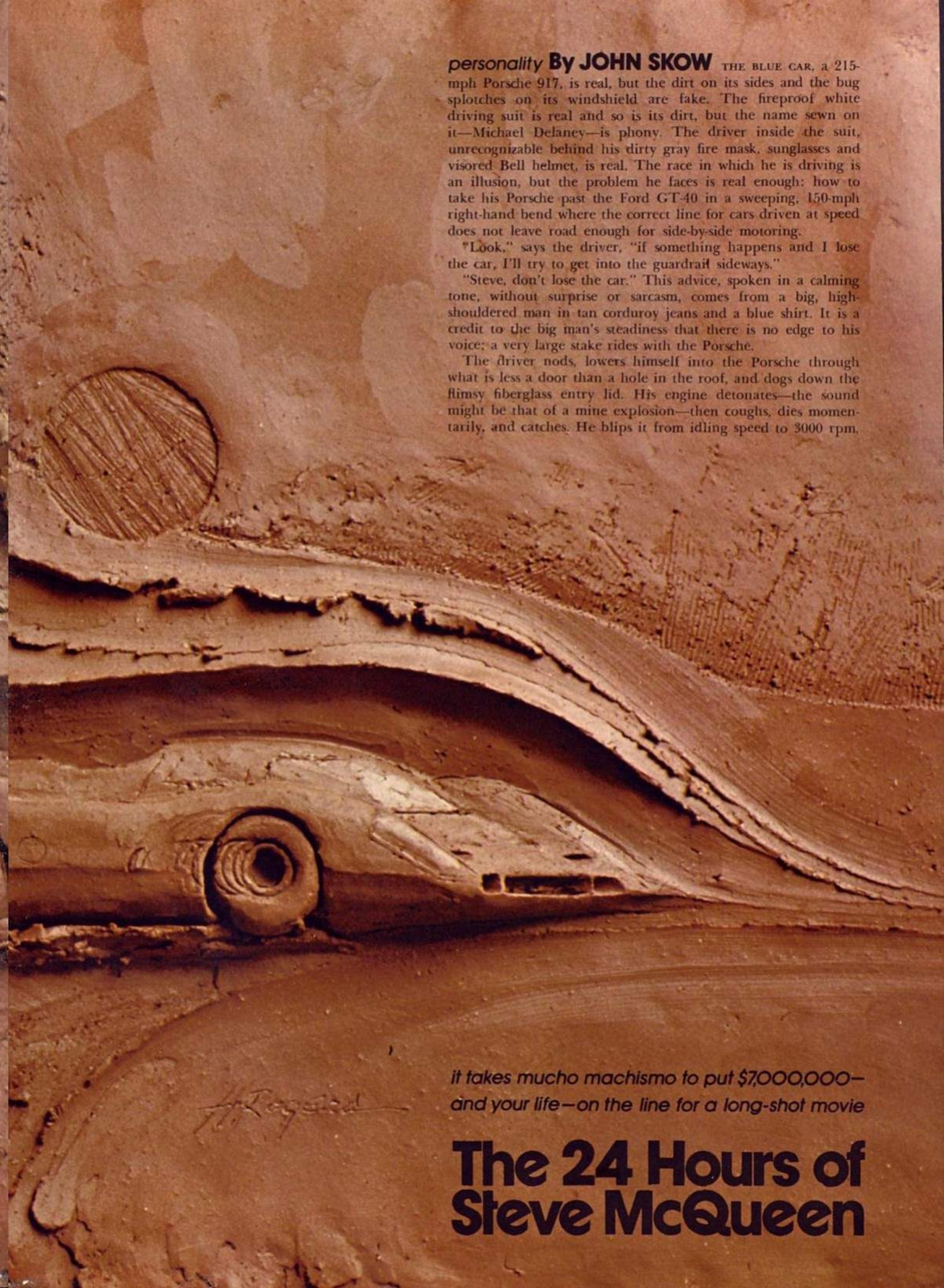
The newspapers, of course, had a field day. Banner headlines proclaimed an "XMAS MIRACLE" and a swarm of reporters descended like encircling vultures on the Kalbfleischers' Joliet home to interview the maid, the neighbors, the postman, Skeets's sixth-grade teacher—anyone at all with even the vaguest connection to "that courageous, freckle-faced kid fighting for his life on the third floor of Cook County Hospital." Skeets's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Harold Kalbfleischer, had been killed in the crash, but home movies the family had taken the summer before at Narragansett, Rhode Island, were shown in color on all the major television networks—Skeets and his dad playing catch on the beach.

Newsreel cameramen stalked the corridors of the hospital, ambushing unwary doctors for filmed, firsthand reports and occasionally sneaking past the security guards for a chance at valuable footage of poor Skeets, so savagely mangled that his body could not tolerate the pressure of an ordinary hospital bed, floating like a mummified Hindu levitation artist on a cushion of compressed air. Although, for the benefit of the press, the hospital staff remained cheerfully optimistic, in private, Skeets's doctors held out little hope for recovery. Virtually every major bone was fractured, arms and legs shattered, the spinal vertebrae crushed and disconnected, like a string of broken beads; all of the internal organs were ruptured and hemorrhaging; rib fragments punctured both lungs: Even considering the recent advances in the field of organ transplants, surgical teams across the nation agreed the case was hopeless. In order to save Skeets, they would have to rebuild him from scratch.

A Hollywood film, late in the second reel, would call in a handsome young specialist for a delicate, last-minute operation: happy ending; Skeets lives to play football again and the successful surgeon

(continued on page 218)

"How come paleface always take more than he can eat?"



personality **By JOHN SKOW** THE BLUE CAR, a 215-mph Porsche 917, is real, but the dirt on its sides and the bug splotches on its windshield are fake. The fireproof white driving suit is real and so is its dirt, but the name sewn on it—Michael Delaney—is phony. The driver inside the suit, unrecognizable behind his dirty gray fire mask, sunglasses and visored Bell helmet, is real. The race in which he is driving is an illusion, but the problem he faces is real enough: how to take his Porsche past the Ford GT-40 in a sweeping, 150-mph right-hand bend where the correct line for cars driven at speed does not leave road enough for side-by-side motoring.

"Look," says the driver, "if something happens and I lose the car, I'll try to get into the guardrail sideways."

"Steve, don't lose the car." This advice, spoken in a calming tone, without surprise or sarcasm, comes from a big, high-shouldered man in tan corduroy jeans and a blue shirt. It is a credit to the big man's steadiness that there is no edge to his voice; a very large stake rides with the Porsche.

The driver nods, lowers himself into the Porsche through what is less a door than a hole in the roof, and dogs down the flimsy fiberglass entry lid. His engine detonates—the sound might be that of a mine explosion—then coughs, dies momentarily, and catches. He blips it from idling speed to 3000 rpm.

it takes mucho machismo to put $7,000,000—and your life—on the line for a long-shot movie

The 24 Hours of Steve McQueen

then down, then back to 3000, keeping the plugs clear. The roar is enormous: feeding time. An observer feels, as always, a contraction of the facial skin, a tingling of the tiny hairs inside the ears, and a tightening of the testes. He no longer loves motor racing, having known too many drivers who are now dead, but attitude makes no difference. A big racing engine charges the air with tension that is purely physical and nothing but sex.

Now the GT-40 fires up. Its voice is less insistent; it has the odd, snuffling quality an American V8 makes when it is put into a race car. Although this Ford ran third in the 1969 race here at Le Mans, and another GT-40 driven by Jackie Ickx won the race, the car is obsolete. There is not much to be done with an outmoded racing car—stable it in a museum, sell it to the sort of wealthy compulsive who likes to polish things—but this one has a job. It is a camera platform. Its top has been cut away, a very low roadster windscreen faired in, and an upholstered turret for a swivel-mounted Arriflex and its operator has been set into the car at the left, next to the driver.

Hunched and helmeted against the air blast that will hit him in a few seconds, the Ford's camera operator sights his Arriflex through the Plexiglas side screen of the Porsche. The cars shake. A kid in an orange windbreaker that says GULF on the back jumps between them, crouches, squints, then holds out his right hand with the thumb pointing up. The cars go, almost slowly at first—they are not built for dragging—then with a great, whining rise of speed, side by side, through five gears.

The big man in the cord jeans roosts on a guardrail. He is John Sturges, a film director. He made *Bad Day at Black Rock*, *Gunfight at the OK Corral* and *The Great Escape*, and is known in the trade as a good man with action pictures. As the car noise fades into the pines, what he is saying becomes understandable: ". . . right out there on the edge. At the start, when everyone's watching. Six hours later, when the people are wandering around looking at the carnival. Five in the morning, when they're all asleep in their campers. The whole time, the drivers are out there on the edge of it, cutting laps in the rain, in the fog, hitting two-ten, two-twenty on the Mulsanne straight. We want to show all. . . ." His voice is lost again; the cars have turned around up the circuit and are back.

The Porsche driver cuts his engine and climbs out of the car. He says to Sturges, "I chickenshitted on the second turn. I just didn't have the balls to hold it side by side." He pulls off his helmet, revealing himself to be the actor Steve McQueen.

Among members of the film company there is a certain amount of snapping-to. McQueen is a movie star who ducks his head bashfully when he talks, says "Ma'am" to women, and can be addressed as "Steve," but a movie star of any description can strike like a snake, and this star is under unusual pressure from several directions. There is a whiff of catastrophe in the air. Catastrophe is always in the air when a big film company goes on location, but the smell this time is stronger than usual.

Crew members are telling each other that it was not McQueen's film sense but his obsession with cars that made him decide to shoot something called *The 24 Hours of Le Mans*, and to do all of his driving scenes without a double. He has hired himself the biggest playpen in the world, someone says: We're all here just because he likes to drive the Porsche. Racing films don't make money, not even Frankenheimer's *Grand Prix*, the complaint goes, because who wants to sit in a theater for two hours watching cars go around? The word is that CBS, which is putting up the $7,000,000 that McQueen's car movie is supposed to cost, has panicked and is going to shut the production down.

With such vibrations rumbling about Solar Village—the plywood *Stalag* where the production company has its offices and mess tent—and with the CBS brass due in town for what is supposed to be the big shoot-out with McQueen and his people, it is sensible to make no waves when McQueen is around. Yet now he seems loose and easy; he is laughing at himself for meditating too deeply about the second turn. He asks the camera operator how the shot looked. "Good," says the operator, a skinny Swiss named Alex.

"Yah, I don't know," says McQueen. "Could we do it again?" He asks this as if he expected the cameraman to say no. But he says yes. McQueen asks the driver of the GT-40, a Hollander named Rob Slotemaker, how he feels going through the awkward turn. Slotemaker does some racing, but his specialty is skidding automobiles. He has schools in Holland, Germany and Switzerland that teach citizens how to put their sedans into 180- or 360-degree skids, for sport or defense. He smiles, perhaps tolerantly, and says in clear, singsong English that he feels absolutely OK.

McQueen says "Great," and goes back to his car, screwing his wax earplugs in as he walks. The Porsche and the Ford blast off again side by side, and after this run McQueen is satisfied. "It was a little scary out there," he says with pleasure. "It'll be good film. We were on the edge." He walks across the road, his scuffed blue helmet dangling, and he flops down on the road surface, legs stretched out, his back against a tire of the machine-shop van. No one bothers him. People tinker with the camera on the GT-40.

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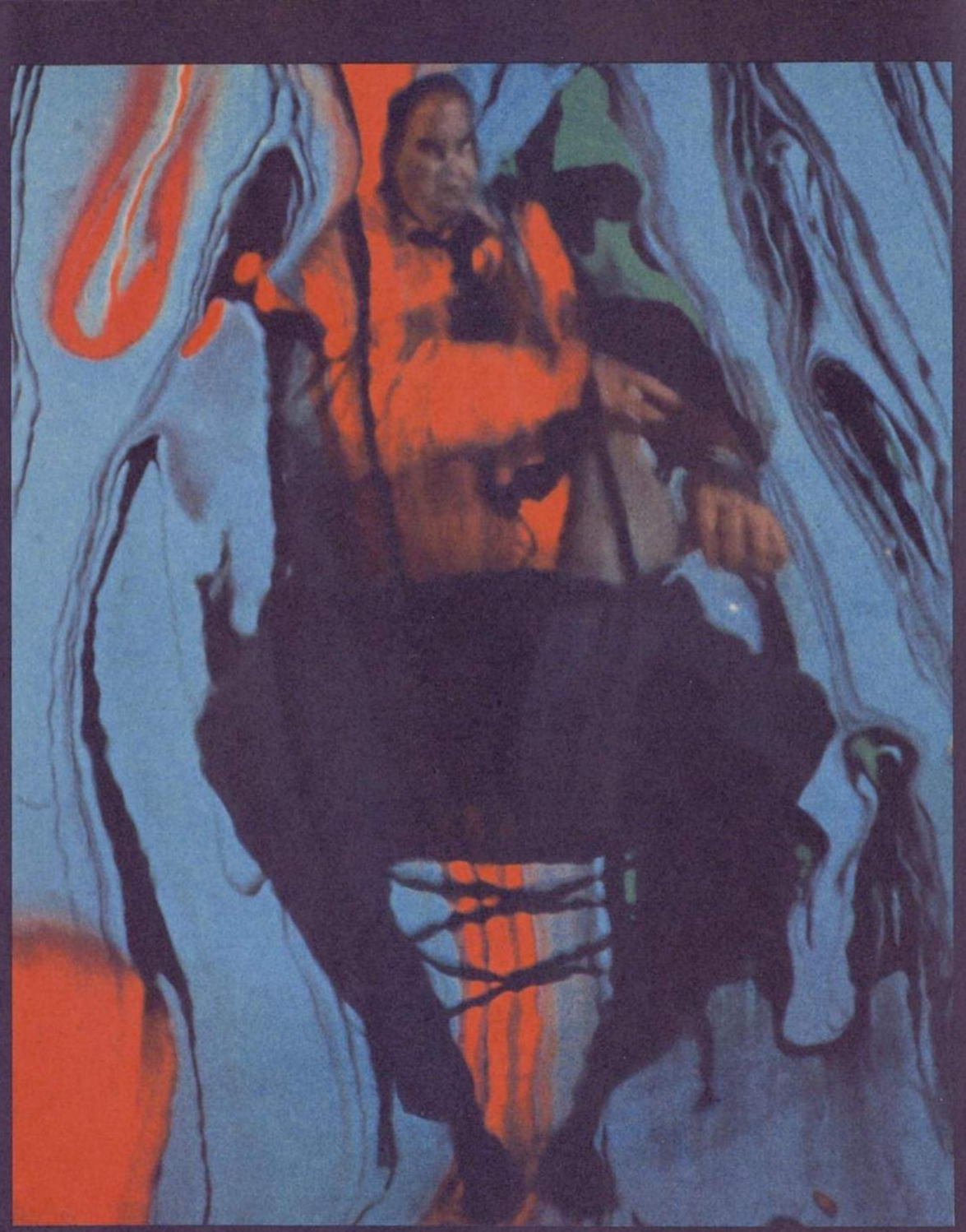
It has been going like this for two weeks and a bit more. If absolute technical authenticity will make the film work, then it will work. McQueen's Solar Productions—a clubby partnership whose members are McQueen and two friends, producer Jack Reddish and executive producer Robert Relyea—has rented the Le Mans road circuit for three months, and has bought or leased 25 race cars. There are three Porsche 917s, currently the world's fastest sports cars, at $70,000 each; four brutish Ferrari 512s at about $55,000 each; a Porsche 908 that ran in the 1970 Le Mans race carrying three cameras, and finished ninth; a pack of yapping Porsche 911s and 914s; a Matra, a Corvette, various lesser Ferraris, and a couple of clapped-out Lolas for filming shunts. There are wet tires and dry tires for all of these, and appropriate nuts and bolts, including a number of spare engines. Relyea, whose job it is to know, says the value of all this rubber and metal is roughly $1,000,000, and that seems about right.

This figure does not include the tab for mechanics and drivers. There are expensive Porsche mechanics and expensive Ferrari mechanics and some costly general practitioners such as chief mechanic Haig Alltounian, an Indianapolis and Can-Am car specialist brought from the U. S. by McQueen. All are necessary, because after 15 minutes of running the sort of car McQueen is obsessed with, it can take several hours to put it back together.

The drivers must be as rarefied as the cars. It is not hard to find journeymen at the fringes of racing to pilot the small street Porsches and BMWs that obstruct motoring at Le Mans (one of the fascinating lunacies of the race is that the true race cars must slalom through packs of passenger autos that may be 90 mph slower). But there are no more than two dozen men in Europe qualified to drive the serious machines, the big Porsches and Ferraris. They are already employed driving fast, frail cars every Sunday, and moviemaking is not their first interest. Therefore they must be paid and housed lavishly, and those who need ego rubs must receive them, and the Solar Productions plane must be available to deliver them to the site of the French or the German or the Italian Grand Prix in time for Saturday practice.

Jackie Ickx, 1969's Le Mans winner, a man so young and slight and pretty of face that he could not be cast in a film as a driver, moonlights for McQueen. So do Jo Siffert, a Swiss who looks like a stage Frenchman, and the 1965 Le Mans winner Masten Gregory,

(continued on page 210)



there were three solutions to the narc murder case: all different, yet all the same

THE ODD MAN

fiction By ELLERY QUEEN One of the unique encounters in the short and happy history of The Puzzle Club began, as so many interesting things do, in the most ordinary way. That is to say, 7:30 of that Wednesday evening found Ellery in the foyer of Syres' Park Avenue penthouse aerie, pressing the bell button, having the door opened for him by a butler who had obviously been inspired by Jeeves and being conducted into the grand-scale wood, leather and brass-stud living room

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTIN DALL

that had just as obviously been inspired by the king-sized ranchos of the Southwest, where Syres had made his millions.

As usual, Ellery found the membership assembled —with the exception, also as usual, of Arkavy, the biochemist whose Nobel achievement took him to so many international symposiums that Ellery had not yet laid eyes on him; indeed, he had come to think of the great scientist as yet another fiction his fellow members had dreamed up for mischievous reasons of their own. There were Syres himself, their hulking and profoundly respected host—respected not for being a multimillionaire but for having founded the club; tall, sardonic Darnell, of the John L. Lewis eyebrows, the criminal lawyer who was known to the American Bar, not altogether affectionately, as "the rich man's Clarence Darrow"; the psychiatrist, Dr. Vreeland, trim and peach-cheeked, whose professional reputation was as long as his stature was short; and wickedly blue-eyed little Emmy Wandermere, who had recently won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry to—for once—unanimous approbation.

It was one of the strictest rules of The Puzzle Club that no extraneous matters, not of politics nor art nor economics nor world affairs, nor even of juicy gossip, be allowed to intrude upon the business at hand, which was simply (in a manner of speaking only, since that adverb was not to be found in the club's motto) to challenge each member to solve a puzzle invented by the others, and then to repair to Charlot's dinner table, Charlot being Syres' chef, with a reputation as exalted in his field as those of the puzzlers in theirs. The puzzles were always in story form, told by the challengers seriatim, and they were as painstakingly planned for the battle of wits as if an empire depended on the outcome.

Tonight, it was Ellery's turn again and, after the briefest of amenities, he took his place in the arena, which at The Puzzle Club meant sitting down in a hugely comfortable leather chair near the superfireplace, with a bottle, a glass and a little buffet of Charlot's masterly canapés at hand and no further preliminaries whatever.

Darnell began (by prearrangement, the sequence of narrators was as carefully choreographed as a ballet).

"The puzzle this evening, Queen, is right down your alley——"

"Kindly omit the courtroom-type psychology, Counselor," Ellery drawled, for he was feeling in extra-fine fettle this evening, "and get on with it."

"—Because it's a cops-and-robbers story," the lawyer went on, unperturbed, "except that in this case, the cop is an undercover agent whose assignment it is to track down a dope supplier. The supplier is running a big wholesale illicit-drug operation; hundreds of pushers are getting their stuff from him, so it's important to nail him."

"The trouble is," Dr. Vreeland said, feeling the knot of his tie (I wonder, Ellery thought, what his analyst made of that—it was one of the psychiatrist's most irritating habits), "his identity is not known precisely."

"By which I take it that it's known imprecisely," Ellery said. "The unknown of a known group."

"Yes, a group of three."

"The classic number."

"It's convenient, Queen."

"That's the chief reason it's classic."

"The three suspects," oilman Syres broke in, unable to conceal a frown, for Ellery did not always comport himself with the decorum the founder thought their labors deserved, "all live in the same building. It's a three-story house——"

"Someday," Ellery said, peering into the future, "instead of a three-story house, I shall make up a three-house story."

"Mr. Queen!" And Emmy Wandermere let a giggle escape. "Please be serious, or you won't be allowed to eat Charlot's chef-d'oeuvre, which I understand is positively wild tonight."

"I've lost track," Syres grumped. "Where were we?"

"I beg everyone's pardon," Ellery said. "We have an undercover police officer who's turned up three suspects, one of whom is the dope wholesaler, and all three live in a three-story house, I presume one to a floor. And these habitants are?"

"The man who occupies the ground floor," the little poet replied, "and whose name is John A. Chandler—known in the neighborhood as Jac, from his initials—runs a modest one-man business, a radio-and-TV-repair shop, from his apartment."

"The question is, of course," lawyer Darnell said, "whether the repair shop is just a front for the dope-supply operation."

Ellery nodded. "And the occupant of the middle floor?"

"An insurance agent," Dr. Vreeland said. "Character named Cutcliffe Kerry——"

"Named what?"

"Cutcliffe Kerry is what we decided on," the psychiatrist said firmly, "and if you don't care for it, that's your problem, Queen, because Cutcliffe Kerry he remains."

"Very well," Ellery said, "but I think I detect the aroma of fresh herring. Or am I being double-whammied? In any event, Cutcliffe Kerry sells insurance, or tries to, which means he gets to see a great many people. So the insurance thing could be a cover. And the top floor?"

"Is rented by a fellow named Fletcher, Benjamin Fletcher," Syres said. "Fletcher is a salesman, too, but of a different sort. He sells encyclopedias."

"Door to door," Ellery said. "Possible cover, too. All right, Jac Chandler, radio-TV repairman; Cutcliffe Kerry, insurance agent; Ben Fletcher, encyclopedia salesman; and one of them is the bad guy. What happens, Mr. Syres?"

"The undercover man has been watching the building and—isn't the word tailing?—the three men, according to his reports to his superior at police headquarters."

"And just after he finds out who the drug supplier is," Darnell said mournfully, "but before he can come up with the hard evidence, he's murdered."

"As I suspected," Ellery *(continued on page 126)*

"We've got to stop meeting like this—I think we're upsetting the ecology."

ACTUALLY, the approach is not exactly new. Not too many years ago, Sinclair Lewis used it. He would select a subject (medicine, business, evangelism, etc.), research it thoroughly, develop an interesting protagonist and then weave him through the work in an acid etching that laid bare the foibles and hypocrisy of a facet of American life (*Arrowsmith, Dodsworth, Elmer Gantry*, etc.).

Of late, another novelist, Arthur Hailey, has been more or less traveling a similar route. He, too, believes in choosing an intriguing subject, exploring it from varied angles and then setting the dramatic wheels in motion. Of course, here the similarities end. For, as someone once said (I believe it was I): Hailey is to Sinclair Lewis as Jacqueline Susann is to, say, D. H. Lawrence.

But if Hailey's characters are more fantasy than flesh, and if his stories are less Nobel and more caramel, the fact remains that *Hotel* and *Airport* are two enormously successful works. What's more, the motion-picture version of *Airport* alone will probably outgross all of the film adaptations of Sinclair Lewis' novels combined.

I have no idea what Hailey is writing now nor what he might have in mind for his next masterwork. But I think he's missing a good bet if he doesn't direct all his vast energies and skills to what could possibly be the hottest and most salable subject in the country today. I'm referring, of course, to the Big House on the Hill, the nation's First Residence, at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

I can see Hailey's fecund mind at work right now gathering the fascinating pieces. There's the President, his wife and the rest of his immediate family, the sundry secretaries, Secret Servicemen and so on. Give them all varied problems with which we can identify, sprinkle liberally with a healthy supply of crises, toss them all in a big pot, start the thing boiling, then pluck them all out dripping wet for one tense, dramatic scene that makes for the grand denouement, and, *voilà*: *White House!*

OPEN ON *the Presidential limousine entering the front gates of the White House. Crowds are milling about to catch a glimpse of the car's occupants.* CUT TO *inside the sumptuous, bulletproof vehicle. Surrounded by a clutch of grim Secret Servicemen are President Mason Dixon* (VAN HEFLIN) *and his wife, Peg* (EVA MARIE SAINT). *They are both waving and smiling at the crowd.* PULL BACK. LONG SHOT *of the limousine going up the driveway.*

CUT TO *the master bedroom in the living quarters of the house.* SAINT *is seated at a vanity table, in front of a mirror, brushing her hair.* HEFLIN, *in a robe, is going over some papers at his desk.*

SAINT: Mason?

HEFLIN (*preoccupied*): Um? What is it?

SAINT: When was the last time we. . . .

HEFLIN (*without looking up*): The last time we what?

SAINT: You know. . . .

HEFLIN (*looking up*): Oh . . . that.

SAINT (*sighing*): Yes, that.

HEFLIN (*upset*): Damn it, Peg, stop that kind of talk. You sound like those perverts on the Smut Commission. It's disgusting.

SAINT: I'm sorry, darling. But when was the last time?

HEFLIN: How the hell do *I* know? I'm a busy man. (*Considers*) Was it the night I signed the Tidelands oil bill?

SAINT: The only thing you gave me that night was an autographed pen. I now have 241 of them.

HEFLIN: Damn it, Peg, *must* this sick conversation continue?

SAINT: Jill told me that she and Nero do it at least twice a week.

HEFLIN: That clod. It's a wonder he doesn't fracture his skull every time he does it.

SAINT: That's a fine way to talk about the Vice-President of the United States.

HEFLIN: Only until my second term, dear. Can't we drop this whole thing?

SAINT (*consumed with self-pity*): You don't care about me.

HEFLIN: That's a lie. I need you very much.

SAINT: Prove it.

HEFLIN: Well . . . (*thinking*) for one thing, I'm . . . I'm planning to send you to Turkey to help the earthquake victims.

SAINT: *What* earthquake?

HEFLIN (*angry*): Who the hell knows? There's always a goddamn earthquake in Turkey!

SAINT: Go ahead, shout at me. I'm *nothing* in your eyes.

HEFLIN: Peg, for crying out loud!

SAINT (*breaking down*): I'm sick of being a First Lady. I want to be a First *Woman*! Did it ever occur to you that I'm a living, breathing being? That I have normal drives and desires? Haven't you ever read *Peyton Place*? Oh, Mason, what's to become of us? Where is the magic, the fire? Whatever became of those wild, crazy nights when we used to walk barefoot through the rain in front of the FBI building? (*She looks at him with shiny, moist eyes*) Oh, can't you see what I'm trying to say, you big dope? I love you. I need you. I want you.

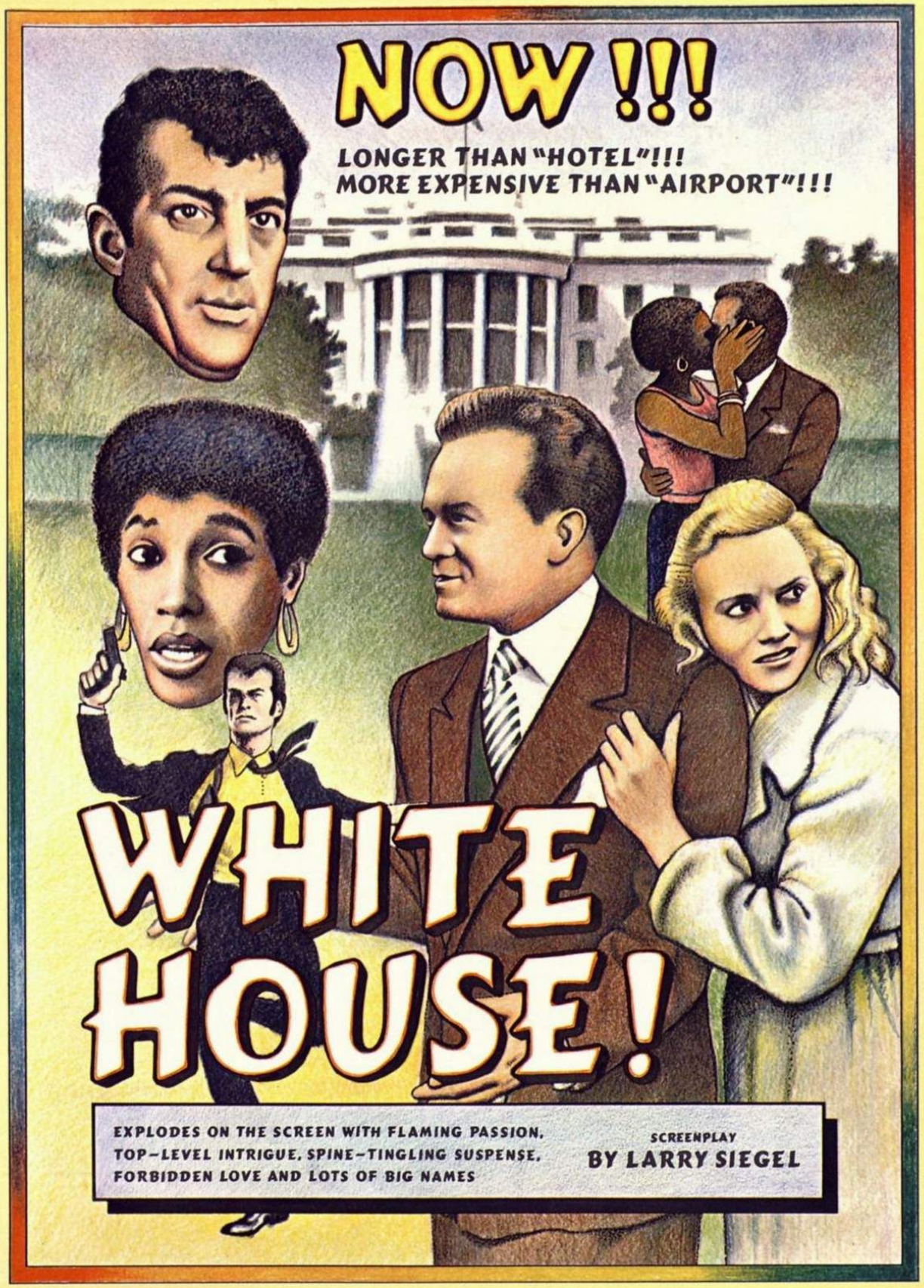
He goes over to her and puts his hands on her shoulders; then he bends and kisses her lovingly on the neck.

HEFLIN: Peg . . . I. . . .

SAINT (*pulling away*): Mason, please. I've got a headache.

CUT TO SAINT's *private office, early the following morning. With her is her secretary,*

ILLUSTRATION BY ED PASCHKE


NOW !!!
LONGER THAN "HOTEL"!!!
MORE EXPENSIVE THAN "AIRPORT"!!!
WHITE HOUSE!
EXPLODES ON THE SCREEN WITH FLAMING PASSION, TOP-LEVEL INTRIGUE, SPINE-TINGLING SUSPENSE, FORBIDDEN LOVE AND LOTS OF BIG NAMES
SCREENPLAY BY LARRY SIEGEL

Fran Phillips (ANNE JACKSON), *who is sorting papers.*

JACKSON: Will that be all the letters for this morning, ma'am?

SAINT: I think so, Fran. I'm going to see about breakfast. (*She starts to leave, then pauses*) Fran, how long have you been with me now?

JACKSON: About five years, ma'am.

SAINT: I don't know what I'd do without you.

JACKSON: Thank you, ma'am.

SAINT *smiles and leaves the room.* JACKSON *walks over to the door and locks it. She goes to the phone and, looking about furtively, dials a number.*

JACKSON (*in a low voice*): Lyle? How are things in New York? Good. Listen, I should have chapter 12 for you by the end of the week. What? No, just one of their usual dull nights. (*Imitating their voices*) "When was the last time we did it?" "When the Hindenburg exploded." You know. . . . But I do have a great new anecdote for you. The dirty old Bavarian ambassador was here last night with his so-called niece. After two drinks, he dragged her into the Blue Room behind the Ceylonese fern and she——

CUT TO HEFLIN *opening the door of the master bedroom and stepping into the corridor. Seated outside the door is Warrant Officer Henry Carew* (DEAN MARTIN). *On his lap is a slim portfolio.*

HEFLIN: Good morning, Henry. Did the newspapers come yet?

MARTIN: Not yet, Mr. President.

HEFLIN (*lightly referring to the portfolio on* MARTIN'S *lap*): How does it feel to have the whole world in your hands?

MARTIN: Rather awesome, sir. (*Hiccups*) 'Scuse me.

HEFLIN: It's hard to believe that those codes you're holding could plunge the entire world into a thermonuclear war. You have an important—and large—responsibility, Henry.

MARTIN: It sure is, sir.

HEFLIN: How long have you been here now, Henry?

MARTIN: About 40 seconds, sir. I just sat down before you came out.

HEFLIN: No, Henry, I mean how long have you worked here?

MARTIN: About two years, sir.

HEFLIN: I don't know what I'd do without you.

MARTIN: Thank you, Mr. President.

HEFLIN *goes back into the bedroom and closes the door.* MARTIN *surreptitiously reaches into a pocket and removes a small flask. He looks about quickly, takes a fast swig, then jams the flask back into his pocket. His eyes roll slightly and he sways a bit in his chair. He hiccups again and then, with a great effort, straightens himself up.*

CUT TO *the hallway outside the dining room, a few minutes later. As* HEFLIN *approaches the room, Secret Serviceman Steve Baker* (CLINT EASTWOOD) *is coming from another room. He appears to be upset.*

HEFLIN: Hello, Steve. You seem troubled this morning.

EASTWOOD (*obviously covering up*): Er, no, Mr. President, everything is fine.

HEFLIN (*sotto voce*): Steve, I notice you haven't been seeing much of Trixie lately.

EASTWOOD (*a bit embarrassed*): No, sir, your daughter and I haven't, er, dated for a few weeks now.

HEFLIN (*fearfully*): She's not going with. . . .

EASTWOOD (*nodding solemnly*): I'm afraid she is, sir.

HEFLIN *sighs. Then, with heavy steps, he goes into the dining room. Another Secret Serviceman* (JOHN FORSYTHE) *comes up to* EASTWOOD.

FORSYTHE (*ominously*): Did you . . . tell him?

EASTWOOD: That we think there's a homicidal maniac loose somewhere in the White House? No, I didn't want to worry him.

CUT TO *the dining-room table, where the First Family is about to start breakfast. Seated around the table are* HEFLIN, SAINT, *their older daughter, June* (CONNIE STEVENS), *and June's husband, Daniel* (PAT BOONE). *There is one empty chair at the table.*

HEFLIN (*worried*): Where's Trixie?

SAINT: She'll be right down. We might as well start without her.

HEFLIN: Peg, I understand that Trixie is going with——

SAINT (*abruptly changing the subject by turning to* STEVENS): June, where did you and Danny go last night?

STEVENS: To a really sharp rock-'n'-roll concert, Mother.

SAINT: "First Mother," dear.

STEVENS: I'm sorry. First Mother.

BOONE: The concert was keen. First the Mormon Tabernacle Choir paid a special tribute to the work of Paul Anka. Then Wayne Newton sang *I Left My Heart in Laos.* I nearly cried.

HEFLIN: I don't understand that far-out music.

STEVENS: Golly, then Jim Nabors came out in this *wild* black two-button suit and sang his latest hit, *Can't Get No Higher.* I almost wet my——

SAINT: That's nice, dear. I'm sorry we missed it.

CUT TO *another part of the house.* EASTWOOD, FORSYTHE *and other Secret Servicemen are running about with drawn guns, rushing in and out of rooms.*

CUT BACK TO *the dining room.*

SAINT (*to* STEVENS): How do you feel, dear?

STEVENS: Fine, First Mother, considering I'm in my third month.

SAINT: Third? I thought it was your second.

STEVENS: No, the baby was conceived after the Christmas party at——

HEFLIN: Cut out that kind of talk!

SAINT (*turning to* BOONE): What are you kids doing today, Danny?

BOONE: Gosh, I don't know, First Mom. Probably just hang around.

HEFLIN (*slamming his grapefruit spoon onto the table*): For pity's sake, Danny, you've been hanging around for three years now. Isn't it about time you got a job or joined the Young Americans for Freedom or something?

BOONE: But you know I can't be President until I'm 35. I figured I'd just hang around until then. I mean, I'm already 24.

SAINT: I have an idea, Mason. Why don't you make him a postmaster?

HEFLIN (*angrily tearing off a piece of breakfast roll*): Aren't the mails slow enough already?

SAINT: My, you *are* in a bad mood today!

BOONE: I love it when I get picture postcards from faraway places with strange-sounding names.

HEFLIN: How old did you say you were?

CUT TO *the corridor outside the master bedroom.* EASTWOOD *is clutching* MARTIN *by the lapels.*

EASTWOOD: My God, we're up to our necks trying to find a nut who's loose in the house and now *this.* Tell me, man, how could you possibly *lose* it?

MARTIN: I dunno, Steve. Probably by misplacing it. I think it was on my lap a few minutes ago. Something was, anyway.

EASTWOOD: Good Lord, the codes that could plunge the entire world into a thermonuclear war. (*He suddenly releases* MARTIN) Hank, have you been drinking again?

MARTIN: Nowhere near as much as I'd like to.

EASTWOOD: You swore you'd stop. Oh, you goddamn idiot.

MARTIN (*half sullen, half kidding*): You know damn well why I drink.

EASTWOOD: Where's your Sen Sen, at least?

MARTIN: Up yours—I lost that, too. (*Offering flask to* EASTWOOD) C'mon, have a slug. You worry too damn much, don't know how to relax. A bunch of stupid codes! (*Shrugs*) Big damn deal.

CUT TO *the dining room. Trixie* (JANE FONDA) *walks in, exchanges perfunctory greetings with the others and sits down.*

FONDA: What's going on in this house? Secret Servicemen are running all over the place, shouting and waving their guns.

SAINT (*to* HEFLIN): Do you know anything about it, dear?

HEFLIN (*more interested in his daughter*): Trixie, there's something we must discuss right away.

FONDA: I know exactly what it is, Dad, and the answer is yes—I've been seeing Leroy Jefferson, your chauffeur.

(continued on page 209)

Cowhide belts with brass commemorative Wells Fargo buckles that were made by Tiffany in 1902, by James Carpenter for GIA, $50.

Dimensia III, a combination stereo phonograph, AM/FM radio and cassette tape recorder, all contained in a desk-sized cabinet with circular-patterned control-center top and rosewood-and-chrome trim; speakers are designed in matching color and pattern, by RCA, $700.

Memorabilia, an 11x13-inch wood shadow-box assemblage of objects from the past, by Victor Cowen, from Croquis Gallerie, $125.

Push-button combination safety device locks not only car's gas intake into carburetor but also entire electrical system, by Safetech, about $140.

Matched set of canvas luggage bears ecology sign on all pieces and comes in four sizes: 12x18-inch duffel, $9, 10x17-inch Continental tote, $5, 12x11½x4-inch tote, $5, and 40-inch valet, $8, all by Airline Textile Manufacturing.

Smog, a board game that acquaints players with the complexities of controlling air pollution in cities, by Urban Systems, $10.

Steel electric clock is made in the shape of a one-gallon gas can, stands 11 inches high, by Sessions, $13.

Gold-ceramic one-pint mustache cup (with matching saucer), $11.50, three-inch mustache comb, $2.50, and polished-brass safety razor, $5.25, all from Hoffritz.

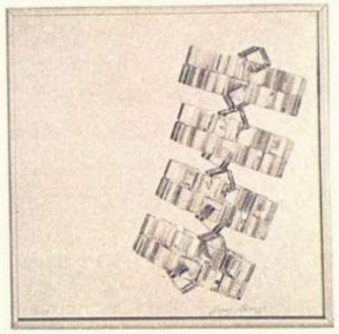
PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

Paper-airplane kit contains six die-cut designs, weights and 34 decal insignias, by Nut Tree, $3.95.

Rally-Master timekeeping set has a Master-Time clock and a Monte-Carlo stop watch that records up to 12 hours in 1/5-second increments and is mounted on one plate for easy attachment to rally car, by Heuer Time and Electronics, $156.

Artistic & Functional, an abstract Plexiglas sculpture mounted on a 12-inch-square metal-framed mirror, also of clear Plexiglas, by Jerry O'Connor Designs, $29.95.



Model IU-54 nine-inch portable black-and-white TV operates on A.C. or self-contained D-cell batteries and comes with earphone (not shown), by Hitachi, $150.

Max 1 25-piece melamine service (selected for Museum of Modern Art collection) includes dinner and salad plates, soup and fruit bowls, a serving bowl and tray, by Massimo Vignelli, from Heller Designs, $45.

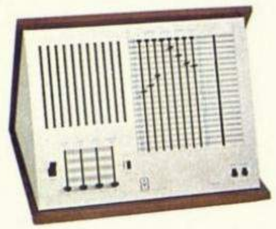
Set of Finnish sauna products includes shampoo, hair conditioner and bubble bath, all conveniently packaged in barrel-shaped container, $7.50, plus soap, $4 for three bars, and 18x43-inch hand-woven towels, $10 each, all from Averick Products.

Saddlehide suitcase is designed so all five tiers can be removed, features brass hardware and gabardine lining, from Dinoffer, $265.

Aquarian P.S.I. Model 360 portable headset allows wearer to audit his brain-wave activity—harmlessly—and partially control it, by Phenomenological Systems, $190.

Kamado barbecue has 15-inch-wide grill plus tightly sealed lid and glazed ceramic walls for uniform cooking with a minimum of charcoal, by Diem Corp., $70.

Master Blenders Pack, five distinct straight Scotch whiskies that can be mixed in varying proportions in order to obtain your special blended Scotch, from Federal Distillers, Inc., $25.



The Muse, a portable electronic computer that composes and plays music, is programmed with slide switches on front panel, by Triadex, $300.

Two 3¾-ounce glasses, $19, a 6¼-ounce beer glass, $9.50, and a wall panel holding an array of stainless-steel kitchen utensils with plastic handles, $50, all by Svend Jensen of Denmark.

Model 9370 fly-fishing set: fiberglass rod, reel, extra spool, tapered leaders and selection of flies in leather travel case, by Martin Reel Co., $120.

Participation Sculpture is 9½ inches high, has four bronze pieces that can be arranged on wood base to your design, by Harold Kerr, $145.

Futuristic Model 2001 AM/FM stereo and eight-track tape player comes with two globe-shaped speakers (not shown), by Weltron, $160.

Piper Autochord simulates sounds of 12 instruments, has automatic left-hand bass and rhythm accompaniment, comes with bench, by Hammond Organ, $995.

"Work Man's" Lunch Kit, stars-and-stripes-bedecked steel bucket and one-pint Thermos, for beach outings, by Aladdin, $4.39.

Pocketronic A.C./battery-powered calculator is 8¼ inches long, uses easy-to-load cassettes that hold print tapes and weighs less than two pounds, by Canon, under $400.

Dirty Water, an ecology-education game in which players attempt to successfully stock bodies of water with aquatic organisms and, at the same time, anticipate possible pollution, by Urban Systems, $10.

Glass Kitchen Chemistry set: ice bucket, $10, one-quart martini pitcher, $10, 13-inch spaghetti jar, $7, and 48-ounce flask, $7, by Pilgrim Glass.

THE ODD MAN

(continued from page 118)

said, shaking his head. "Earning the poor fellow a departmental citation and the traditional six feet of sod. He was murdered by the dope boy, of course."

"Of course."

"To shut him up."

"What else?"

"Which means he hadn't yet reported the name of the dope supplier."

"Well, not exactly, Mr. Queen." Emmy Wandermere leaned forward to accept the flame of Dr. Vreeland's gold lighter, then leaned back, puffing like the Little Engine That Could on a steep grade. She was trying to curb her nicotine-and-tar intake, so she was currently smoking cigarettes made of processed lettuce. "The undercover man hadn't reported the drug supplier's name, true, but in the very last report before his murder he did mention a clue."

"What kind of clue?"

"He referred to the supplier—his subsequent killer—as, and this is an exact quote, Mr. Queen, 'the odd man of the three.' "

Ellery blinked.

"Your mission, Mr. Queen, if you accept it—and you'd better, or be kicked out of the club," said Darnell in his most doom-ridden courtroom tones, "is to detect the guilty man among Chandler, Kerry and Fletcher—the one of them who's been selling the stuff in wholesale lots and who murdered our brave lad of the law."

"The odd man of the three, hm?"

Ellery sat arranging his thoughts. As at all such critical stages of the game, by protocol, the strictest silence was maintained.

Finally, Ellery said, "Where and how did the murder of the undercover agent take place?"

Darnell waved his manicured hand. "Frankly, Queen, we debated whether to make up a complicated background for the crime. In the end, we decided it wouldn't be fair, because the murder itself has nothing to do with the puzzle except that it took place. The details are irrelevant and immaterial."

"Except, of course, to the victim, but that's usually left out." Having discharged himself of this philosophical gripe, Ellery resumed his seat, as it were, on his train of thought. "I suppose the premises were searched from roof to cellar, inside and out, by the police after the murder of their buddy?"

"You know it," Syres said.

"I suppose, too, that no narcotics, amphetamines, barbiturates, etc., *ad nauseam*, no cutting equipment, no dope paraphernalia of any kind, were found anywhere in the building?"

"Not a trace," Dr. Vreeland said. "The guilty man disposed of it all before the police got there."

"Did one of the men have a record?"

Miss Wandermere smiled. "*Nyet.*"

"Was one of them a married man and were the other two bachelors?"

"No."

"Was it the other way round? One of them a bachelor and two married?"

"I admire the way you wiggle, Mr. Queen. The answer is still no."

"The odd man of the three." Ellery mused again. "Well, I see we'll have to be lexical. By the commonest definition, odd means strange, unusual, peculiar. Was there anything strange, unusual or peculiar in, say, the appearance of Chandler or Kerry or Fletcher?"

Dr. Vreeland, with relish: "Not a thing."

"In mannerism? Behavior? Speech? Gait? That sort of thing?"

Syres: "All ordinary as hell, Queen."

"In background?"

Darnell, through a grin: "Ditto."

"There was nothing bizarre or freakish or fantastic about one of them?"

"Nothing, friend," Emmy Wandermere murmured.

Ellery grasped his nose more like an enemy.

"Was one of them touched in the head?" he asked suddenly. "Odd in the mental sense?"

"There," the psychiatrist said, "you tread on muddy ground, Queen. Any antisocial behavior, as in the case of habitual criminals, might, of course, be so characterized. However, for purposes of our story, the answer is no. All three men were normal—whatever that means."

Ellery nodded fretfully. "I could go on and on naming categories of peculiarity, but let me save us all from endangering Charlot's peace of mind. *Did* the undercover man use the word odd to connote peculiar?"

The little poet looked around and received assents invisible to Queen's eye. "He did not."

"Then, that's that. Oh, one thing. Was the report in which he fingered the supplier as being the odd man written or oral?"

"Now, what kind of question is that?" the oil king demanded. "What could that have to do with anything?"

"Possibly a great deal, Mr. Syres. If it had been an oral report, there would be no way of knowing whether his word odd began with a capital O or a small o. Assume that he'd meant it to be capital O-d-d. Then Odd man might have referred to a member of the I. O. O. F., the fraternal order—the Odd Fellows. That might certainly distinguish your man from the two others."

"It was a written report," Darnell said hastily, "and the o of odd was a small letter."

Everyone looked relieved. It was evident that the makers of this particular puzzle had failed to consider the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in their scheming.

"There are other odd possibilities—if you'll forgive the pun—such as odd in the golfing meaning, which is one stroke more than your opponent has played. But I won't waste any more time on esoterica. Your undercover man meant odd in the sense of not matching, didn't he? Of being left over?"

They consulted optically.

"Explain that, please," Dr. Vreeland said.

"In the sense that two of the three suspects had something in common, something the third man didn't share with them—thus making the third man the odd man and, consequently, the dope supplier and murderer. Isn't that the kind of thing your undercover agent meant by odd man?"

The psychiatrist looked cautious. "I think we may fairly say yes to that."

"Thank you very much," Ellery said. "Which brings me to a fascinating question: How clever are you people being? Run-of-the-game clever or clever-clever?"

There was another eyeball consultation.

"I don't think," Miss Wandermere said, "we quite follow. What do you mean, exactly, Mr. Queen?"

"Did you intend to give me a choice of solutions? The reason I ask is that I see not one possible answer but three."

"Three!" Syres shook his massive head. "We had enough trouble deciding on one."

"I, for one," counselor Darnell stated stiffishly, "should like to hear a for instance."

"All right, I'll give you one solution I doubt you had in mind, since it's so obvious."

"You know, Queen, you have a sadistic streak in you!" barked Dr. Vreeland. "Obvious! Which solution is obvious?"

"Why, Doctor. Take the names of two of your suspects, John A.—Jac—Chandler and Benjamin Fletcher. Oddly enough—there I go again!—those surnames have two points of similarity. Chandler and Fletcher both end in 'er' and both contain eight letters. Cutcliffe Kerry's surname differs in both respects—no 'er' ending and only five letters—so Kerry becomes the odd surname of the trio. In this solution, then, Kerry, the insurance man, is the supplier-killer."

"I'll be double damned," the millionaire exclaimed. "How did we miss that?"

"Very simply," Miss Wandermere said. "We didn't see it."

"Never mind that," Darnell snapped. "The fact is it happened. Queen, you

(concluded on page 189)

"Isn't there some other way to get altitude, Mr. Gomez?"

WHAT'S JAPANESE-AMERICAN AND ENGLISH?

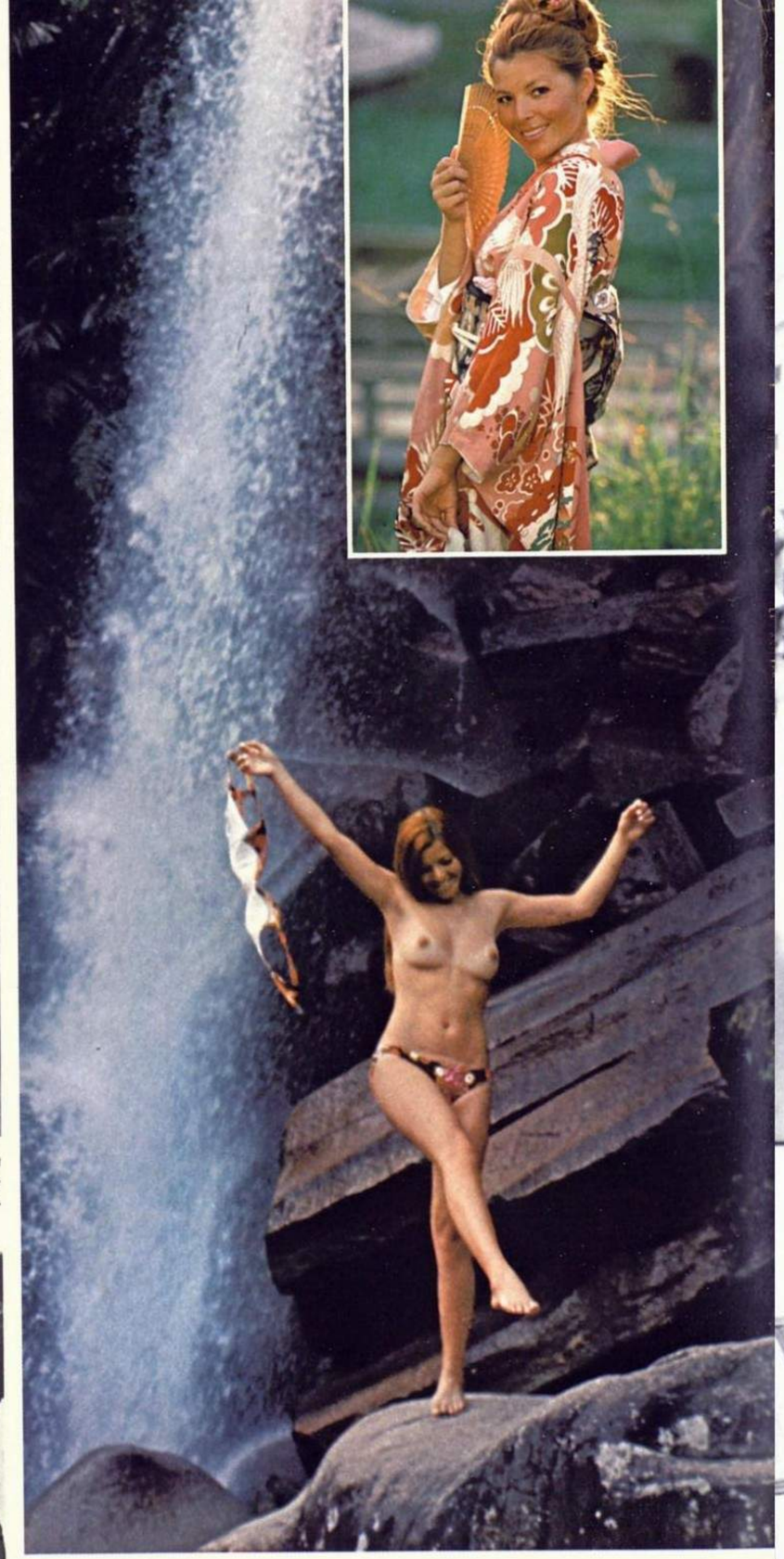
miss june's composite beauty blends the best of east and west

LIEKO ENGLISH, a 23-year-old native of Okinawa, is an engaging embodiment of friendly East-West relations: Her parentage is Japanese and American, and her unique beauty was formally recognized when, at 18, she won the Miss Okinawa title that took her to Miami Beach, home of the Miss Universe contest. "I enjoyed meeting all the other girls," Lieko (pronounced Lē-ā'-kō) says of that experience, "but I didn't like being watched all the time. An official was with me constantly." Back home after the pageant, she worked as a fashion model but soon realized that, because of the nature of most businesses in Okinawa—a proliferation of small retail stores that cater to tourists and Servicemen—long-term opportunities were limited. So, recalling the diversity and affluence she had witnessed in Miami, Lieko made plans to settle in the U. S., where, she reasoned, her chances of a successful career might be far greater. She first spent a month vacationing with an aunt in Hawaii; then, after being counseled by youthful acquaintances there who knew the States, she selected agreeably warm and socially vibrant Atlanta for her first mainland home. Upon arrival, Lieko postponed the uncertain throes of a fresh modeling venture and looked for steady work, finding it as a Bunny in the Atlanta Playboy Club. Although her stay was pleasant, and included an appearance in last August's *Bunnies of 1970* feature, she missed her family and left after 12 months for an extended return trip to Okinawa. Thinking about it now, Lieko has one

Right, top to bottom: Before leaving Atlanta for a visit with her family in Okinawa, Lieko goes shopping for some presents and, on the way home, passes through the landmark sculpture, *Renaissance of a City*; she's surprised by a Bunny going-away party; and later, she begins to pack.

Below: Lieko arrives in Okinawa and, after a ride from the airport, is enthusiastically welcomed by her grandmother and young cousin.

Above: After relaxing from her long flight for a moment, Lieko begins to unwrap some American souvenirs for her elated cousin.



Left: Her mother reorients Lieko to traditional style. Top inset and above: Lieko models the kimono and later adopts a more sensible mode of dress for frolicking near a waterfall.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Above: Accompanied by a good friend, Etsuko Okuhira, who is also a former Miss Okinawa, Lieko makes like a tourist in her own country as she browses through the local shops. Below: That evening, Lieko and her GI escort visit a popular restaurant, the Naha Tea House, where, for the first time in months, she's able to order some authentic Japanese food. "Every time I ask for squid in Atlanta, people think I'm kidding." After the meal and dancing entertainment, the two remove the restaurant's soft-soled footwear and reclaim their shoes.

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Above: Lieko's return jet lands in Atlanta and she's dismayed to find that rainy weather awaits her. But once inside the terminal, her spirits are lifted by the sight of friends. Below: Back at the Playboy Club, Lieko delights a sister Bunny with an Okinawan doll.

outstanding memory of the reunion. "I loved speaking my native Japanese again, because I have to think about each word I say in English." After four months, Lieko flew back to Atlanta and, almost concurrently, was invited to Chicago for her Playmate gatefold shooting. She quickly became fond of PLAYBOY's home city—even its blustery winter—and is presently making plans to move north, where, at least for the first few months after resettling, she'll use her Bunny background and work in the Chicago Club. It's too soon to say whether she'll decide to remain there; but it's certain that, as long as Lieko favors this part of the world over her native land, the U. S. will enjoy a very favorable balance of trade.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Rumors are flying that the famous town of Intercourse, Pennsylvania, is threatened with a superhighway that would cut right through its center. It's also hinted that if this occurs, the town might be renamed Coitus Interruptus.

We know a naïve husband who, after checking into a luxurious Parisian hotel and discovering a mirror on the ceiling, exclaimed to his wife, "Marvelous, now I can shave in bed."

A free-loving girl was filling out an employment application and came to the line marked "Sex," followed by the usual little boxes, "M" and "F." She checked "F" and, on the line below, added: "With luck, three times a week. I haven't 'M'ed for years."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *loser* as someone who calls the Suicide Prevention Agency and is placed on hold.

The jealous housewife was outraged when her husband came home late one evening smeared with lipstick and smelling of cheap perfume. "You've got a lot of nerve," she sobbed, "coming home like this and telling me you were working late at the office."

"That's ridiculous," he interrupted. "If I had a lot of nerve, I'd tell you the truth."

An acquaintance of ours was disappointed because he was turned down as an artificial-insemination donor—the competition was just too stiff.

"I just love working this street," the lady of the evening declared as she walked down Fifth Avenue with a co-worker. "It's always so exciting."

"You don't have to tell me about it," her friend replied. "I'm sold on it myself."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *intense* as where Arabs make love.

Steering the attractive miss into his examining room, the physician said, "Please take off your clothes, I'd like to give you a complete physical."

"But Dr. Jones found me perfect this morning," objected the patient.

"So he told me."

A bachelor businessman we know declares that no matter how many positions formerly held by men are taken over by women, there will always be one opening that only a man can fill.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *braless movement* as the unhooked generation.

The married exec went to Miami Beach alone on business and liked it so well that he decided to stay for a much-needed vacation. Thinking the scene was too good not to share, he sent a telegram to a bachelor friend: "JOIN ME FOR A DELIGHTFUL WEEK. BRING MY WIFE AND YOUR MISTRESS."

The other chap wired back: "SHE'LL BE WITH ME—HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN ABOUT US?"

And, of course, you've heard about the Israeli cowgirl who went for a little cantor in the woods.

Upon arriving at their new home, the groom carried his pretty bride over the threshold, dumped her onto the bed and switched on the TV. "After holding out on me until we were married," he announced, "I hope you don't mind waiting until the baseball game is over."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *singles bar* as a meet market.

Venereal disease has plagued mankind for centuries," the professor stated. "Can anyone tell me when this problem originated?"

"Like all other human troubles," a good-looking coed replied, absent-mindedly thinking back to her mythology course, "it probably sprang from Pandora's box."

Slamming his briefcase down on the living-room couch, the tired young man mumbled, "Honey, a couple of the guys at work gave me a hard time today."

His mate made no reply, but continued preparing dinner.

"Darling," he persisted, "they said we have a strange relationship."

Still no answer.

"Oh, honestly, Bruce," the fellow exclaimed in despair. "Sometimes I think you don't listen to a word I say."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Don't be nervous, the king is in quite another part of the forest looking for poachers."

THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE

article **By EDWARD and MILDRED HALL**

actions do indeed speak louder than words—and new interpretations of nonverbal communications tell us how to read them

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GAUNA

BOB LEAVES HIS APARTMENT at 8:15 A.M. and stops at the corner drugstore for breakfast. Before he can speak, the counterman says, "The usual?" Bob nods yes. While he savors his Danish, a fat man pushes onto the adjoining stool and overflows into his space. Bob scowls and the man pulls himself in as much as he can. Bob has sent two messages without speaking a syllable.

Henry has an appointment to meet Arthur at 11 o'clock; he arrives at 11:30. Their conversation is friendly, but Arthur retains a lingering hostility. Henry has unconsciously communicated that he doesn't think the appointment is very important or that Arthur is a person who needs to be treated with respect.

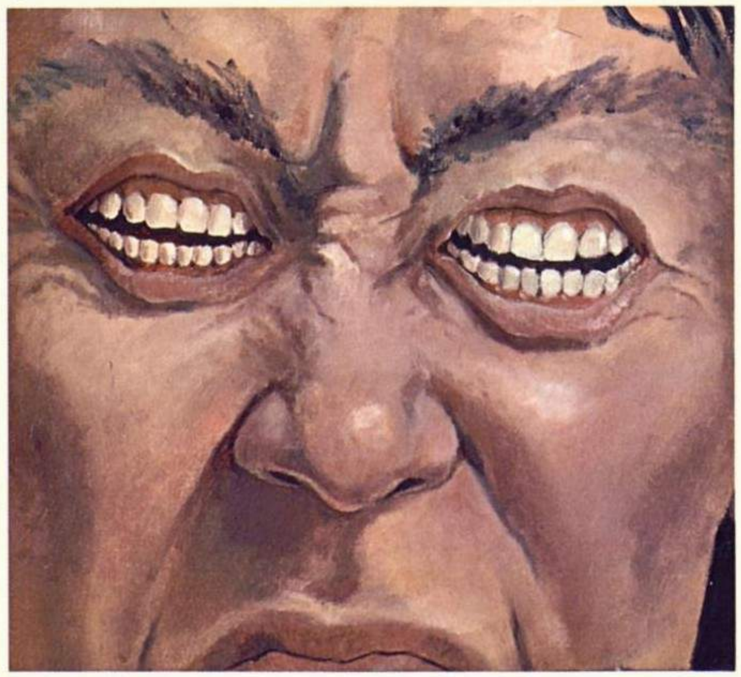
George is talking to Charley's wife at a party. Their conversation is entirely trivial, yet Charley glares at them suspiciously. Their physical proximity and the movements of their eyes reveal that they are powerfully attracted to each other.

José Ybarra and Sir Edmund Jones are at the same party and it is important for them to establish a cordial relationship for business reasons. Each is trying to be warm and friendly, yet they will part with mutual distrust and their business transaction will probably fall through. José, in Latin fashion, moved closer and closer to Sir Edmund as they spoke, and this movement was miscommunicated as pushiness to Sir Edmund, who kept backing away from this intimacy, and this was miscommunicated to José as coldness. The silent languages of Latin and English cultures are more difficult to learn than their spoken languages.

In each of these cases, we see the subtle power of nonverbal communication. The only language used throughout most of the history of humanity (in evolutionary terms, vocal communication is relatively recent), it is the first form of communication you learn. You use this preverbal language, consciously and unconsciously, every day to tell other people how you feel about yourself and them. This language includes your posture, gestures, facial expressions, costume, the way you walk, even your treatment of time and space and material things. All people communicate on several different levels at the same time but are usually aware of only the verbal dialog and don't realize that they respond to nonverbal messages. But when a person says one thing and really believes something else, the discrepancy between the two can usually be sensed. Nonverbal communication systems are much less subject to the conscious deception that often occurs in verbal systems. When we find ourselves thinking, "I don't know what it is about him, but he doesn't seem sincere," it's usually this lack of congruity between a person's words and his behavior that makes us anxious and uncomfortable.

Few of 'us realize how much we all depend on body movement in our conversation or are aware of the hidden rules that govern listening behavior. But we know instantly whether or not the person we're talking to is "tuned in" and we're very sensitive to any breach in listening etiquette. In white middle-class American culture, when someone wants to show he is listening to someone else, he looks either at the other person's face or, specifically, at his eyes, shifting his gaze from one eye to the other.

If you observe a person conversing, you'll notice that he indicates he's listening by nodding his head. He also makes little "Hmm" noises. If he agrees with what's being said, he may give a vigorous nod. To show pleasure or affirmation, he smiles; if he has some reservations, he looks skeptical by raising an eyebrow or pulling down the corners of his mouth. If a participant wants to terminate the conversation, he may start shifting his body position, stretching his legs, crossing or uncrossing them, bobbing his foot or diverting his gaze from the speaker. The more he fidgets, the more the speaker becomes aware that he has lost his audience. As a last measure, the listener may look at his watch to indicate the imminent end of the conversation.



Talking and listening are so intricately intertwined that a person cannot do one without the other. Even when one is alone and talking to oneself, there is part of the brain that speaks while another part listens. In all conversations, the listener is positively or negatively reinforcing the speaker all the time. He may even guide the conversation without knowing it, by laughing or frowning or

dismissing the argument with a wave of his hand.

The language of the eyes—another age-old way of exchanging feelings—is both subtle and complex. Not only do men and women use their eyes differently but there are class, generation, regional, ethnic and national cultural differences. Americans often complain about the way foreigners stare at people or hold a glance too long. Most Americans look away from someone who is using his eyes in an unfamiliar way because it makes them self-conscious. If a man looks at another man's wife in a certain way, he's asking for trouble, as indicated earlier. But he might not be ill mannered or seeking to challenge the husband. He might be a European in this country who hasn't learned our visual mores. Many American women visiting France or Italy are acutely embarrassed because, for the first time in their lives, men really look at them—their eyes, hair, nose, lips, breasts, hips, legs, thighs, knees, ankles, feet, clothes, hairdo, even their walk. These same women, once they have become used to being looked at, often return to the United States and are overcome with the feeling that "No one ever really looks at me anymore."

Analyzing the mass of data on the eyes, it is possible to sort out at least three ways in which the eyes are used to communicate: dominance *vs.* submission, involvement *vs.* detachment and positive *vs.* negative attitude. In addition, there are three levels of consciousness and control, which can be categorized as follows: (1) conscious use of the eyes to communicate, such as the flirting blink and the intimate nose-wrinkling squint; (2) the very extensive category of unconscious but learned behavior governing where the eyes are directed and when (this unwritten set of rules dictates how and under what circumstances the sexes, as well as people of all status categories, look at each other); and (3) the response of the eye itself, which is completely outside both awareness and control—changes in the cast (the sparkle) of the eye and the pupillary reflex.

The eye is unlike any other organ of the body, for it is an extension of the brain. The unconscious pupillary reflex and the cast of the eye have been known by people of Middle Eastern origin for years—although most are unaware of their knowledge. Depending on the context, Arabs and others look either directly at the eyes or deeply *into* the eyes of their interlocutor. We became aware of this in the Middle East several years ago while looking at jewelry. The merchant suddenly started to push a particular bracelet at a customer and said, "You buy this one." What interested us was that the bracelet was not the one that had been consciously selected by the purchaser. But the merchant, watching the pupils of the eyes, knew what the purchaser really wanted to buy. Whether he specifically knew *how* he knew is debatable.

A psychologist at the University of Chicago, Eckhard Hess, was the first to conduct systematic studies of the pupillary reflex. His wife remarked one evening, while watching him reading in bed, that he must be very interested in the text because his pupils were dilated. Following up on this, Hess slipped some pictures of nudes into a stack of photographs that he gave to his male assistant. Not looking at the photographs but watching his assistant's pupils, Hess was able to tell precisely when the assistant came to the nudes. In further experiments, Hess retouched the eyes in a photograph of a woman. In one print, he made the pupils small, in another, large; nothing else was changed. Subjects who were given the photographs found the woman with the dilated pupils much more attractive. Any man who has had the experience of seeing a woman look at him as her pupils widen with reflex speed knows that she's flashing him a message.

The eye-sparkle phenomenon frequently turns up in our interviews of couples in love. It's apparently one of the first reliable clues in the other person that love is genuine. To date, there is no scientific data to explain eye sparkle; no investigation of the pupil, the cornea or even the white sclera of the eye shows how the sparkle originates. Yet we all know it when we see it.

One common situation for most people involves the use of the eyes in the street and in public. Although eye behavior follows a definite set of rules, the rules vary according to the place, the needs and feelings of the people, and their ethnic background. For urban whites, once they're within definite recognition distance (16–32 feet for people with average eyesight), there is mutual avoidance of eye contact—unless they want something specific: a pickup, a handout or information of some kind. In the West and in small towns generally, however, people are much more likely to look at and greet one another, even if they're strangers.

It's permissible to look at people if they're beyond recognition distance; but once inside this sacred zone, you can only steal a glance at strangers. You *must* greet friends, however; to fail to do so is insulting. Yet, to stare too fixedly even at them is considered rude and hostile. Of course, all of these rules are variable.

A great many blacks, for example, greet each other in public even if they don't know each other. To blacks, most eye behavior of whites has the effect of giving the impression that they aren't there, but this is due to white avoidance of eye contact with *anyone* in the street.

Another very basic difference between people of different ethnic backgrounds is their sense of territoriality and how they handle space. This is the silent communication, or miscommunication, that caused friction between Mr. Ybarra and Sir Edmund Jones in our earlier example. We know from research that everyone has around himself an invisible bubble of space that contracts and expands depending on several factors: his emotional state, the activity he's performing at the time and his cultural background. This bubble is a kind of mobile territory that he will defend against intrusion. If he is accustomed to close personal distance between himself and others, his bubble will be smaller than that of someone who's accustomed to greater personal distance. People of North European heritage—English, Scandinavian, Swiss and German—tend to avoid contact. Those whose heritage is Italian, French, Spanish, Russian, Latin American or Middle Eastern like close personal contact.

People are very sensitive to any intrusion into their spatial bubble. If someone stands too close to you, your first instinct is to back up. If that's not possible, you lean away and pull yourself in, tensing your muscles. If the intruder doesn't respond to these body signals, you may then try to protect yourself, using a briefcase, umbrella or raincoat. Women—especially when traveling alone—often plant their pocketbook in such a way that no one can get very close to them. As a last resort, you may move to another spot and position yourself behind a desk or a chair that provides screening. Everyone tries to adjust the space around himself in a way that's comfortable for him; most often, he does this unconsciously.

Emotions also have a direct effect on the size of a person's territory. When you're angry or under stress, your bubble expands and you require more space. New York psychiatrist Augustus Kinzel found a difference in what he calls Body-Buffer Zones between violent and nonviolent prison inmates. Dr. Kinzel conducted experiments in which each prisoner was placed in the center of a small room and then Dr. Kinzel slowly walked toward him. Nonviolent prisoners allowed him to come quite close, while prisoners with a history of violent behavior couldn't tolerate his proximity and reacted with some vehemence.

Apparently, people under stress experience other people as looming larger and closer than they actually are. Studies of schizophrenic patients have indicated that they sometimes have a distorted perception of space, and several psychiatrists have reported patients who experience their body boundaries as filling up an entire room. For these patients, anyone who comes into the room is actually

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Preceding page: Low-cut, abstract patchwork trunks of nylon knit take a strong fashion stance on this season's sun scene, by Oleg Cassini for Sea Mark, $8.

Top: Beach brave has no reservations about Indian geometric-design stretch-nylon trunks with contrasting waistband, by Peter Max for Sea Mark, $12.50.

Above: Brief, light, hip-hugging racer trunks of fast-drying tricot are headed for the swimwear starting line this summer, by Eileen Holding, $7.

Right: The lifeguard look in a three-star production; stretch-nylon square-legged tank suit has appliqués, deep-cut neck and armholes, by Catalina Martin, $13.

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN NOW THAT "LIBERATION!" is the fashion battle cry—among established as well as avant-garde designers—the freedom-in-menswear movement has been gaining considerable ground. Right up in the front lines is swimwear, with a radically new emphasis on the humorous and the whimsical, the colorful and the unabashedly sexy. Trunks and briefs, such as those shown here and on the preceding and following pages, have broken out of the dull, solid-color boxer-shorts mode. Beach garb has now joined ranks with the youth revolution, also reflecting the wild decorating trend of pop art, the comic rebirth of *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang* and *Superman*, and the Indian-craft approach to multicolor combinations

Top left: Briefly covering the subject are these trunks for the active swimmer, made of nylon jersey with the French wet look, by Billytys-Bidermann of Paris, $9.

Top right: Shades of Jon Hall—ultrawettable, supercomfortable stretch Lastex trunks are coolly splashed all over with an exotic print, by Jantzen, $7.

Above: Put-on trunks of bright stretch nylon have a humorous pop-art motif, making the most of a toothy, winning smile, by Himalaya, $8.

Right: A stellar post-swim top of rayon and cotton, by Elaine Post, $9, is teamed with rayon-satin shorts with zipper front and back patch pockets, by Landlubber, $7.

and geometric designs. And leading the march from the streets to the beach or pool is the cutoff-jeans look in trunks, reinterpreted in denimlike fabrics and frequently punctuated with studs, white cord lacings and vinyl and leather trim. What's more, the well-suited male on the current beach scene wears less, for the right looks are pared-down tank suits and briefs—low-waisted and short-legged. The updated styles, teamed with the latest fabrics, make bulkier, heavier trunks seem quaintly obsolete and, moreover, uncomfortably clammy when wet. The fastest drying swimwear yet, the new suits come in a multiplicity of materials, including nylon knit, tricot, Lastex, nylon jersey and rayon satin. So join the freedom movement, mates, and take the plunge.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETE TURNER

humor **By MICHAEL DEMAREST**

BLISS COMES TO EZRA HAPGOOD

breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, "hooray, i'm under surveillance"?

EZRA HAPGOOD, a solid, silent-majority-type public accountant, read in the newspapers the other day that he was one of some 18,000 U. S. civilians who'd been under secret Army surveillance for two years or more. Unlike most of his indignant fellow victims—including Illinois' Senator Adlai Stevenson III and Congressman Abner Mikva—Ezra was ecstatic over the disclosure that he'd been spied on by maybe dozens of the more than 3000 intelligence agents the Army had assigned to the task. He bustled right over to tell me about it. "I mean," he said, sipping a diet pop, "how often does a middle American ever make page one? Except for rape, murder or embezzlement." After a sip and a pause, he added: "And you know how I stand on law 'n' order."

Quite apart from the sympathetic publicity he has received, Ezra feels the Army's attentions were long overdue: "I served three years in the Quartermaster Corps—not without distinction, I might note, even though we never got closer to Bastogne than Columbia, South Carolina—and during that whole time, I had the feeling that the brass never even suspected that Ezra Hapgood *existed*. And now what do I find? Why, that former Private First Class Ezra Hapgood is so important that the Army has compiled five feet of files on him, detached a colonel, a major—part time—two sergeant photographers, four privates—one of them a defrocked FBI man—as well as sundry wire tappers and aerial reconnaissance units to *surveill* his every activity. It shows the Army has finally realized what caliber guy they had all those years sorting T-shirts."

But why on earth would Army Intelligence want to investigate mild, loyal, churchgoing Ezra, of all people?

"Well," he mused, "I do have a cat named Mao. And Roscoe, my youngest, sports a Spiro watch. But still, there must be something *I've* done to warrant such interest by the Army after all these years. . . ." He brightened suddenly. "I know! It's the Volkswagen, the one I drive downtown each day from Eldorado Acres. About two years ago, my daughter Julie plastered the old clunk with flower decals and such. I never gave it much thought, but, of course, they're *peace* symbols and all that. Oh, and there's a flagpole on the front lawn I've never gotten around to getting a flag for. And, come to think of it, one time I did tell the Robinsons next door—he's a big shot in the National Guard, you know—that Bob Hope gives me the willies. That's it! They must think I'm an effete underground peacenik!"

I had to remark that this sounded pretty ridiculous. "Doesn't it bother you," I asked, "that the military is violating your civil rights? Doesn't it bug you to be bugged? You, a Republican member of silent-majority middle America and all?"

"Not at all," said Ezra, positively beaming this time. "I want to know who, if you get me, could be a better buggee? The Army's labors can only result in a report that, if I may say so, will reassure all loyal Americans that the Ezra Hapgoods of this country are still raising funds for the old Community Chest, coaching Little League, paying taxes and refusing to buy dangerous fireworks on the Fourth of July."

"All the same," I observed, "the Army's five-foot dossier on you won't just disappear. It will be filed, Xeroxed, microfilmed, stored in computerized data banks, turned over to Congressional committees and probably be published *in toto* on page seventy-four of *The New York Times*. Is that a pleasant prospect?"

"Published?" said Ezra, leaping to his feet (and knocking over the diet-pop can). "*Published?* In *The New York Times?*" He was ecstatic. "Look, if they've really been following my every move over the past two years and have to release all that precise information they've gathered so carefully, it'll be the greatest thing that ever happened! Take Sally, for instance. As you may know, my good wife is a, ahem, somewhat jealous lady who to this date has dark doubts that I really did attend that three-day Kiwanis convention in Ashland, Oregon, last July third through fifth. Or the Elks' Special Conference on the Preservation of Moose, in Peoria, last September fourth through eleventh—the moose issue proved rather more intractable than we'd anticipated. Moreover, as those shutter-clickin' sergeants will record, at no time whatsoever was I alone with a female, not even a female moose.

"There are, of course, other possible by-products of this remarkable event. The Army report will doubtless convince my boss that a fifty-three-dollar-and-sixty-seven-cent bill for entertaining client Hiram Rapsie at the Pink Pussycat last August eleventh was, indeed, spent on Hiram Rapsie and not, as he has hinted, on some floozy. Another happy dividend of this experience, I dare say, will be a retroactive reduction in my homeowner's insurance. After all, if the military might of the world's most powerful nation was so busy keeping an eye on Ezra Hapgood for over two years, obviously my house could have been in no conceivable danger of being robbed, and that's what I was paying insurance for, right? Oh, all in all, it has been a distinctly rewarding experience to have been surveilled by the U. S. Army for all this time, and I have nothing but respect for the Pentagon for having singled out Ezra Hapgood."

"Haven't you any complaints at all about the whole business, Ezra?"

"Yes," he said, pulling out a fresh stick of spearmint gum. "I sure think the Army ought to give me a few of those photographs of me it's been snapping all this time. Do you think I could get Melvin Laird to autograph one?"

THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE

(continued from page 140)

inside their body, and such an intrusion may trigger a violent outburst.

Unfortunately, there is little detailed information about normal people who live in highly congested urban areas. We do know, of course, that the noise, pollution, dirt, crowding and confusion of our cities induce feelings of stress in most of us, and stress leads to a need for greater space. The man who's packed into a subway, jostled in the street, crowded into an elevator and forced to work all day in a bull pen or in a small office without auditory or visual privacy is going to be very stressed at the end of his day. He needs places that provide relief from constant overstimulation of his nervous system. Stress from overcrowding is cumulative and people can tolerate more crowding early in the day than later; note the increased bad temper during the evening rush hour as compared with the morning melee. Certainly one factor in people's desire to commute by car is the need for privacy and relief from crowding (except, often, from other cars); it may be the only time of the day when nobody can intrude.

In crowded public places, we tense our muscles and hold ourselves stiff, and thereby communicate to others our desire not to intrude on their space and, above all, not to touch them. We also avoid eye contact, and the total effect is that of someone who has "tuned out." Walking along the street, our bubble expands slightly as we move in a stream of strangers, taking care not to bump into them. In the office, at meetings, in restaurants, our bubble keeps changing as it adjusts to the activity at hand.

Most white middle-class Americans use four main distances in their business and social relations: intimate, personal, social and public. Each of these distances has a near and a far phase and is accompanied by changes in the volume of the voice. Intimate distance varies from direct physical contact with another person to a distance of six to eighteen inches and is used for our most private activities—caressing another person or making love. At this distance, you are overwhelmed by sensory inputs from the other person—heat from the body, tactile stimulation from the skin, the fragrance of perfume, even the sound of breathing—all of which literally envelop you. Even at the far phase, you're still within easy touching distance. In general, the use of intimate distance in public between adults is frowned on. It's also much too close for strangers, except under conditions of extreme crowding.

In the second zone—personal distance—the close phase is one and a half to two and a half feet; it's at this distance that wives usually stand from their husbands in public. If another woman moves into this zone, the wife will most likely be disturbed. The far phase—two and a half to four feet—is the distance used to "keep someone at arm's length" and is the most common spacing used by people in conversation.

The third zone—social distance—is employed during business transactions or exchanges with a clerk or repairman. People who work together tend to use close social distance—four to seven feet. This is also the distance for conversations at social gatherings. To stand at this distance from someone who is seated has a dominating effect (e.g., teacher to pupil, boss to secretary). The far phase of the third zone—seven to twelve feet—is where people stand when someone says, "Stand back so I can look at you." This distance lends a formal tone to business or social discourse. In an executive office, the desk serves to keep people at this distance.

The fourth zone—public distance—is used by teachers in classrooms or speakers at public gatherings. At its farthest phase—25 feet and beyond—it is used for important public figures. Violations of this distance can lead to serious complications. During his 1970 U. S. visit, the president of France, Georges Pompidou, was harassed by pickets in Chicago, who were permitted to get within touching distance. Since pickets in France are kept behind barricades a block or more away, the president was outraged by this insult to his person, and President Nixon was obliged to communicate his concern as well as offer his personal apologies.

It is interesting to note how American pitchmen and panhandlers exploit the unwritten, unspoken conventions of eye and distance. Both take advantage of the fact that once explicit eye contact is established, it is rude to look away, because to do so means to brusquely dismiss the other person and his needs. Once having caught the eye of his mark, the panhandler then locks on, not letting go until he moves through the public zone, the social zone, the personal zone and, finally, into the intimate sphere, where people are most vulnerable.

Touch also is an important part of the constant stream of communication that takes place between people. A light touch, a firm touch, a blow, a caress are all communications. In an effort to break down barriers among people, there's been a recent upsurge in group-encounter activities, in which strangers are encouraged to touch one another. In special situations such as these, the rules for not touching are broken with group approval and people gradually lose some of their inhibitions.

Although most people don't realize it, space is perceived and distances are set not by vision alone but with all the senses. Auditory space is perceived with the ears, thermal space with the skin, kinesthetic space with the muscles of the body and olfactory space with the nose. And, once again, it's one's culture that determines how his senses are programmed—which sensory information ranks highest and lowest. The important thing to remember is that culture is very persistent. In this country, we've noted the existence of culture patterns that determine distance between people in the third and fourth generations of some families, despite their prolonged contact with people of very different cultural heritages.

Whenever there is great cultural distance between two people, there are bound to be problems arising from differences in behavior and expectations. An example is the American couple who consulted a psychiatrist about their marital problems. The husband was from New England and had been brought up by reserved parents who taught him to control his emotions and to respect the need for privacy. His wife was from an Italian family and had been brought up in close contact with all the members of her large family, who were extremely warm, volatile and demonstrative.

When the husband came home after a hard day at the office, dragging his feet and longing for peace and quiet, his wife would rush to him and smother him. Clasping his hands, rubbing his brow, crooning over his weary head, she never left him alone. But when the wife was upset or anxious about her day, the husband's response was to withdraw completely and leave her alone. No comforting, no affectionate embrace, no attention—just solitude. The woman became convinced her husband didn't love her and, in desperation, she consulted a psychiatrist. Their problem wasn't basically psychological but cultural.

Why has man developed all these different ways of communicating messages without words? One reason is that people don't like to spell out certain kinds of messages. We prefer to find other ways of showing our feelings. This is especially true in relationships as sensitive as courtship. Men don't like to be rejected and most women don't want to turn a man down bluntly. Instead, we work out subtle ways of encouraging or discouraging each other that save face and avoid confrontations.

How a person handles space in dating others is an obvious and very sensitive indicator of how he or she feels about the other person. On a first date, if a woman sits or stands so close to a man that he is acutely conscious of her physical presence—inside the intimate-distance zone—the man usually construes it to mean that she is encouraging him. However, before the man starts moving in on

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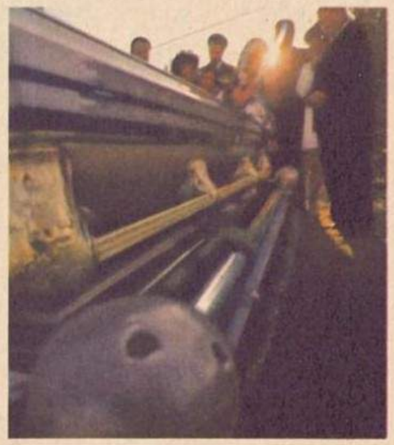
FUNERAL IN JACKSON

article **By CRAIG VETTER** *on a hot mississippi day, not far from the jackson state campus where he was gunned down, they buried young james green*

THE MAIN BLACK BOULEVARD in Jackson, Mississippi, runs west out of downtown, through the city's largest shanty ghetto, through the Jackson State College campus, and then out to the open fields and pine forests on the edge of town. It's called Lynch Street.

The campus is normally very quiet, but on the warm night of May 14, 1970, 14 students were gunned down in front of the girls' dormitory. Six men and six women were wounded. Two students, James Green and Phillip Gibbs, were killed. They had been peripheral figures at an almost aimless demonstration that had its beginnings in simple spring boredom and then went on to protest the Cambodian invasion, the Kent State killings (a week before) and the race riots in Augusta, Georgia. All 14 victims were black, which was the only fact the Negro community of Mississippi could relate to, and they reacted in a way that is nearly reflexive for them by now: They scheduled a memorial service on Lynch Street.

The morning plane from Chicago stops in Memphis, bellies over a pine forest onto the runway at Jackson and sets you down about noon. To get to the cabs in front of the airport, you pass a curio counter inside that sells little rebel flags, Minié-ball key chains and Confederate money. Usually, you can get a cab to the Lynch Street ghetto any time of day or night, but this week the only white men who would go near it after dark were the National Guard. The troops were patrolling every evening now because there had been fire bombings for the seven days since the shootings, and today, Jimmy Green's funeral day, Jackson was right on the edge.



We rode past a billboard that read, DOCTORS AGREE: MOONSHINE KILLS, and then the cabby found 1072—Stringer Hall—without seeing the number because of the crowd milling in front, and the small klatch of police across the street. The black men in front of the hall were standing, talking and taking the noon heat through the dark suits they'd hauled out of winter closets. The others for whom there had been memorial services in this hall—Medgar Evers, James Chaney, Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman, Martin Luther King, the little girls who died in the Birmingham church bombing—were also killed in the spring or summer, leaving these people to mourn in the heat. The women in the crowd wore loose dark print dresses, and the little girls were all in starched white Communion frocks. The service wasn't to begin for two hours, but already a few people were beginning to fill the seats inside the gymnasiumlike hall. Nothing would begin until James Green's body was brought from its cool place at the Collins Funeral Home to lie in the muggy still air at the foot of the flower-banked stage. That would be between one and one-thirty. And nothing official could begin until two o'clock, when the charter buses, full of Northern Senators, Congressmen and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEF LEINWOHL

newsmen, would arrive. I walked west up Lynch, toward the campus and Alexander Hall, the girls' dorm that had taken the barrage of automatic-weapons fire a week before. The campus runs for about four blocks along both sides of Lynch, and its new buildings, concrete and glass, are in stark contrast to the hovels that surround it.

More police were arriving now. A squad car left three riot-helmeted men off at the corner of Lynch and Dalton. They had heavy-gauge shotguns in one hand and canvas bags full of deadly number-one shot ammunition in the other. A group of about 20 young blacks across the street in front of the Little City "Gro" watched them quietly. They call them corner boys in Jackson. They're not students and there is no work for them in or out of the ghetto. The night of the shooting, they joined the demonstration as easily and naturally as the groups of long-haired street people in Berkeley have done over the years. They are Lynch Street's fiercest residents, and risk little in an angry crowd scene; but now, as the police looked at them, they turned their eyes away. All black men in Jackson fear the police. And all Jackson police fear black men. The three officers cracked their shotguns and, without taking their eyes off the group, each fed two shells into the chambers, then they slung the stumpy guns, almost casually, onto their shoulders.

Local television news teams were arriving now, and they parked their equipment station wagons in what shade they could find, but it didn't make much difference. It was a Jackson-hot day, getting hotter, and as they undid their cameras and recorders, they took off their sports coats and loosened their ties. When they were ready, each team—cameraman in the middle, with his camera mounted to his shoulders, sound man hooked to him on the right, light man with a battery-pack belt on his left, and the director pointing the camera angles—started across the street toward the dorm.

"Shoot that group in front of the dorm," one director told his crew, sounding eerily like a cop. He was pointing to the 15 or so young black men who were holding vigil on the lawn in front of the building. They wore black arm bands and had stationed themselves here for a week on guard, saying that they wanted the bullet holes to stay, *in memoriam*. Behind them on the ground, four small canisters of flowers sat dying in the sun.

The team moved closer. These were some of the same men who had been here the night of the shooting and who had produced almost no usable film. The confusion of events, the attitude of the police, the hostility of the students, the darkness, had caught cameraman separated from light man—or so they said. Of two local TV stations, only one actually covered the shootings of May 14. And finally, the only film that came out of the moments of horror was a short underexposed clip, showing students diving and running just after the shooting began, and illuminated only by the explosion of police and highway-patrol gunfire. But now these men who had missed the act were working hard in its wake.

The camera rolled. The student guards, who had hung a cardboard sign that read, OUR COLLEGES: SLAUGHTERHOUSES TO THE NATION, looked straight into the lens. It panned up over their heads, above the double doors with their glass shotgunned away, and up over the five stories of facade: shattered cement and windows and torn metal paneling (someone counted 400 holes; the shooting had lasted not quite 30 seconds). Some of the glass in the big windows was left where the automatic rifle and submachine-gun fire had cut cleanly through, and in other places only shattered, icy-looking shards were left. A light warm breeze blew through and flapped the shredded curtains.

A Mack-truck cab without its trailer passed routinely up the street. The driver, who looked like Floyd Patterson, forgot for a moment to drive and stalled his huge rig as he stared out the window at the torn dormitory. A cop moved up the street waving angrily at the driver, who fumbled to start the truck and then left hurriedly.

The director was on the lawn now, running his finger under the collar of his white shirt, asking one of the students very politely if he and his team could go into the building to film. The student cocked his head back and said, "I ain't got nothing to say about it. I'm just

"Peace!"

here guarding evidence. But if you want to take a chance on Governor John Bell Williams arresting you, then you go right ahead in."

The newsmen removed one of the jerry-built plywood panels that had been set in place of the door glass, stooped through, stepped carefully over a large bloodstain and started up the stair well that had taken the shooting. The concrete-block walls inside were nicked and pocked where the bullets had ricocheted through. The stairs were covered with shattered glass and someone had taken a spray can of red paint and written "blood" in script letters in several places on the walls. When they reached the third-floor windows, they stopped and looked back out onto Lynch Street. "See if you can get the kids out front through the bullet holes," said the director. There was the crunching of glass underfoot as the cameraman stood tiptoe and then craned around, trying to catch the light through the spiderweb patterns in the glass that was left.

Down the street in front of Stringer Hall, motorcycles were beginning to arrive. All leaves and days off had been canceled for the Jackson police, and this Friday, after the week of fire bombings and shootings around Lynch Street, they expected to be the worst day and evening of all.

The main group of police, 20 of them by now, was gathered on the other side of the street and down 50 yards from the hall. Right across Lynch from them, on the porch of a wood-frame shack, an old black couple watched across their front-yard vegetable garden of beans, watermelons and corn, as the riot-helmeted cops bivouacked on the edge of what seemed to be an empty field of weeds. It was a cemetery; unvisited, uncared for, with no walls or fences and only a few headstones angling this way and that, barely visible through the tall grass. They had an orange pickup truck with water canisters in it pulled back under the crumbling white portals that had once been the entrance to the graveyard, and they stood, with tombstones at their backs, laughing and kicking at the dust.

By 1:15, a white hearse had delivered James Green's body, and Stringer Hall was full. More than 3000 black people had filed in, and now all the seats and standing room along the walls and in the balcony were filled. The two-page programs ("In memoriam James Green . . .") were being used as fans, and they fluttered back and forth; the one big noisy air conditioner near the ceiling wasn't up to the day or the crowd. The center aisle in the auditorium had been left open and a steady line of mourners filed up toward the open bronze coffin in front of the stage. Just above, on the stage itself, a hundred or so chairs sat vacant, waiting, as was the crowd now, for the arrival of the dignitaries.

A few minutes before two o'clock, three air-conditioned Continental Trailways cruisers turned onto Lynch Street. The news cameramen had stationed themselves across from Alexander Hall, so that they could film the buses going by. When they pulled up in front of the dorm, the doors of the lead bus opened and Maine's Senator Edmund Muskie (he had chartered the jet and the buses with his own money, aides said) led a contingent from Congress including Charles Percy, Adam Clayton Powell, Claiborne Pell, Daniel Inouye, Philip Hart, Ralph Yarborough, Harold Hughes, Thomas Eagleton, John Anderson, Robert Eckardt, John Conyers, Charles Diggs, Abner Mikva, William Moorehead, Henry Reuss, Sam Steiger, former ambassador Averell Harriman and others into the hall. And the newsmen they had brought followed them: from *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The Washington Post*, the Baltimore *Sun*, Metromedia, A. P. and some columnists.

Once off the air-conditioned buses, there was some adjusting of coats and ties while they wandered a moment near the students in front of the dorm. A cardboard sign on a small Cyclone fence near the sidewalk read: ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS, but the Northern newsmen in the Edwardian suits and wire-rimmed glasses were writing frantically anyway, scribbling notes on a story that was the same, except for the details and the emotional geography, as the one they'd filed two weeks before from Kent State, Ohio. Notes taken and film rolled, the party moved off toward the hall.

The police near the entrance were impassive as the Senators and Congressmen filed in. Muskie had not called Governor Williams to say they were coming and, although they said they had notified Mississippi Senators James Eastland and John Stennis as a courtesy before leaving Washington, it was plain that except for the reception they got from the smiling and frightened black faces in the hall, their presence made Jackson nervous. It was the second time in six months that Muskie had brought a planeload of Northern outrage south. The first had been in January 1970, for hearings in the aftermath of Hurricane Camille. The collective memory of white Jackson (reflected this day in an editorial cartoon in the *Jackson Daily News*) stretches back, on such occasions, to the Civil War, when Federal troops occupied the city four times and raped it so completely that it was nicknamed Chimneyville. It mattered little that Charles Evers, the black mayor of Fayette, Mississippi, had invited Muskie to come and grieve publicly for two black students who had received much less attention than the Kent State victims. The official Washington party was less than officially welcome in Jackson.

As they settled into their seats on the stage, they accounted for most of the white faces in the hall. The service began with a hymn. James Green's family sat in the first row and, through the singing, a gaggle of still and film photographers squatted and kneeled in front of them, waiting for an expression that would signal the grieving mood of this Lynch Street gathering to a thousand wire-service subscribers and TV stations across the country.

Stationary movie cameras had been set up near the front on tables and their big lights added heat to the room as they panned from the young faces of the Mount Nebo choir singing *Nearer My God to Thee*, across the famous faces on the stage, then down to the young attendants who were quietly closing the 17-year-old student's casket.

Green had been a student at Jim Hill High School. On his way home from an afterschool job, he had crossed the Jackson campus and been curious about the noisy crowd in front of Alexander Hall. The National Guard was deployed on the campus perimeter, and state and city police had gone in to disperse the crowd. Green was across the street from the dorm, behind the firing line, when the shooting started. There had been no warning and no tear gas. The police said they began firing when they heard a shot (or a bottle dropped from an upper floor); later, the justifying logic included reports that obscene yells had been directed at police. When it was over, the police walked through the wounded and the frightened and the two dead to pick up their expended cartridges. That done, they called for ambulances.

Inspector Lloyd Jones, the ranking highway-patrol officer on the scene, radioed that two students were "10-7" (out of service). The rest of his radio chatter was less cryptic.

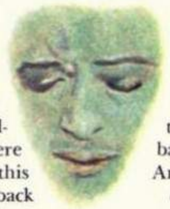
"Got one more female shot here—think it's serious."

"A total of six injured there?"

"No, we got two more males, they say. . . .

"I think there are about three more nigger males over there, one of 'em shot in the arm, one of 'em shot in the leg, and one of 'em somewhere else. They ain't hurt all that bad. Them gals, it was two nigger gals, two more nigger gals from over there shot in the arm, I believe. One of 'em is over there in the east end. I told . . . there two nigger

(continued on page 180)



THE CHANGE

fiction

By DON CARPENTER

he had been on another binge—and now it was time to see what it had cost him

IT WAS ONE of those awful mornings every drinking man knows about. Paul became conscious before he awakened and lay there attempting to draw enough of himself together to face the day. Yesterday could have been payday, he thought, because bad mornings usually followed payday. But he was not quite sure whether today was a workday or a weekend day. It made a great deal of difference. The impending hangover could somehow be borne if this were Saturday. But how was he to discover which day this was if he would not open his eyes? He tried sliding back down into unconsciousness, but it did not work. Instead, he turned the pillow over and nestled against the coolness. It had to be Saturday. He kept his eyes tightly shut.

The hangover had not really begun, because he did not feel guilty yet. For Paul, hangovers were a combination of upset stomach, headache and horrible guilt feelings. He took pills and drank orange juice and coffee for the head and stomach, but he could never do anything about the guilt. It did not matter how he had behaved the night before. He could have been sweetness and gentleness to everyone he met, but his mind would fasten on some small piece of bad manners and magnify it until he would be holding his head and moaning in anguish.

Paul still kept his eyes shut. He knew what he would see if he opened them: The chair beside his bed would have on it his little alarm clock (which he had surely forgotten to wind the night before), his wallet, his keys, his pocketknife and whatever money he had left over from carousing after cashing his check.

One hundred dollars of his biweekly check belonged to his ex-wife, but the other $289.39 was his to do with as he pleased. Yet on many hung-over mornings, he had awakened to find a crumpled wad of tired-looking bills and four or five dollars in silver. The rest gone into payday-night merriment. Which meant another two weeks of borrowing, putting off his ex-wife and sometimes, if he was too far behind in his payments, sweaty arguments with an assistant district attorney.

He did not want to open his eyes this morning. He did not want to pull apart the wadded bills and count them. This was where the guilty feelings always began. Especially if he had spent the night with a woman.

Had he? He thought carefully and, when that did not reveal anything to him, he furtively reached out a hand between the sheets, feeling for a sleeping woman. There did not seem to be one in the bed with him. Perhaps there never had been. But still, he could have gone to her place or she could have gotten up (especially if this was a workday). Paul winced. The guilt was beginning.

With a deep, painful sigh, he sat up and opened his eyes. Ugh! It was bad. His head hurt. His eyelids wanted to stick together. He realized he was not wearing a T-shirt, which always meant that he had been with a woman. So she had gotten up and left. So it was probably a workday. He blinked. Blinking did not help.

It was going to be a hell of a morning, he could just tell. If today weren't Saturday, he would be late for work, bawled out, nauseated all day and perhaps even fired. And then, of course, his ex-wife would tearfully call the district attorney's office and Paul would be sent to jail for 30 days. Things couldn't be worse. He turned his head and looked at the chair. Sure enough, there were the piles of nickels, dimes and quarters and the sad little wad of bills. It looked to be about six dollars in quarters alone. When he got drunk, he got crafty and stingy. Probably, he hadn't tipped anybody all night. In fact, he might have been stealing tips. That was really a hell of a lot of change, even for a drunk like himself.

All right. Might as well discover the bad news. He picked up the bills and began pulling them apart. Singles. One, two, three . . . wait a minute, this one looks like a big bill. He began to feel better, just seeing the crumpled back of the big bill. Maybe even a 20 . . . but no! It was not a 20. He closed his eyes and then opened them again. Then he turned the bill over and looked at the other side. Grover Cleveland stared calmly at him. It was a $1000 bill. The first one he had ever seen. He bit his lip. No mistaking it, it was a real bill. Nobody would counterfeit a $1000 bill.

He smoothed out the $1000 bill and put it and the singles into his wallet and then began counting quarters. He had $6.50 in quarters. Then he counted the dimes and nickels. All together, he had $11.30. Not counting the $1000. He took the bill out of his wallet.

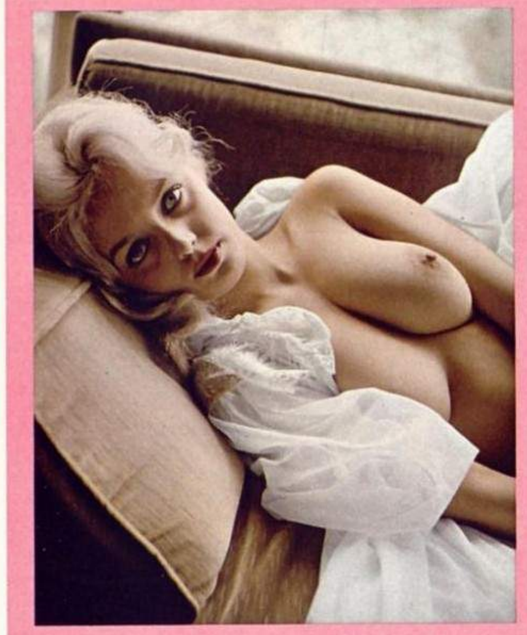
It looked nice. For some reason, he held it to his nose. It smelled faintly of perfume. He wondered what he could possibly have done to get this $1000 bill. His head throbbed mercilessly, making it hard to think clearly. He wondered who had given it to him, if anybody. Maybe he had found it in the street. If only he could remember having found it, then everything would be fine. He could use $1000.

But then, maybe he had stolen it. Maybe somebody had flashed it and he had craftily stolen it. The police might be coming, for all he knew. He rubbed his cheek nervously. It was always like this the morning after, thinking dreadful thoughts, unable to remember hours of the night before. Expecting the police, or doom, or something worse. But that $1000 bill. He grinned nervously and his stomach growled. He reached down to rub his stomach and that was when he discovered that his cock was missing.

PREMIER PLAYMATES REVISITED

a portfolio of playboy's past playmates of the year

THOUGH WE'VE BEEN PUBLISHING pictures of Playmates in the center of each issue for all of our more than 17 years, it was not until 1960 that the editors began selecting their favorite from the previous annum for a special Playmate of the Year pictorial. This year's premier Playmate is, accordingly, our 12th in succession—a fact that prompts this fond look backward at the 11 lovelies who preceded her. These specially honored gatefold girls of the past are a nostalgic reflection of the 212 Playmates of the Month who have appeared in PLAYBOY to date—from December 1953's memorable Marilyn Monroe to this month's selection, Lieko English—and a promise of further delights yet to come. In reviewing the post-centerfold progress of past Playmates of the Year, we find that several are happily married and raising families; nearly all have done considerable modeling (you may have spotted them in television commercials and magazine advertisements); some remain active on behalf of the magazine, making personal appearances on college campuses and at military installations; and not a few have gone on to screen success. A toast (Playmate Pink champagne, of course) to them all.



LINDA GAMBLE

1961

A native of Pittsburgh, Linda became a Bunny in Chicago—as did the other three Playmates who are pictured on these pages.

1962

CHRISTA SPECK

German-born Christa, the hit of our 1961 Playboy Mansion pictorial, is now married to famed puppeteer–TV producer Marty Krofft.

Our first Playmate of the Year, Ellen was a legal secretary from California who later went on to a New York modeling career.

ELLEN STRATTON

1960

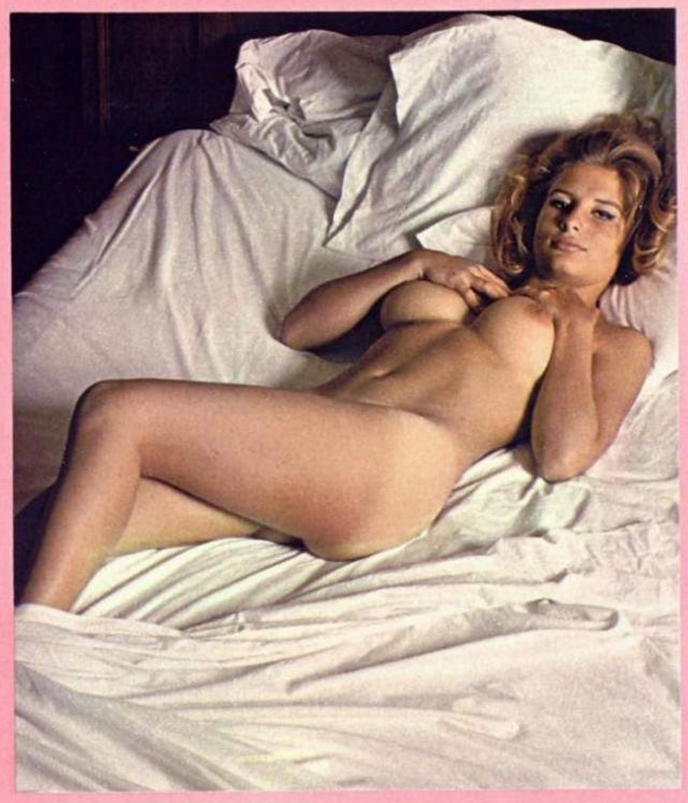
Hoosier June, who represented Indiana in Miss Universe and Miss World contests, still lives in Indianapolis—the perfect site for this auto-racing buff.

1963

JUNE COCHRAN

1964

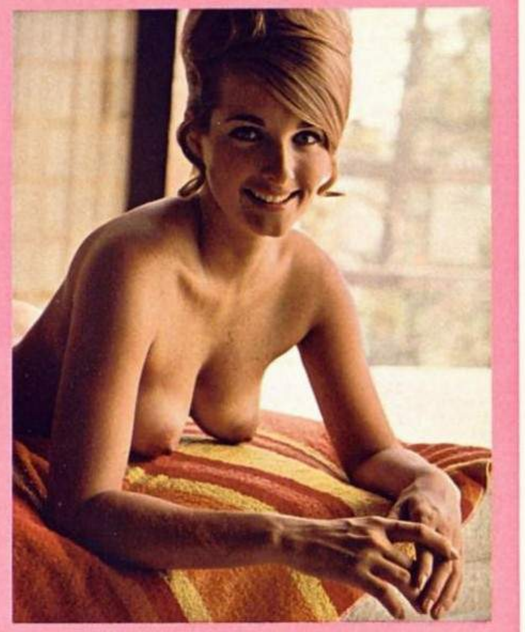
DONNA MICHELLE



One of our all-time favorite Playmates—and the subject of a record-setting 11-page pictorial—Donna subsequently starred in European films; now she works on the other side of the camera, as a Los Angeles photographer.

1966

ALLISON PARKS

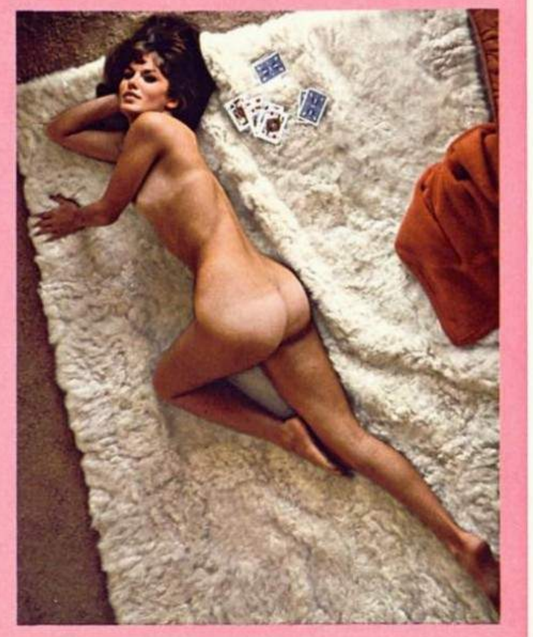


Glendale-born Allison, a regular on Hugh Hefner's TV series *Playboy After Dark*, is now one of Hollywood's most sought-after models.

1967

LISA BAKER

One of Texas native Lisa's rewards as Playmate of the Year was a trip to Vail, where she learned to ski; now it's her favorite sport.



Jo, our first Playmate to visit Servicemen in Vietnam—on a trip covered in our pages—wed baseball star Bo Belinsky, former no-hit pitching ace of the California (then the Los Angeles) Angels.

JO COLLINS

1965

VICTORIA VETRI

1968

First introduced to PLAYBOY readers as Angela Dorian—a name created by her press agent—Californian Victoria played a meaty supporting role in *Rosemary's Baby*, now stars in Hammer Films' *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth*.

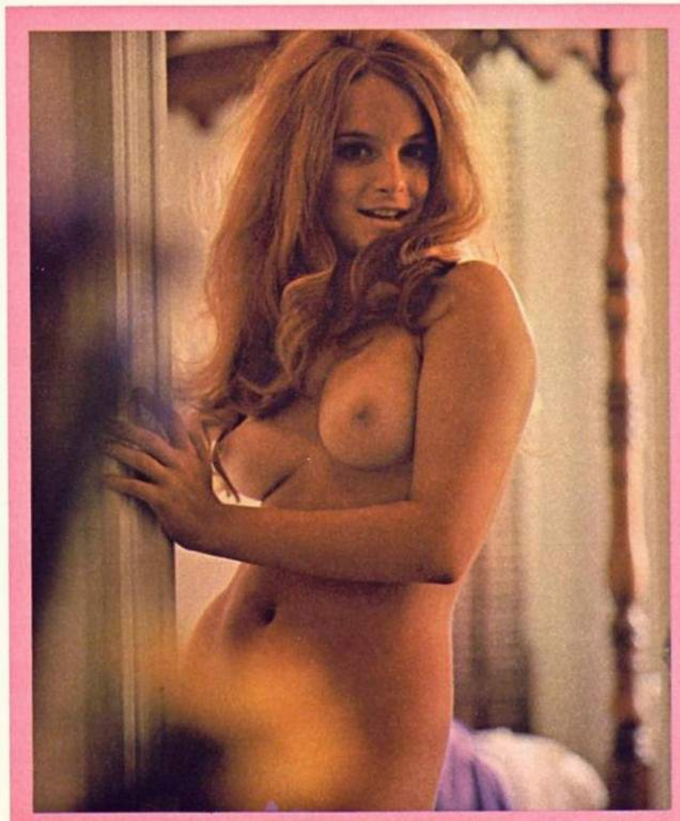
1969

CONNIE KRESKI

Connie, a student nurse in Detroit when PLAYBOY found her, portrayed Mercy in Anthony Newley's film *Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?* Today she divides her time between movie and TV commitments in Hollywood and London.

1970

CLAUDIA JENNINGS



Discovered as a receptionist in our own offices, Claudia progressed from centerfold to cinema and, more recently, stage roles. Of her performance in *Dark of the Moon*, *New York* magazine's acerbic critic John Simon wrote: "She makes a spotlight light up as no wattage could."

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR 1971

miss august, sharon clark, becomes playboy's twelfth gatefold queen

NOT SINCE THE DARKEST DAYS of World War Two, when it was a vaunted stronghold of the Imperial Japanese Navy, had the Micronesian atoll of Truk received such attention in an American magazine. But this time, in the August 1970 issue of PLAYBOY, the mood was infinitely brighter; one of the Truk islands, Moen, was the temporary headquarters of that month's Playmate, lovely Sharon Clark, then teaching English to local high school students. So captivated were PLAYBOY's editors by Sharon's fresh-faced beauty and sunny personality that she was their unanimous choice as 1971's Playmate of the Year. Sharon thus becomes the 12th in the succession of girls so honored and, like all of her predecessors, she finds it difficult to believe. Now back in California, where she has recently moved from Santa Monica to a house on stilts in the Hollywood hills, Sharon told us: "I really don't know what shook me up more, our earthquake or the news that I'd been chosen Playmate of the *(text concluded on page 190)*

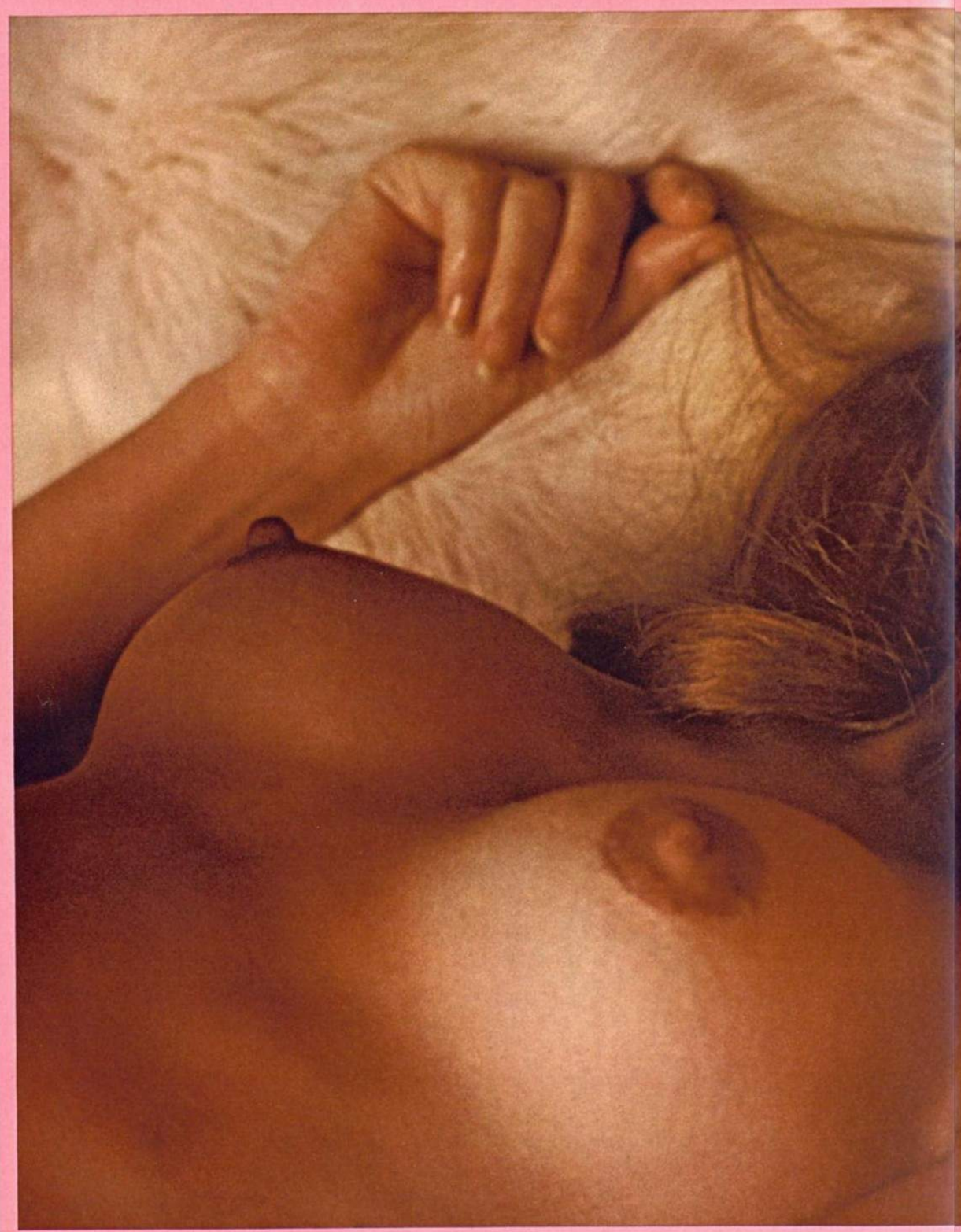
"I've always loved to travel, and my experiences in Truk just whetted my appetite for further exploration. I'd like to go to Spain—I've been studying the language diligently, on records—and I'm excited about the prospect of participating, as Playmate of the Year, in a trip to Switzerland, with ski instructor Roaer Staub as host. Luckily, skiing is my favorite winter sport."

"Basically, I'm a very happy person. But I can't help being deeply concerned about some things—especially pollution. I read PLAYBOY's interview with Paul Ehrlich, and I'm convinced he's right—that overpopulation is the basis for most of our problems. So I've recently become active in the local chapter of Zero Population Growth, writing letters to legislators."

"Since I returned to the Los Angeles area, I've been doing a lot of modeling. I've also appeared in a couple of television commercials—one for a shampoo and another for a skin-moisturizing cream. In that one, I'm shown walking across the desert wrapped in a loose, flowing cape." We prefer Sharon's charms more elementally enveloped: in pure sunlight.

"I do a great deal of reading, but I'm not very big on contemporary authors. My favorites are Dostoievsky and George Eliot. Television? Well, the *Smothers Brothers* was the show I liked best. Now I lean toward *Laugh-In* and *The Bold Ones*."

"Wow—this is going to be absolutely fantastic!" says Sharon of her Playmate gift, a custom Spectra 20 high-performance ski cruiser. "I've never driven a speedboat like this before, and it's wild. I hope to keep it somewhere on Lake Tahoe."



"I would really like to get into acting; I've studied with Lawrence Parke at his studio here in Los Angeles. I think a television series would be fun, especially if it could be something meaningful to the audience, the way *Sesame Street* is to children. At this point, I just don't know how to open the proper doors. Perhaps being honored by PLAYBOY will help unlock a few."

VARGAS GIRL

by order of the czar from *Russkiya Zavetnuiya Skazki*

Ribald Classic

WELL, when Vassily Osipovitch returned home after the war with the Swedes, he had learned many lessons about life and some of them were not so happy, as you might expect. After the family had eaten a tremendous home-coming feast, Vassily told them about what had happened to him in the army and about the terrible gunpowder smoke and carnage at Poltava.

When he had finished, his father said, "And now I have some news for you, my son, good news. Do you remember my old friend Pyotr Petrovitch? Just lately, I met him at the fair in Chistopol and sold him a cow that may not be the best milker hereabout, but 'buyer beware,' I always say. In any case, I have found a wife for you."

"What do you mean? Who is the girl?" asked Vassily.

"Why, it is Pyotr's daughter Katerina," said his father. "She cooks a first-rate cabbage soup; she has a pretty face, breasts like *that* and a round bottom so beautiful that it makes you think of the sun setting over the Volga. It is all arranged."

"Many thanks to you, Father," Vassily said, "but I am mindful of your own motto." So the next day, he set out, still dressed in his uniform, for the village where Pyotr Petrovitch lived. He arrived in the evening, inquired directions and finally knocked at the window of Pyotr's isba.

"I'm a soldier on my way home from the war," said Vassily. "Would you be kind enough to give me shelter for the night?"

"Of course you must stop with us, soldier," said Pyotr Petrovitch. "Come inside and enjoy the best cabbage soup you have ever tasted."

Vassily entered the house and was shown to a place at the table. The soup was, indeed, the most savory of its kind. And Katerina, if appearance meant anything, was equally savory. She had a face as pretty as a meadow flower in spring, though, because of many skirts, the matter of the sun setting over the Volga was still in doubt. What Vassily was most interested in learning was whether the lovely Katerina had been attracted to another man, but the conversation revealed nothing of the sort. While serving in his regiment, he had learned that some women are less pure and virtuous than they might seem to you and me.

"We have bad times hereabout," said Pyotr. "There was hardly a night last winter when some hapless soul was not devoured by wolves. But tell us, soldier, what is the news from Moscow?"

Vassily had an idea. "The czar has issued a new ukase," he said, "but it is very strange. I hardly know whether I can describe it."

"Come, friend, tell us what it is," said Pyotr. "We must surely know."

"Well, if you must know, Czar Peter —God keep him well and warm—has traveled in the world and has received many uncommon ideas from the French and the Germans and other queer people."

"Please," said Pyotr, "we must know."

"It is this," Vassily answered. "The ukase says that we must do things differently in bed from now on. When you lie with a woman, you must observe some new rules—she must put her head and legs through a horse collar."

"That seems very severe," said the

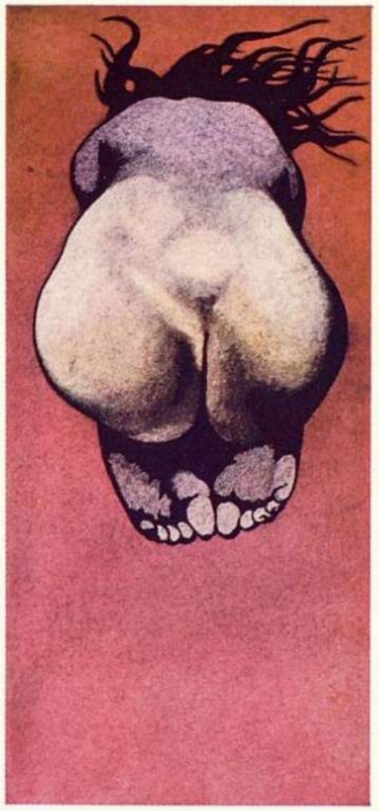


ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

peasant with a look of innocent amazement, "but it must be that the French have discovered something we don't know and the czar has determined to make us more civilized."

The conversation went on to many other things and at last they were ready for bed—Pyotr and his wife in the loft, Katerina on the tile stove and the soldier in the vestibule.

Late in the night, Vassily was awakened by whispers from the main room. Katerina was saying, "But it is a new law, my darling. We must not do anything illegal. There is one in the vestibule. Go quietly and don't arouse the stranger who is sleeping there."

In the dim light, Vassily saw the figure of a young man come into the vestibule and take the horse collar from a peg on the wall. He heard some rustling, some stirring and some giggling as it was fitted. Then he began to hear the sounds of powerful stroking and passionate gasps.

He jumped up, seized a piece of firewood, ran into the room and gave the lover a mighty blow on the noggin. "*Batouchka!* Pyotr!" he shouted. "A wolf has got into the house and is devouring your daughter."

The peasant, dazed with sleep, came tumbling down the ladder from the loft and reached out in the darkness. He touched his daughter's warm, upended bottom and he began to wail, "Oh, unfortunate child, the wolf has eaten her head."

Just then, the soldier lighted a lamp. They saw the young man, naked and senseless, stretched out on the floor and Katerina, naked and struggling, doubled up, with her head and legs through the collar.

"By all the devils!" shouted the peasant. "It is not a wolf that's got her by one end but a stallion who's got her by the other!" Katerina began to wail.

Well, things finally quieted down. The lover was revived with a bucket of cold water and Pyotr and Vassily threw him into a ditch in front of the house. Katerina was given a good beating and sent back to bed. In the morning, the peasant took Vassily aside and said, "Here are fifty rubles. I hope that you won't mention this matter as you pass through the neighborhood." Vassily took the money and went off to his own village.

When he arrived home, he found his father cutting wood. "Well?" asked the old man.

"I don't want to marry Katerina. That's settled," Vassily said.

"But why not?" his father asked in astonishment. "Isn't it true that she has breasts as big as *that*?"

"Perhaps even a little bigger," admitted Vassily.

"And doesn't she have a charming face?"

"Like a meadow flower," said the young man.

"And what I said about her bottom? Was I lying?"

"You didn't lie. It was even redder and more beautiful than the sun going down behind the Volga the last time I saw it," said Vassily.

"And isn't she good and law-abiding?"

"Oh, she obeys a law to the letter," replied Vassily. "It is just that she has delusions. She is fond of wearing a horse collar and pretending that she's a mare."

—Retold by Nicholas Gabayev

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 96)*

mind began to change, and he withdrew. Increasingly, he sought solace in his delusions of omnipotence and, as Stalingrad was followed by the Allied landings in Africa, the collapse of the Afrika Korps and the steady deterioration of the Eastern front, he progressively blocked himself off from reality. This was particularly true of the air war; as it intensified, Hitler remained in his own dreamworld and, to the end, refused to perceive the enormity of the devastation.

PLAYBOY: How could he ignore the results of the bombing all around him?

SPEER: By closing his eyes to it. In late July 1942, the Allies launched their large-scale bombing offensive with a week-long aerial onslaught on Hamburg. The results were catastrophic. The initial raid knocked out the city's water system, so that the fire department was helpless throughout the subsequent attacks. Giant fires roared out of control, generating huge cyclonic fire storms that sucked oxygen from the air and suffocated thousands in their basements or air-raid bunkers, while others were incinerated in the streets, where the asphalt bubbled into lava.

I clearly recall how gauleiter Kaufmann telegraphed Hitler desperately, imploring him to visit the crippled city to lift popular morale. Hitler curtly refused. Finally, Kaufmann begged him to at least receive a delegation of the heroic fire-fighting crews, but Hitler turned down even this simple request and refused to have the disaster mentioned in his presence. Not once throughout the war did Hitler make a morale-building visit to a bombed city.

PLAYBOY: Was he afraid to face the consequences of his own miscalculations?

SPEER: That may have been part of it. At first, I tried to tell myself that the devastation of the cities moved Hitler so deeply that he could not bear to confront it; but gradually, I came to suspect that he had no real feeling for the human victims of his blunders, that he could not stand visible confirmation of his failures. From the moment the war began, Hitler shut himself off from his own people, among whom he had once moved with relative impunity—a fact that had contributed to his immense prewar popularity. I recall one evening in the middle of the war, when we were traveling with Hitler on his private railroad train to his headquarters at Rastenburg. We enjoyed a late and lavish meal in his elegant rosewood-paneled dining car, the linen and silverware glistening, the wine in delicate cut-glass goblets. As we ate, our train slowed down and crawled past a freight train halted on a side track. From one open cattle car, wounded German soldiers from the Eastern front—starved, their uniforms in tatters—stared across the few yards to our dining-car window. Hitler recoiled as he saw these injured men regarding us expressionlessly and, without even a wave of his hand in their direction, he sharply ordered an adjutant to lower the window shades.

As we resumed the meal in silence, our train picked up speed and left behind the men who were fighting and dying for Hitler's cause. That encounter was symptomatic of his attitude whenever the question of military or civilian casualties was raised in his presence. I don't know to what extent such blindness was a defensive reaction, or if he actually succeeded in deluding himself. But as the war progressed, Hitler not only ignored the suffering of his populace but made vital military decisions without any consideration of realistic technical and tactical limitations—decisions that determined the destiny of millions of people.

PLAYBOY: Would you rate Hitler low as a military strategist?

SPEER: Abysmally low. He never developed a comprehensive strategic plan for the war; he deliberately encouraged wasteful and time-consuming parallel projects by different branches of the services; his planning of our air war against England and our own air defenses was confused and chaotic; he never gave adequate emphasis to U-boat production; he completely misunderstood the tactical and strategic realities of the Eastern front; and he lacked the determination and foresight to mobilize the home front for total war. His decisions were impulsive, often muddled, sometimes irrational and consistently lacking in the very professional military expertise he professed to possess in such abundance. If the Allied Chiefs of Staff only knew it, they had no greater unwitting ally in Germany than Adolf Hitler.

PLAYBOY: If Hitler was as hopelessly inept as you paint him and his military decisions so consistently counterproductive, why did the German general staff accept his leadership so unquestioningly?

SPEER: I don't intend to completely underestimate Hitler when I speak of his blunders after 1942. He made some brilliant and highly successful decisions, which by their very boldness and unorthodoxy almost carried us to victory in 1940. The tragedy was that these initial successes imbued Hitler with an aura of military genius—and every time the Chiefs of Staff stood up to him, he would say, "Ah, but remember how you argued against me over Poland, or France," and they would fall back in disarray. I think a very important contributing factor to his most disastrous decisions was his obsession with offensive action. This may have been a carryover from the bitter frustration of his own experiences as a corporal in the trenches of World War One. Whatever its origin, the consequences for our men at the front were terrifying. Hitler simply refused to permit them to retreat, even when faced with the most hopeless odds.

On the Eastern front in particular, this mad stubbornness resulted in the needless squandering of hundreds of thousands of lives. When large pockets of troops were cut off and isolated by the advancing Red army, he summarily rejected even the most desperate pleas for their evacuation. "Let them bleed to death," he said coldly. He believed that once a soldier had tasted defeat, he was unworthy for future conflict. In fact, Hitler often behaved as if he equated defeat, or even tactical retreat, with treason. As a result, he callously wrote off the lives of countless soldiers. This total disregard for both sound military strategy and the lives of his soldiers grew worse as the war progressed, and Hitler's personal as well as political decline became irreversible.

PLAYBOY: Was there a corresponding mental deterioration in Hitler as the war turned against him?

SPEER: Yes, without any doubt. The Hitler of the last three years of the war was a pale shadow of the dynamic peacetime leader of the Thirties. The deterioration first manifested itself in 1942 and grew progressively worse until the end. The keen cutting edge of his intellect seemed blunted; intellectually he was sluggish and torpid; he was permanently irritable and on edge. Where once he had arrived at decisions swiftly and firmly, he now had to drag them painfully from his fatigued mind. Every time I saw him in those days, he seemed to have grown more withdrawn and taciturn. I will say to Hitler's credit that he had fantastic powers of self-control when he was willing to exercise them; and throughout the war, he did force himself to accept a strictly disciplined work schedule. But this was contrary to his character and it imposed severe strains upon him—strains that were reflected in the erratic quality of his judgments.

The military men around Hitler had been accustomed to intense daily work since their youth, and they could not grasp the extent to which Hitler suffered from overwork. It was only years later, when I was imprisoned at Spandau, that I really understood what it must be like to live every day under such intense psychological pressure. Looking back on Hitler's physical environment in his military bunkers in Berlin and Rastenburg, I realized how similar the atmosphere was to a prison—immense concrete walls

(continued on page 190)

CONSTRUCTION BY RON BRADFORD

drink

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

take neutral grape spirits combined with dried flowers and wormwood leaves, suffuse with vaunted aphrodisiac powers, mix in a history dark with tales of death and madness, and you have one of the world's most maligned—and misunderstood—aperitifs

ABSINTHE

ON AUGUST 28, 1905, Jean Lanfray, a vineyard worker and day laborer in the little village of Commugny, Switzerland, awoke at 4:30 in the morning. He began his day with his usual eye opener: a shot of absinthe, to which he added three parts of water. Before the day was over, Lanfray would commit a series of horrible murders and, ultimately, he would bring about the downfall of a $100,000,000 industry. Lanfray was a tough, burly peasant. He weighed 180 pounds. He was almost six feet tall and was in robust health. He was a Frenchman by birth. He had served his three years of military service with the Chasseurs Alpins regiment of the French Army. There he had learned two things: how to kill and how to drink absinthe.

At that time, absinthe was the best-selling before-dinner drink in much of the civilized world. It was —and is—an anise-flavored liquor

of high alcoholic strength, preferably 136 proof. It is made by steeping various herbs in neutral grape spirits for eight days and then redistilling the concoction. Among the 15 herbs in absinthe are the dried flowers and leaves of wormwood, a plant that grows about three feet high and is botanically related to our Southwestern sagebrush. The German word for wormwood is *Wermut*, or vermouth; there are small amounts of wormwood oil in vermouth. The Latin for wormwood is *Artemisia absinthium*, and its oil is known as absinthol, hence the name of this elixir. For many years, a considerable number of French physicians and biologists had regarded the wormwood plant as deadly poisonous.

On what was to be a most eventful day in the history of drinking, Lanfray, 31, got dressed. He lived with his wife and two children on the second floor of a farmhouse. His parents and his brother, Paul, lived downstairs. Lanfray had a second absinthe and water. He wiped his lips. He told his wife to wax his boots while he went about his chores, as he planned to go mushroom hunting in the woods the next morning. His wife grumbled something or other. During the past year, the couple had been constantly quarreling—about money, about her in-laws, about his drinking habits.

"Don't forget to wax my boots," Lanfray repeated. "And make it good, you hear?"

He went to the barn and watered the cows and let them out into the pasture. He returned and had some coffee and bread. The children—Rose, four and a half, and Blanche, one and a half—were still asleep. Lanfray went downstairs. He joined his father and brother. The three Lanfrays then began walking to the vineyards near the village where they were employed. En route, they passed the local *auberge* and Jean, a man who could not go very long without slaking his awesome thirst, went in. It was about 5:30 A.M. (a Swiss lawenforcement official, as we shall see, compiled a meticulous record of Lanfrey's alcoholic intake that fatal day) and our man had, first, a crème de menthe with water, and then a cognac and soda. He worked until noon. He had brought bread, cheese and sausage for lunch. With the food, he downed two or three glasses of chambertin. (This was not the famous Burgundian chambertin so prized by wine experts but a local homemade wine made from the district's *pinot noir* grapes and known in the patois as *piquette*.) Jean Lanfray's *piquette* was celebrated for being the strongest in the area. Lanfray could have paraphrased Will Rogers' famous remark about men and said that he had never met a drink he didn't like.

At three P.M., he took a wine break—two more glasses of his *piquette*. At 4:15, he accepted another glass of red wine offered by a neighbor. At 4:30, the day's work over, Lanfray, his father and his brother dropped into a café and he had a cup of black coffee laced with brandy.

Later, when the police and psychiatrists delved into his behavior pattern, they found that he drank every day two to two and a half liters of *vin ordinaire* and two to two and a half liters of the stronger *piquette*—about six quarts in all. Besides this, he consumed several brandies and cordials plus one or two absinthes a day.

It was then about five P.M. Jean Lanfray and his father went home. There, they each polished off a liter of *piquette*. Jean's wife was in a bad mood. Besides having two small children to look after, she had to clean the house, cook the meals and help out with the farm chores. She asked her husband to milk the cows. They had a herd of 20 and sold the milk to a local creamery. Lanfray, having put in a hard day of drinking and digging, was not up to milking cows. He ordered his wife to go to hell and milk the cows herself. Then he demanded hot coffee. She put the coffeepot on the stove. She did not say anything. In those days, women who knew what was good for them didn't get sassy with their husbands. Lanfray laced the coffee with a healthy slug of marc, a powerful brandy he made himself. His wife went outside. Sometime later, she returned and said she was going to take the milk to the creamery. Her husband complained that the coffee had not been hot enough. She shrugged. Suddenly, he noticed his boots under the sink—unwaxed. He gave her a further piece of his mind. His father started to leave, not wanting any part of this family quarrel. He said goodbye to his daughter-in-law. She shrugged insolently. Lanfray *fils* shouted that she should behave more politely to the old man. She shrugged again. He was enraged. He began yelling. And then she yelled back.

"Shut up!" he barked.

She lost her temper: "I'd like to see you make me!"

"You would, would you?" he snarled. He went and got his old Vetterli rifle, a long-barreled (33.2 inches), bolt-action repeater that took a magazine of 12 cartridges.

"Don't do anything foolish," the old man pleaded.

"You stay out of this, Poppa, unless you want trouble yourself!"

Lanfray raised his Vetterli, took aim and shot his wife in the head. She fell and died almost instantly. The old man ran out, shouting, "*Au secours, au secours!*" The oldest daughter ran into the room. She screamed. Jean shot her in the chest. She fell, mortally wounded. Next, he went to the cradle where little Blanche was sleeping. He killed the infant. Then he set out to take his own life. He held out the rifle and tried to aim it at his head, but it was too long. He got a string and tied it to the trigger, passed it behind the trigger bar, then held the free end of the string with one hand and the rifle by the barrel with the other hand. He was thus able to draw a bead on his own head, but he missed his brain; the bullet lodged in his lower jaw. Bleeding profusely, Lanfray tucked the corpse of his youngest girl under his arm. He went into the barn. He lay down on the ground and fell into a deep sleep, where the police found him and took him into custody. He was "dazed and incoherent," according to their account. He was taken first to the hospital in nearby Nyon, where the bullet was removed from his jaw. He fell asleep again at once. Later, he was taken to see his three victims in their coffins. Nurse Marie Blaser said that the murderer wept and moaned over and over, "It is not me who did this. Tell me, O God, please tell me that I have not done this. I loved my wife and children so much." Lanfray insisted he did not remember anything about the murders.

On September 3, 1905, a Sunday, the citizens of Commugny held a mass meeting in the schoolhouse. The villagers, horrified by the crime, learned after an autopsy on Mme. Lanfray that she was four months pregnant with a male fetus. The community had to find a scapegoat. Absinthe became that scapegoat.

At the meeting, speaker after speaker denounced the liquor. "Absinthe," declaimed the mayor, "is the principal cause of a series of bloody crimes in our country." The citizens voted to petition the local legislature to ban absinthe in their canton of Vaud. Within a few days, 82,000 people signed—including women, who did not then have the right to vote.

Medical men joined the outcry against absinthe. A committee of Swiss doctors gave the opinion that "more than all other alcoholic beverages, absinthe exercises an irresistible temptation to the drinker and compels him to drink too much." Psychiatrist Achille Weber, director of the Bel-Air Insane Asylum in Geneva, stated that 40 percent of the male patients admitted suffered from alcoholism. Since 1870, in fact, French physicians had noted a variety of symptoms they named alcoholism. There were, they said, three kinds of absinthe drinkers: (1) The majority, who had a single absinthe before dinner and suffered

"How many Ls in bordello?"

no bad effects. (2) The absinthist who went on periodic binges, during which he drank a liter or more a day. This type experienced unappeasable thirst, loss of appetite, noises in the ears, hallucinations and anxiety attacks. (3) The absinthist who was a daily heavy addict and consumed 10 to 12 ounces a day. After 20 years, he developed palsy, lost his hair and often experienced convulsive fits like an epileptic. The most pronounced characteristics of the absinthe addict were his drawn and emaciated face and melancholy expression; his skin was dead-white, as white as a frog's belly. The ghastly pallor of the absinthist was noted by observers ranging from medical men to artists such as Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec, who painted the absinthe drinkers of Montmartre and the Grands Boulevards. A Degas masterpiece, *L'Absinthe*, shows a man and a woman at a table. The woman, with a glass of absinthe in front of her, stares vacantly, dreamily into space; her face is powder-white.

Obviously, then, Jean Lanfray was *not* an absinthe addict at all. He was not thin, his skin was not deathly white, he didn't have fits. He was in excellent health and his weight was normal for his height and age. Furthermore, he rarely drank more than two absinthes a day. But the guilt of a community had been aroused. For the Swiss, absinthe became a convenient lightning rod, a means of evading the complex psychological facts of murder, the facts of human nature, the ever-present power of evil in all of us.

Dr. Albert Mahaim, then the leading Swiss psychiatrist, a professor at the University of Geneva and the head of the insane asylum at Cery, examined the murderer in prison. He gave it as his opinion that "without a doubt, it is the absinthe he drank daily and for a long time that gave Lanfray the ferociousness of temper and blind rages that made him shoot his wife for nothing and his two poor children, whom he loved." The Commugny massacre was a front-page story in almost every country, and most Europeans were willing to believe that it was the absinthe that had really pulled the trigger.

Lanfray went on trial on February 23, 1906. The defense maintained that he had been in a state of absinthe-induced delirium when he killed and thus he was not mentally responsible for the murders. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. Three days later, he hanged himself in his cell. The Vaud legislature voted, 126 to 44, to ban the manufacture and sale of absinthe in the commune. In a special referendum in 1907, the Swiss voted, 23,062 to 16,032, to ban the manufacture and sale of absinthe nationwide. Though other nations subsequently prohibited *all* forms of wines and spirits—Iceland (1908 to 1934), Russia (1914 to 1924), Finland (1919 to 1932), Norway (1916 to 1927) and the United States (1920 to 1933)—absinthe was the first and only potable ever to be singled out for total prohibition. In fact, the Swiss had not been consuming an inordinate quantity of absinthe: 110,000 gallons a year, or approximately 67 one-ounce glasses for every drinking adult—one every five days.

Felix Bonjour, a Swiss newspaperman who had covered the Lanfray trial, revealed years later that Monsieur Alfred Obrist, the prosecutor, did not, in fact, believe that Lanfray was an absinthe addict. Indeed, since Lanfray habitually drank six quarts of wine a day, with an additional six or eight ounces of brandy and cordials, absinthe was obviously only a small part of his intake. On the other hand, many persons who drink absinthe and also like their wine report that, for some mysterious reason, absinthe is able to intensify the power of wine. Lovers of absinthe used to say that "absinthe is a spark that explodes the gunpowder of wine." H. Warner Allen, the English liquor authority, warned: "Those who experiment with absinthe will do well to remember that it has the curious property of doubling the effect of every drink that is taken after it, so that half a bottle of wine at the meal which follows it will be equivalent to a whole bottle."

Absinthe, mostly of inferior quality, is still widely bootlegged in Switzerland. In the opinion of many Swiss lawmakers, the liquor should be legalized again and its manufacture made a monopoly of the state, since it is regarded as a necessity of life by many mountain climbers and skiers.

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Is absinthe really the most powerful and soul-stirring of drinks? George Saintsbury—professor of English and French literature at the University of Edinburgh and for some 50 years one of England's leading literary men—came to its defense in a famous treatise on wines and spirits, *Notes for a Cellar-Book*, first published in 1920 and now a classic. A civilized, sophisticated man, Saintsbury hymned the praises of the beverage at a time when the League of Nations was considering a proposal to declare a world-wide ban on absinthe. Saintsbury described how absinthe "burns like a torchlight procession . . . the extraordinary combination of the refreshingness and comforting character in odor and flavor." Never, never, never had absinthe hurt him in any way, he swore. He lived to be 88. Nonetheless, he warned, the liquor was so concentrated that it shouldn't be "let loose indiscriminately and intensively in the human frame," for it was too potent, too poisonous. Saintsbury also suggested that nobody but a lunatic would drink it neat. Experienced drinkers recommend five parts of water to one of absinthe. (The French firm of Pernod Fils produces a version that contains all the traditional herbs except wormwood; it's labeled Pernod 51—meaning five parts water and one part 90-proof absinthe. Pernod, the first company to market absinthe commercially has since become a generic name for all high-proof anise-based liquors. Pernod Fils used to have a branch at Tarragona, Spain, where stronger, 136-proof absinthe was made from the original wormwood-flavored formula.)

Ernest Hemingway has written the warmest tributes to the power of positive absinthe. He fell in love with the Tarragona variety on a trip to Spain in 1922 and for the rest of his life he reverenced the peculiar effects of absinthe, right or wrong, on the mind and genitals. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, hero Robert Jordan is having a belt of absinthe and water and somebody asks him what it is.

"A medicine."

"But what is it for?"

"For everything. It cures everything. If you have anything wrong, this will cure it."

Hemingway said that when you sipped it slowly, it was an "opaque, bitter, tongue-numbing, brain-warming, stomach-warming, idea-changing liquid alchemy. . . . In this, the real absinthe, there is wormwood. It's supposed to rot your brain out, but I don't believe it. It only changes the ideas. You should pour water into it very slowly, a few drops at a time." Whiskey, Hemingway added, "does not curl around inside of you the way absinthe does. There is nothing like absinthe."

One of the constituents of absinthol, the oil of the wormwood plant, is thujone, $C_{10}H_{16}O$. Thujone is colorless and has a pleasant smell. But the taste is astringently bitter, as bitter as digitalis, cinchona quinine or hops. The prophet Jeremiah speaks truly when he describes "remembering my misery, the wormwood and the gall." It is said that the medicinal properties of the oil of the wormwood were recognized by Hippocrates, the Greek founder of medicine as we know it, who prescribed it for anemia, rheumatism and menstrual pains. Other Greek and Latin physicians recommended wormwood as an appetizer and a digestive. Paracelsus, the great medieval alchemist, supposedly was the first to note

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Old Grand-Dad Head of the Bourbon Family

that wormwood cooled a fever, using it to treat malaria. After the Arabs invented the distillation of alcohol (about 900 A.D.), herb medicines were used in alcohol solutions, and wormwood, either alone or with other herbs, was widely dispensed.

In the hills and valleys of western Switzerland, the *Artemisia absinthium* plant grew tall and its leaves were unusually rich in oils. In the 1660s, the Marquise de Sévigné, one of the leading ladies of the French court, wrote to her daughter that while on a visit to Switzerland, a doctor had given her a "preparation containing absinthe that brings to my stomach much relief." From then on, she was never without it. "*Ma petite absinthe*," she said, "*est le remède à tous maux*." ("My little absinthe is the remedy for all diseases.")

Switzerland was always known for the quality of its absinthe and, before 1908, it exported about 3,000,000 gallons a year. Absinthophiles prized it for flavor and purity and willingly paid a higher price for it. The first known newspaper advertisement for absinthe appeared in a Neuchâtel (Swiss) paper of 1769; a small notice offered for sale a *Bon Extrait d'Absinthe*.

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The inventor of modern absinthe was Dr. Pierre Ordinaire, no ordinary man. A royalist, he fled France in 1790 and set up practice near Neuchâtel where, like all doctors of that time, he compounded his own drugs. He often went for long rides along the mountain trails and he had observed the wormwood plant growing in wild profusion. He knew the medicinal value of absinthe. He began experimenting with infusions of dried absinthium along with other herbals. In 1792, he concocted a formula of 15 plants, including absinthium, Spanish anise, hyssop, Melissa herb (a type of mint), badian (Turkish or star anise), coriander, Veronica, camomile, persil and, of all things, spinach. The proportions were Dr. Ordinaire's secret. It was he who discovered that the value of absinthium was heightened when it was steeped in high-proof alcohol. He finally used 136-proof alcohol—which became the traditional proof of real absinthe. In France, French Pernod is still made pretty much à l'Ordinaire—though at lower proof and, as we said, without wormwood. In the United States, Julius Wile, under license from Pernod, imports and bottles domestic absinthe, also without wormwood, at 90 proof. (As in whiskey, the flavor is the same, regardless of proof.)

Upon Dr. Ordinaire's death in 1793, he bequeathed his formula to his housekeeper, a lady known as La Mère Henriot. Mme. Henriot, a widow, was supposed to have been more than a housekeeper to the good doctor. Anyway, with her two daughters she set up a small absinthe shop. Among those who had tried her absinthe as a remedy for indigestion was a Major Henri Dubied, a Frenchman visiting Neuchâtel on vacation. Dubied found that absinthe was also handy for chills, fevers, bronchial inflammations and low appetite. He took to having an absinthe every day before dinner and another one before retiring. Then he noticed a most delightful biological effect on himself. His mind became erotically excited when he had two absinthes and he found himself experiencing a thrilling and most potent agitation in his genitals.

"Ah, this absinthe is then an aphrodisiac!" he thought.

It was, indeed—one of the best and safest aphrodisiacs ever invented by the mind of man. It worked by changing the ideas, as Hemingway said, and not by irritating the sexual glands, as do most aphrodisiacs. Dubied often pondered the strange powers of this all-purpose medicine. He discussed it with his son-in-law, Henri-Louis Pernod, who agreed that it was a refreshing and invigorating drink—for the healthy as well as for the sick. In 1797, Dubied bought the original formula from the Henriot family. He and Pernod opened the world's first absinthe factory in Couvet, Switzerland. In 1805, H. L. Pernod, then head of the company, built an even bigger factory in Pontarlier, about 12 miles from Couvet. His oldest son ran the Swiss branch.

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The commercial breakthrough came about in a curious way. From 1844 to 1847, France fought a hard war to subdue the native tribes of Algeria. Many French soldiers suffered from malaria and the French army started issuing rations of absinthe as a febrifuge. The soldiers were told to add a few drops of the liquid to their wine at meals. Over the years, hundreds of thousands of troopers developed a taste for the anise-flavored drink and its popularity later spread through France.

Toward the end of the century, Parisian society columnist Alfred Capus wrote in *Le Gaulois*: "Absinthe has become the favorite drink of almost every Frenchman." Paris café life was synonymous with absinthe. *Boulevardiers* would sit and talk in a café for six hours on two absinthes. To the average Frenchman, conversation—as a pure game of wit dueling—is one of the greatest of life's pleasures. And absinthe had the magical ability to stimulate the mind and assist the flow of ideas. In the fashionable cafés of the boulevard des Capucines, boulevard de la Madeleine, boulevard des Italiens, at Tortoni's, the Napolitain, the Café de la Paix, one might observe Alfred de Musset, Dumas *fils*, Guy de Maupassant, Capus, Georges Feydeau, Tristan Bernard, Anatole France, the actor Lucien Guitry, the most beautiful kept women, the society ladies and the sportsmen of the Jockey Club. Then there were the Montmartre cafés such as the Lapin Agile, where the painters and sculptors hung out, the likes of Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas, Gauguin and Van Gogh, all sipping absinthe. (Van Gogh used to make his own absinthe cocktail—five parts water to one part

"I used to be a moderate, but Cambodia, the campus rebellions and the subsequent repression of dissent have polarized me to a point where now I only read the sports page."

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It's the only no cop-out menthol.

11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

absinthe and one part black ink. He insisted that black ink improved the taste.) There were also the lower-type cafés of the Left Bank frequented by struggling poets and writers: the Café du Theatre du Bobino, the Café Cluny, the Café du Rat Mort.

In the heyday of absinthe, the French *garçon* perfected the technique of pouring ice-cold water, drop by drop, into the drinker's glass. A long-handled spoon, whose bowl was full of small holes, was placed over the glass. A lump of sugar was put in the spoon and the water was slowly dripped through the sugar, which sweetened the bitter absinthe and also blended the water into the liquor so gradually that it did not separate. This process is shown abstractly in Picasso's painted bronze sculpture, *Absinthe Glass*, circa 1914.

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An absinthe taste is acquired. You'll find that, at first, it tastes and smells too much of anise—and it's bitter. Absinthe substitutes such as Pernod and Ricard have about five percent sugar syrup added and are less acrid. Once the taste for it is acquired, absinthe is splendid as an aperitif, as a digestive after dinner, as a nightcap and as a love potion. It is, I believe, without equal for seasickness or airsickness.

"In my opinion," says Dr. Samuel M. Pollack, a Harvard-trained chemist who formerly supervised Schenley's production of Absant, "it is the thujone in wormwood which acts as a brain stimulator and aphrodisiac. Thujone is definitely toxic. It is classified by our Government as a poison. Before the United States approves of any liqueur formula, it must be *almost* 100 percent thujone-free. Why do I say almost? Because vermouth also contains thujone. But when we use wormwood in vermouth, we extract it in wine at a low proof and we get a minute percentage of thujone—almost nil. Now, when wormwood is macerated 48 hours or longer in neutral spirits and then redistilled, the result is a high percentage of thujone. Thujone isn't soluble at low proof. The higher the proof, the more thujone."

Sometime after this conversation, I suddenly had a brain storm. All martini drinkers have long known that a dry martini packs a powerful kick—that it has a potent mental and physical effect beyond its alcoholic strength. I can't prove it scientifically, but my theory is that the "minute percentage" of thujone in vermouth, combined with the 90-proof or 94-proof gin, makes the dry martini the king of cocktails. And the martini even has a slight aphrodisiacal effect—which is enhanced by a few drops of absinthe. I remember a girl I knew in my bachelor days. An American, she had worked as a model in several *haute couture* salons in Paris and had acquired a taste for absinthe. We were at her place one evening and she asked me if I would like to have a martini as a nightcap. I said I was game, though I favored cognac and water in the evening, when the lights are low and the music is throbbing on the high-infidelity. She stirred up a pitcher of martinis and brought it on a tray with glasses and a bottle of absinthe. She set the tray on the coffee table, or, rather, the martini table. Now, I don't know whether this voluptuous creature had ever heard about thujone or knew that vermouth means wormwood, but she poured two chilled martinis and said she was adding a little absinthe to hers and would I like some in mine, and I said why not. I found out that night that "Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder." We slowly sipped our martinis and, frankly, I didn't like the flavor; but then, as the elixir went into my stomach and the minute fraction of thujone coursed through my veins and arteries, I experienced a slow surge of sexual hunger as she suggested I make myself comfortable. She kicked off her shoes and I slipped off my loafers and we slowly continued sipping and stripping, and I didn't feel at all self-conscious, because it was as if everything rational was drifting out of myself and going outside to the hall elevator. You could say that a guilty conscience is that part of the human being that is soluble in absinthe. I experienced a more than usual desire for this girl, whom I customarily yearned for even without absinthe martinis, and we murmured things and sipped a second martini and were slowly kissing and caressing. By then, we were as naked as two absinthe-crazed jaybirds and we soon floated into her double bed.

I doubt that you can seduce a girl even by secretly slipping smuggled, 136-proof absinthe into her martini. A genuine aphrodisiac doesn't work like that. You have to be in the mood and be with a girl whom you like and who likes you and whom you have probably gone to bed with often before. It is then, and only then, that you can make love with thujone in your blood—and you'll find that it's better that way.

• • •

As for the morning after. . . . The Suissesse is regarded by many as one of the finest hangover cures known to man. New York's now-defunct Absinthe House had this recipe: the white of 1 egg, ⅔ jigger absinthe, ⅓ jigger anisette; shake well in cracked ice and serve in a fine crystal flute glass. For my taste, the Suissesse is too sweet for a morning drink. Anisette by itself is a favorite morning-after drink of certain Parisians. The better class of Parisian cocotte often keeps a bottle of Marie Brizard Anisette in her refrigerator and, if you stay the night (which is not advisable unless you are rich or extremely horny, as it will set you back about 500 new francs), she will give you a slug of chilled anisette the next morning, and some black coffee and a buttered roll.

Another hangover remedy is the Absinthe Frappé. To a split of cool champagne in a tall highball glass you add one jigger of absinthe shaken vigorously in cracked ice. Victor Herbert wrote a melody honoring the Absinthe Frappé in 1906. The lyric, by Glenn MacDonough, runs:

It will free you first from the burning thirst
That is born of a night of the bowl,
Like a sun 'twill rise through the inky skies
That so heavily hang o'er your soul.
At the first cool sip on your fevered lip
You determine to live through the day,
Life's again worth while as with dawning smile
You imbibe your absinthe frappé.

France's most celebrated absinthe addict was the poet Verlaine. His best friend was Arthur Rimbaud, another of France's great poets. Enid Starkie, in her biography of Rimbaud, tells us how they spent most of their days in the cafés around the boulevard St. Michel, "drinking absinthe and living in a more or less permanent state of intoxication." Verlaine was rarely sober. It was absinthe they drank chiefly and absinthe was poison to Verlaine. It always brought out the latent cruelty in him and this he vented on his unfortunate wife. Verlaine—a homosexual—repeatedly tried to burn his wife's clothes and hair. He often stabbed her and choked her. During a long absinthe binge in Brussels in 1873, Verlaine got into a row with Rimbaud and shot him and was sentenced to five years in prison. He was released after serving two years. Verlaine described the effects of absinthe intoxication in many poems—the exaltation, the freedom from inhibition, the wildness of ideas and sensations, the sexual excitement, the raging fires of hostility—and also the terrible hangovers and the physical ravages of it. It was Verlaine who called absinthe "the green fairy," "the green goddess," "the green muse."

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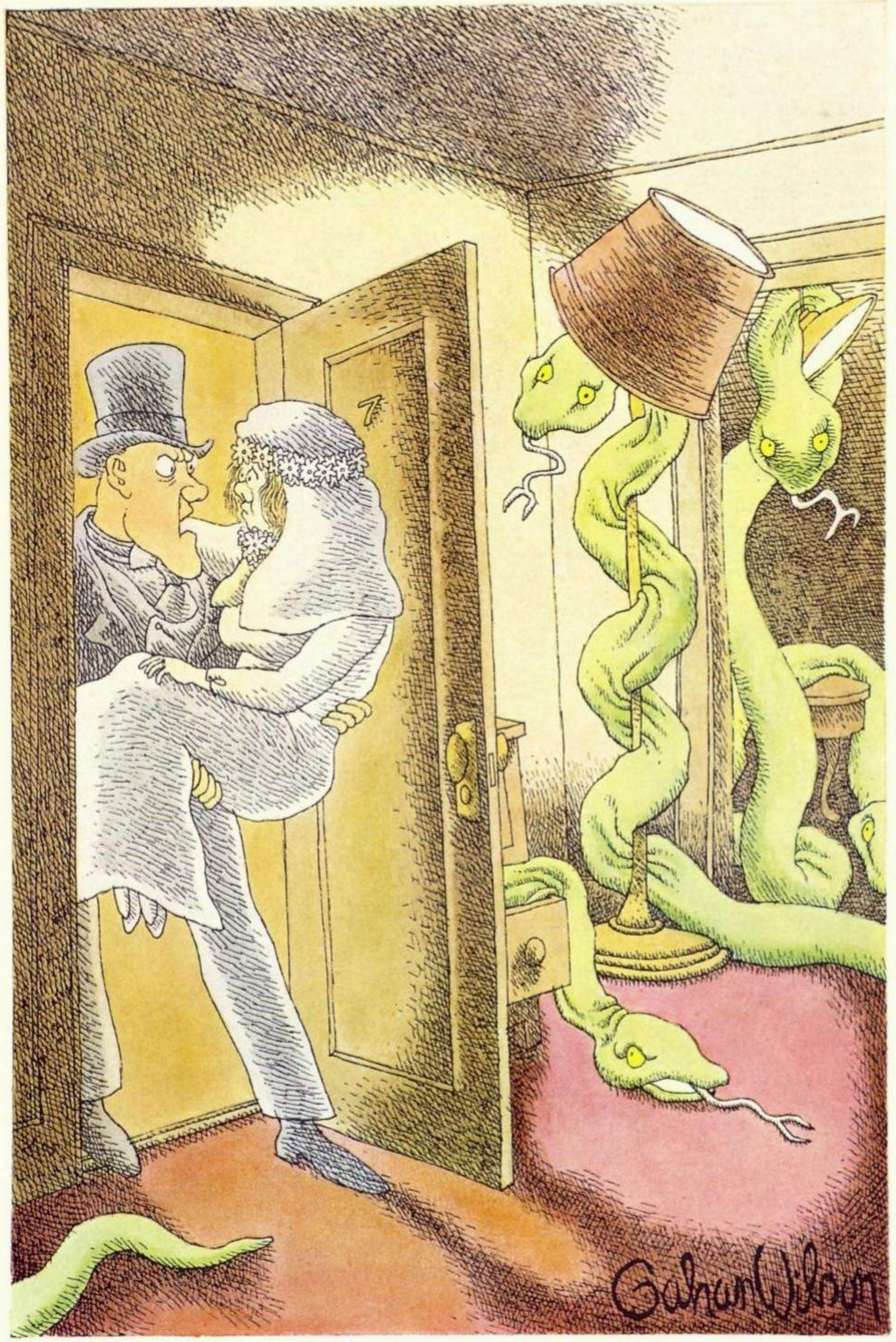
Like every other country, France has a temperance movement, the *Comité*



"You don't have any silly thing about snakes, do you?"

National de Défense Contre L'Alcoolisme. It has been propagandizing against liquor for years but has not had much success, because France is a nation that produces and cherishes the world's greatest wine, brandy and aperitifs. But the savage, senseless murders committed by Jean Lanfray in 1905 shocked all Europe and all Frenchmen. Absinthe became the "devil's liquor." And the League Against Alcohol raised the slogan: "Absinthe makes you insane and criminal." A weird coalition of the right wing and the left wing was forged against absinthe. Edouard Drumont, author of *La France Juive* and France's leading anti-Semitic intellectual, attacked absinthe as a "tool of the Jews." (In 1894, Arthur and Edmond Weil-Picard, who were half-Jewish, had bought a controlling interest in Pernod Fils.) Léon Daudet, a political reactionary and a leading journalist, cried, "I am for wine—and against absinthe, as I am for tradition and against revolution." But the revolutionaries were also against absinthe. Marxists never wanted anybody, especially the workers, to enjoy life, since happy proletarians don't make revolutions. Absinthe, rather than religion, was the opiate of the French people, they declared. Yet the rational voice of conservatism, which expressed the majority of French political and intellectual life, was for absinthe.

"Une magnifique et précieuse liqueur!" cried one senator. *"Vous êtes une exécrable absinthophile,"* charged the opposition, led by Georges "The Tiger" Clemenceau, the fiery premier of France during World War One. In 1907, the Chamber of Deputies met against absinthe; it took testimony from doctors, chemists, toxicologists and psychiatrists. After the investigation, it voted, 15 to 9, that absinthe was innocent of all the charges made against it. The green goddess had been reprieved—but not for long. The anti-absinthe propaganda continued. The French sustained terrible casualties during the first year of the war and absinthe was again the scapegoat. It was seriously argued that France had been weakened by her low birth rate and that wormwood made men impotent.

On March 16, 1915, in an atmosphere of national hysteria, absinthe was again declared a toxic product. Its manufacture and sale were forbidden. The Pernod factory at Pontarlier, after 110 years, was sold to Nestlé's, the Swiss chocolate and cocoa company. Another absinthe house, Hémard, at Montreuil, near Paris, went into herbal wines. The ban continued at war's end, but French distillers were permitted to make absinthe without wormwood. In 1926, Hémard merged with Weil-Picard, successors to Pernod Fils, and, in 1928, with Pernod Père et Fils, another absinthe house. Today, at 87 rue de Paris, Montreuil, the firm is prospering more than ever before.

And what of the *Comité National de Défense Contre L'Alcoolisme*? It, too, is still flourishing, with its headquarters now located at 147 boulevard Saint Germain, in the heart of the Saint Germain-des-Près quarter, a bottle's throw from some of the most wonderful cafés in Paris—the Café des Deux Magots, La Rotonde, the Brasserie Lipp. I interviewed Dr. André Robert when he was head of the *Comité*. He is an urbane and intelligent man who seemed in favor of good French Bordeaux or Burgundy with one's dinner and who was happy that absinthe had been virtually put out of business but who despaired of doing very much about other products of the liquor traffic. He regarded the increasing consumption of Scotch whisky by the younger generation as most deplorable.

Yet, vindication of a sort came to absinthe when, a few years ago, Edouard Frédéric-Dupont, vice-president of the National Assembly, presented to Jean Hémard, then-president of Pernod Fils, the silver cup awarded by a society of French gourmets. On this happy occasion, Monsieur Frédéric-Dupont pronounced: "If we are all men of joy in France, if we are optimists despite these difficult times, if we have a tendency to believe in a future even though it doesn't always appear shining, *eh bien*, it's because from father to son, as you know, we have been in the habit of drinking this anise-flavored liqueur. And it may well be that someday when one will look up the word France in *Larousse*, one will read: 'A Frenchman is someone who knows how to appreciate Pernod!' "

"Sheldon, if you're so rich, how come you're not smart?"

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FUNERAL IN JACKSON

(continued from page 152)

females and three males we just discovered, that's a total of ten. . . . Here's another one, let me see, what is this?"

James Green had been hit in the liver, lung and heart and died before he reached the hospital. The other dead man, Phillip Gibbs, was a student at Jackson State, married, with one child, and he had been buried earlier that week in a quiet ceremony, with only his family by the grave.

Muskie rose during the singing, stepped down from the stage, walked over to the family and bent to console the dead boy's mother. The cameramen jostled each other to get the picture and, strangely, their bustling and tripping and talking seemed to bother no one. Muskie returned slowly to the stage, and his eyes were moist.

Everyone who spoke during the service was black. And they spoke only to the fact that James Green was black. Nobody mentioned Kent State, or student unrest, or the war in Indochina. A telegram of condolence from President Nixon was read and Charles Evers took the podium. His slain brother, Medgar, had kept offices in Stringer Hall, and now Charles said, "You've seen me here five times in the last ten years. . . . How long, O Lord, how long will our white brothers continue to destroy us? . . . It has to stop now." Then he asked that the young blacks not leave Jackson, that they stay and help elect some people "who will get John Bell Williams and his kind out of the Statehouse." When he sat down, there was some clapping, but he signaled the crowd as if to say: *No, not here, not now.*

An old black preacher got up to deliver the sermon, which he called "A Common-sense View of Death." He looked at the family while he spoke:

"You know, sometimes I think about how little we know anymore about death and rebirth. When one of our brothers, when one of our children is taken from us, all we can think about is our loss. We're selfish, aren't we? We're thinking about ourselves. We're thinking how much we'd like to see that person again. But why are we not thinking about them? . . . Hasn't *Jesus* made it plain? Didn't he say it when he gave his life on the cross for you, and for me; don't we know anymore in this age of scientific wonders that when we lose someone we haven't lost them at all, that they are reborn in *his* glory? Didn't even ancient people know, who didn't have any of our great scientific knowledge, that when a brother passed on, it was a *great* day in heaven? . . ."

As the sermon went on, the crying became open and sobbed "Amens" were rising from here and there. The microphone screamed and then went off and then came back on and the preacher talked through it all.

"And to James's mother I say, *involve* yourself in the troubles of others. Give *yourself* at this time. Put your grief right out of your mind by doing God's work among your neighbors. . . ." Newsmen took the half hour he spoke to relax, and check their equipment, and whisper to each other. To the black community in the hall, the sermon was comfortable and familiar. And from close to the apron of the stage, if you looked up toward the catwalks among the ropes and sandbags a young black man in a dashiki sat perched on a railing, head bowed, hands together, not moving, looking very much like a statue cast there to mourn forever. When the preacher sat down, nearly all the women and some of the men were weeping.

The principal of Jim Hill High School spoke, and so did the black girl who was president of the student council. "We'll miss you, James," she said, and looked down at the coffin.

Then a classmate and friend of Green's, Tyronne McCall, stepped to the stage apron to sing a solo. He had a rich baritone voice, strong and good except for a tremble in it. A minute after he began, he collapsed behind the podium in tears. A wailing swept the hall as he was helped to his seat. One of the news cameramen began to film and his director signaled him quickly to stop.

The choir began to sing again, and six young pallbearers came forward to roll the casket through the crowd out onto Lynch Street, where the hearse waited next to the three big buses that nearly filled the road.

The crowd followed the boy, slowly, through the double doors and out into the now hotter afternoon sun. After shaking a few hands, the official party made its way offstage, looking for a side door. After one wrong turn, the large group, with Muskie walking at its point, stepped out the rear of the hall into a well-kept shantytown. There were two blocks to walk, on Cleary Street and St. Louis Avenue, two corners to turn before they would be back on Lynch. No one could have anticipated this, and there was a slight hesitation as the group tried to figure out where they were.

Muskie, with a black aide walking next to him, set a quick, nervous pace for the 60 or so officials behind him. The front yards they were passing now were strewn with rusted metal garden furniture, sleeping dogs and old auto seats and parts. The porch people were out: old black faces and young children, smiling at this man they'd seen on television. Muskie and his aide were smiling, and nodding, and the aide was talking like a ventriloquist out of the corner of his smile, "I'm *sorry*, Senator, we tried to pull the buses around here but there just isn't room."

Muskie was waving and smiling. "It's all right," he said as he strode along, unaware of how fast he had begun to walk. "Slow your pace, Senator," said the aide in a hushed voice, "slower." They turned the first corner, and an old man began to make his way slowly and painfully off his porch, as if he wanted to shake the Senator's hand. Muskie was still moving quickly, so that he waved instead and smiled nervously. As the group neared Lynch, a rooster, frightened and confused, ran halfway into the street, crowed nearly at the Senator's feet and then scrambled back toward the front yard from which it had come.

In front of the hall now, and moving toward the buses, they were stopped by some of the mourners who were waiting on Lynch for the procession to form. Two students approached Muskie and asked him if he would help them get justice, please. Newsmen with cameras and notebooks crowded around to hear the Senator tell the boys that he would certainly be looking into both sides of the problem, and then the aide told the students that the Senator really did have a plane to catch. Muskie then climbed onto the lead bus and watched through tinted windows as the rest of the Washington party began climbing aboard. The same two students stopped Adam Clayton Powell, who took their brief entreaty with ease, telling them that he had made a career out of helping black people and then he asked them to give their names to his aide (a white man).

Then, as quickly as they had come, the buses with the dignitaries and the captive press corps moved east down Lynch Street, toward the airport and their chartered plane. The hearse began moving west on Lynch, and the 3000 black people formed a march to move after it. The hearse pulled off slowly until the bunched mourners stretched in a line of march a half mile long. The police had cordoned off the streets and were stationed all along the distance to the graveyard. Some of them stood casually, and others menacingly in pairs and in groups, all with riot guns.

As the procession passed Alexander Hall, the 20 students standing on the lawn at the base of the bullet-torn stair well raised the black-power salute. The marchers—women, little children, businessmen, students—returned the signal as they went by. It was incredibly quiet and for the first time I was aware that with the departure of the Muskie buses, nearly all the white faces had gone. There were a few news cameramen left,

If you have a bottle of Bacardi in the house, cheers!

Bacardi screwdriver:
Splash a jigger or two of Bacardi light over ice. Add orange juice.

Bacardi sour:
Squeeze half a lemon into shaker. Add half teaspoon sugar, generous jigger Bacardi dark, ice. Shake. Strain into glass. Top with half an orange slice and cherry.

Bacardi martini:
Stir 4 or 5 parts Bacardi light, 1 part dry vermouth, ice. Add olive or lemon twist.

BACARDI, rum·the mixable one

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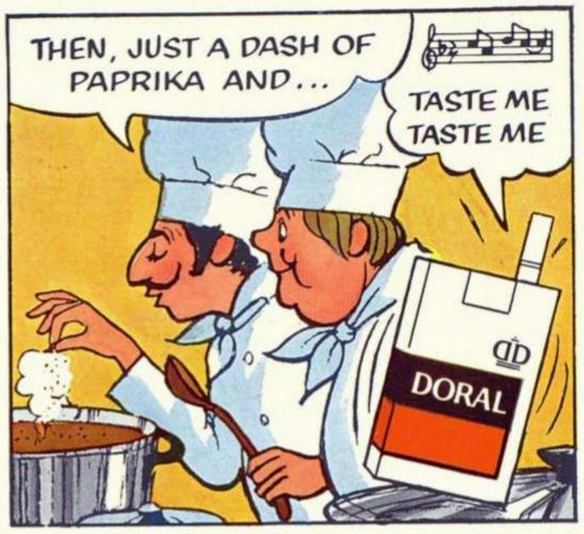

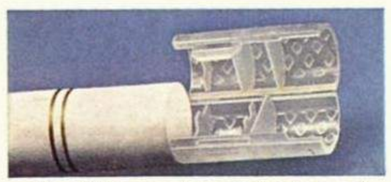

The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain...but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me"

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photographing the salute as foreground for the dorm again, and except for them a single long-hair with a Red Cross bag was the only other white man I could spot. (Later at the gravesite I saw three middle-aged white couples, a half-dozen long-hairs, and finally—including my own white face—I counted 17 white people.)

Quietly down Lynch, past the student union on the right, police along the curbs in unmarked cars, by the science building on the left, and Stewart Hall (there'd been a fire set in the street here on the night of the 14th). Then left onto Valley Street where the sidewalks disappeared and were replaced by weedy parking strips. The asphalt was soft underfoot, and the porches were filled with families. Past Bailey's Grill, and the New Deal Super with empty wooden crates and watermelons stacked against its side. More houses, families staring, little children playing near the edge of the march, the community shoe store (a converted frame house), and one cop on a motorcycle passing up and down the length of the march drowning out the sound of birds. On by the Delta Cotton Oil and Fertilizer plant (a hot, heavy smell), then a Purina plant with its checkerboard water tower and across the railroad tracks that fed gondola cars to both plants. Now a short cut through the parking lot of the Lewis Dairy Bar, through a gas station and onto Hill Street; a short jog onto Isable Street and a grassy area opened before the march. There were no fences, and the graveyard might have been a park or a school playground. Directly across the street are Jim Hill High School and Emmalee Isable Elementary. Beyond this, the outer edge of the city, open fields and then woods. The mourners stepped carefully around the old grave mounds, with their plastic marigold, and chrysanthemum and iris offerings, toward the canopy and the open grave on the far side of the cemetery.

The family and 50 or so others crushed under the tent for the short service. The rest of the crowd stood scattered across the grass, listening to the country silence in place of the words of burial. When the fresh red Mississippi dirt had been piled into the grave, the canopy was removed, so that the cameramen would have the sunlight to film the laying on of the flowered wreaths. Then as the newsmen piled their gear into their station wagons to leave, the mourners began to drift out of the graveyard and back along the route they had come, toward Stringer Hall and their cars.

I needed a ride downtown. It was almost five o'clock, the National Guard would be patrolling soon, and there'd be no taxis in the ghetto. I approached one of the white long-hairs. He wore a black arm band with the word KUDZU on it, and when I asked, he said that it was Jackson's underground newspaper. (Later, in the paper's cluttered second-story offices downtown, I saw a copy of the current issue. The entire front page was a picture of the shattered dorm, and inside there were eyewitness accounts of the shooting, the demonstration, along with articles on how to grow pot and which cops to watch out for in Hinds and Rankin counties. "Lloyd 'Goon' Jones" a caption read under a picture of the biggest cop I'd ever seen. As underground papers go, it was tough and handsome.) I told him I thought it was hairy to be publishing an underground newspaper in Jackson, Mississippi.

He offered me a ride downtown and we started the walk back toward his car, which was parked on campus. On the way he told me the rumors that always grow out of a week like Jackson had been through. He named some of the state police who'd been involved in the "massacre" and recited the grapevine dossier of the brutalities they were said to have perpetrated on young black and white people over the years. He said that all the large-gauge shotgun shells in Jackson had been sold out to frightened citizens early in the week, and that Governor Williams had 1300 National Guardsmen on stand-by alert and another 10,000 he could call, and that he expected there could be more trouble, perhaps tonight. He said also that the hip community in Jackson was very transient, and that most of the kids with long hair eventually moved to New Orleans or Texas or California. He said he'd been in Jackson six years and that six years was a long time. He said that kudzu was a vine that grew wild all over the South. He told me that in the previous week's bombings and burnings several white-owned stores in the ghetto had been destroyed, that police on night patrol routinely shot up black stores. As we passed a laundromat with bullet holes in the window, he asked a man inside if it was black-owned. When the answer was yes, he took out his camera, photographed the three shatter marks and said that he was sure these were police bullets.

We rode downtown in an old Peugeot with a young black boy who he introduced as one of his best vendors. A normal issue of the paper sells barely enough to make printing costs, but this issue was selling very well, said the young salesman, and a lot of white people were buying it.

When I asked where he got the balls to publish a tough underground paper in Jackson he told me, "Oh well, they harass us, the police and some of the locals. Beat us up, take our papers, that kind of thing, but really there are some papers in Texas that have had a much harder time than we have. They haven't shot us up or anything. It's not so bad." And, as his words seemed to be trying to hold out a kind of humanity for the people of Jackson, it occurred to me that the *Los Angeles Free Press* had been bombed more than once.

I left their office and turned the corner onto Capitol Street. At the east end stands the simple and imposing Old Capitol Building, now a museum, built in 1833 by slave labor. It was five o'clock and the temperature sign above a bank read 90 degrees. There was almost no traffic in the street and the sidewalk carried only shopkeepers on their way home for the day.

Two young white long-hairs, each with an armload of *Kudzu*, stood on the corner of Capitol and North Lamar. I smiled as I passed, and showed them that I had a copy. They said "Right on!" and gave me the peace sign. The traffic light at the corner was red for the traffic on Capitol and the single car waiting at it was a cherry-colored 1970 Plymouth Duster. It had its rear end hiked up and a wide yellow racing stripe that ran up the driver's side of the hood, over the roof and down the trunk. The mufflers kept it loud even when it was standing still. There were three teenagers inside listening to the *Theme from "Midnight Cowboy,"* by Ferrante and Teicher, and the girl in the passenger seat leaned her head out the open window and said "Psssst!" as loud as she could in the direction of the paper sellers. One of them ran over to the car, handed her a paper, took a quarter, and she and her friends (another girl with teased hair and a boy with short slick hair driving) pulled slowly and noisily away.

A block down, I passed the governor's mansion. It sits on a square block in the center of the city; it's a park most of the time. But today, as for the past week, pairs of state patrolmen sat in folding chairs on the rolling lawns that sloped to the sidewalk. There were 20 of them in all, with riot shotguns across their laps, sitting under the shade of old oak, huckleberry and pecan trees. They watched me as I passed.

As I reached the far corner of the block, I saw the hopped-up Plymouth again, stopped at a red light, waiting to make the right turn onto Capitol. When the light changed this time, the young driver pulled slowly along in the right-hand lane as the girl who had bought a *Kudzu* held the front page at arm's length out of the window. The guards watched quietly as the full-page picture of the dorm's shattered glass and devastated concrete passed with the car. And then the straight kids were gone.

I walked the rest of the way to the Old

Capitol Building. I was nearly at its steps when a National Guard jeep, with four laughing soldiers on it, passed west, toward Lynch Street.

• • •

Now it's over a year since James Green was buried. Nine months after the shooting, in winter, I went back to Jackson, to check carefully the story I'd written then, and what might have changed since.

The President's Commission on Campus Unrest was in town August 11–13. The commission took testimony from those who had been shot at and from those who did the shooting, from city officials and college administrators. Then they published a report that put the brutally confused evening together on paper. And gently, they made some recommendations.

Jackson in the winter looks only a little different from the summer there. The air is cool but has no bite to it. Again I was surprised to feel that, despite its size (it's Mississippi's largest city), it's a quiet town. Some of the trees are deciduous and stand bare this time of year, but there are enough evergreens in the fields and in town, so that the winter landscape doesn't quite have the stripped look that it does in the North.

You can't drive through Jackson State on Lynch Street anymore. They've closed it off with Cyclone fences at Dalton and Prentiss streets (approximately where the National Guard closed it off in May 1970). Even before the fences, it was a front line. Spring trouble on campus has always started here when it got too hot to study and when raiding whites would speed past Alexander Hall, laughing and cursing. Now the pavement in front of the girls' dormitory is a parking lot, where students sit in their cars between classes to talk and smoke. The campus is very quiet.

The windows and metal paneling in the dorm's stair well have been replaced, and young girls move routinely up and down the stairs on their way to classes. The cement façade that the black guard wanted to bear the bullet marks of May 1970 *in memoriam* is still unpatched. Machine-gun tracks still run from the ground to the roof.

The governor's mansion on Capitol Street has a wall around it now. While I was there, workmen were just finishing the 12-foot-high barricade. I asked one of the workers, a black man who was scraping the efflorescence from the freshly set bricks, what he thought. "They're going to paint it white," he said, "try and make it look nice, ya know. But it ain't gonna work. There's no way to make it look anything it ain't."

Little brick guardhouses flank the entrances to the curving driveway, and huge iron gates were waiting to be set in place. Along Capitol Street the brick is interrupted by heavy iron bars and along here the wall sits on the exposed roots of the lovely big trees that will surely die because of the construction.

The people don't like it much: The Southern sense of space and grace has been offended. The wall cost around $133,000 and the citizens have nicknamed the grand old mansion Fort Williams.

City police chief Rayfield was fired after the commission investigations. Highway patrol inspector Lloyd Jones, however, still rides his beat in Hinds and Rankin counties.

And there is a marble headstone on James Green's grave now. It's simple, two-feet high and it bears his mother's words:

JAMES E. GREEN
NOV. 19 1952
MAY 14 1970
MY LOVE GOES WITH YOU
AND MY SOUL AWAITS TO JOIN YOU.

The marker cost about $150 and the words on it were hand cut, with great care, by a 29-year-old stonecutter named Larry Parker, who is white and who seemed pleased that anyone had noticed his work.

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 66)*

abortions. If a woman wants abortion or birth-control help, all she has to do is call—any hour, any day—Hempstead, New York, (516) 538-2626, or Boston, Massachusetts, (617) 783-0060. The staff at the Hempstead clinic is now performing abortions. Fees are geared to ability to pay.

Sadly, these efforts have had painful consequences. I have been jailed in four states—New York, New Jersey, Wisconsin and Massachusetts—in birth-control and abortion test cases. I am going on trial in Wisconsin for exhibiting abortion and birth-control devices at a Northland College lecture. The maximum possible prison term for this is six months. If you think it impossible that a man could be jailed for giving a lecture in this country at this time, think again. I was imprisoned in Massachusetts some time ago for a similar lecture at Boston University. After I was released from jail, the U.S. Court of Appeals declared the 125-year-old Massachusetts "crime against chastity" law unconstitutional. Now, attorney general Quinn of Massachusetts has filed a brief seeking a reversal before the U.S. Supreme Court, claiming that "the state has the right to protect the purity and chastity" of its people. In the state where the American Revolution began, the fact that a high public official claims that the government has a right to enter the bedrooms of the people and dictate their sexual conduct is appalling. The Court has agreed to hear this case.

I am very grateful for the Playboy Foundation's help in paying the cost of my Massachusetts supreme-court brief. Letters and petitions of public support during my Wisconsin trial are now urgently needed. Lecturing is my main source of income; unfortunately, when I was in prison, many of my lecture dates were canceled, in some cases because deans didn't want a jailbird on their campus. Anyone who can aid in arranging a lecture date for me would be of tremendous help.

Bill Baird, Director
Parents' Aid Society
Hempstead, New York

COSTLY ABORTIONS

In the January *Forum Newsfront*, you quoted the high prices some hospitals in New York charge for abortions. The problem exists on the opposite side of the country as well. I obtained a legal abortion in California in 1970. The process was absurdly expensive. The one-time visit to the psychiatrist cost $75. The hospital required, prior to entry, a fee of $250 for two nights. This, of course, did not include the anesthetist's fee, which was $36, or the doctor's fee, which was another $250. All these together make a grand total of $611, not including postoperative medication.

I was not an unwed mother or in any great rush. I was married at the time and only 54 days pregnant the day I was aborted. It was a simple, physically painless operation. Ironically, a friend of mine gave birth around the same time, and the cost to her was only $500. Why does a 15-minute operation to remove a fetus cost more than the delivery of a full-term baby?

(Name and address
withheld by request)

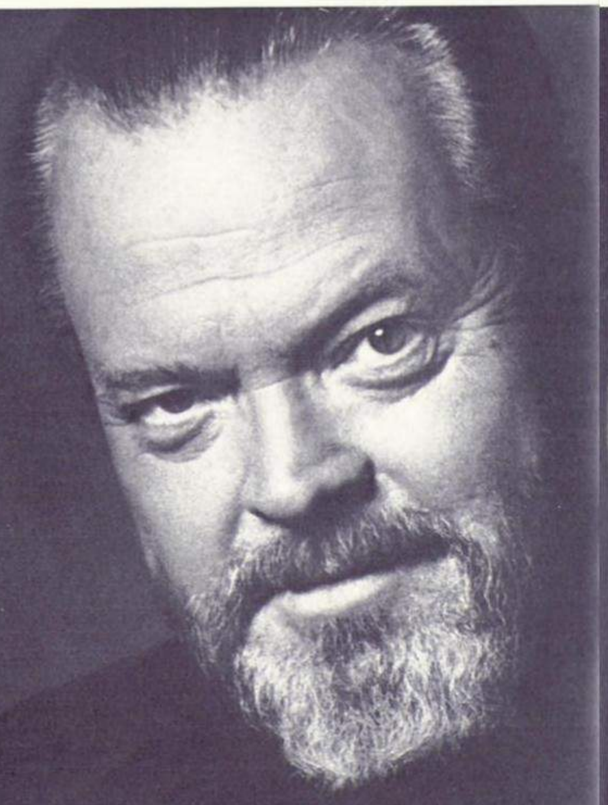
WOMEN IN SPORTS

All male sports fans are awaiting, with a sense of futility and foreboding, the effect of women's liberation on their favorite sport. No doubt the U. S. Supreme Court will invoke the theory of *Brown vs. Board of Education*, 347 US483, and declare that the "separate but equal" doctrine must again be cast aside and thus permit the ladies to invade the last vestige of man's attempt to retain the term masculinity in the vocabulary.

Wrestling would be the first sport to

(continued on page 188)

Generation gap?



Orson Welles is the father. And an acclaimed actor.

Rebecca Welles Moede is the daughter. And an aspiring actress.

They're of different generations, these two. But they're very much alike when it comes to the feeling they have for their craft. On this they agree. They live for it. And work for it. And love it.

The Beams, too, have a craft. Different but no less compelling. The Beams' craft is distilling Bourbon. And for six generations now, son has followed father in that craft. Living for it. Working for it. Loving it.

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Jim Beam. The Bourbon that's been pleasing audiences for 176 (176!) years.

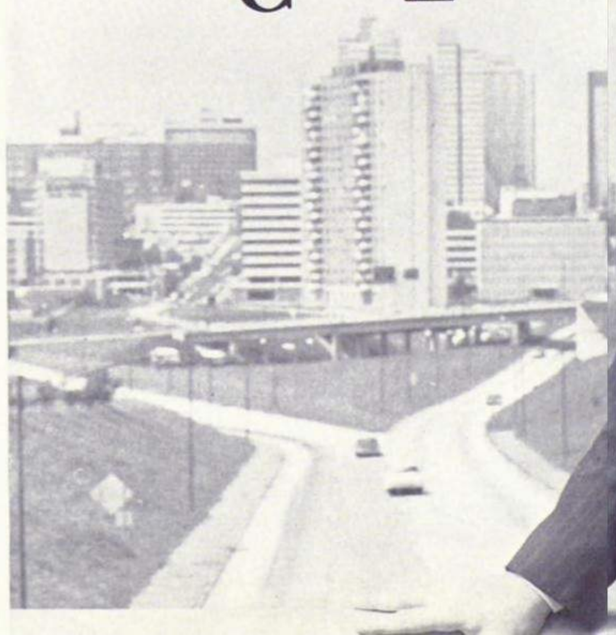
Jim Beam never heard of it.

86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY

TOM HODGES *gamesman*

AS UPTIGHT AMERICANS find themselves with more and more leisure time on their hands, the demand for Tom Hodges' products may exceed even his most optimistic estimates. The 28-year-old head of Dallas-based Rathcon, Inc., markets a line of adult toys, games and other diversions called Environmentals, many of which are attractively designed kinetic sculptures that have a pacifying effect on jangled nervous systems. Rathcon's history is brief but brilliant. Two years ago, while working for his family's electrical company and spending weekends driving his motorcycle at scrambling events in the Dallas area, Hodges bought a curious-looking object from its engineer-inventor: nearly two feet high, it consisted of a metal pendulum that jerked erratically in reaction to movable magnets placed beneath its tripodal frame. He tagged it Krazy Leg and took it to Edward Marcus, president of Neiman-Marcus, who was so impressed with its sales potential that he immediately communicated his enthusiasm to business friends around the country. Soon Hodges was offering such Environmentals as the widely promoted Courtship—two angled steel rods mounted on a base that look like praying mantises playing magnetically induced hard to get. Rathcon's quick success has spawned branch offices in San Francisco, Toronto and London that keep Hodges away from home half of every month. Yet new ideas have a way of catching up with him. "We receive from three to five unsolicited suggestions every day." Hodges retains top designers and personally reviews all product proposals, believing that close supervision is essential to continued success. "When you become so involved with large-scale corporate matters that you can't act swiftly on a suggestion," says Hodges, "you're dead in the market place." He works 80 to 90 hours a week, but he claims the pace doesn't wear him down—perhaps because much of this time is spent with his mind-relaxing Environmentals.

ON THE SCENE



ROBERTA FLACK *scaling the heights*

SHE'S BEEN SINGING and accompanying herself on the piano since the age of four, when she began to play by ear. Although Roberta Flack, at 32, is one of today's most musically accomplished pop artists, it's her piercingly intense delivery, cleaving to the dead center of her soul-filled material, that makes her an artist apart. Music has been her life. Shortly after her family moved to Washington, D.C., from her Black Mountain, North Carolina, birthplace, she started skipping grades in school and winning musical prizes, including a scholarship to Howard University. Graduated at 19 with a bachelor of music education, Roberta went home to North Carolina as an English-literature instructor and soon took on other duties. "They didn't have money to hire a music teacher," she recalls. "There was no piano in my classroom, so I went from room to room with a pitch pipe and an autoharp." Returning to the D.C. school system in 1961, Roberta began to moonlight, accompanying an operatic group. She later went solo and Mr. Henry's club was impressed enough to build a special room for her. Les McCann, the jazz pianist–singer, caught Roberta's act and persuaded Atlantic Records to sign her. He recalls: "Her voice touched, tapped, trapped and kicked every emotion I've ever known." *First Take*, her debut album, turned on a lot of people, including Bill Cosby, who presented her as his only guest on a TV special. Her second LP, *Chapter Two*, has surpassed her first in both sales and critical acclaim. A third recording is in the works and Roberta's days and nights are fully packed with a heavy schedule of appearances and benefits—many of the latter aimed at helping the poor children whose plight she felt as a teacher. Though she enjoys her newfound success, Roberta is still totally engrossed in her music. "I refuse to get into that star syndrome," she says. "I want people to like me for my true self." They do, Roberta, they do.

SAM MASSELL *popular populist*

IT APPEARS THAT Atlanta mayor Sam Massell is reconfirming that city's 30-year history of maverick Southern progressivism —by moving beyond it. In January of last year, the young (43) and decisively liberal Massell succeeded the courtly Ivan Allen, Jr., whose administration typified the moderate, coalition-building spirit that set Atlanta in sunny relief to the hard times befalling other urban communities. After a stormy seven-way race, Massell, a former realtor, civic activist and for eight years Allen's vice-mayor, came to office with plans to extend Atlanta's Dixie populism with vigor—and then some. With the aid of Maynard Jackson, the city's first black vice-mayor, Massell has successfully reordered municipal priorities, which means less ribbon cutting and more time and money spent toward the elimination of racial and economic inequities. The youngest and first Jewish mayor in Atlanta's history, Massell knows his policies may cost him Chamber of Commerce votes, but he has scrapped with the "power pack" of old-line bankers and business interests before. He is, however, accelerating the city's commercial boom by projecting a free rapid-transit system and building a tax-free multipurpose coliseum. What's more important, he has hiked black employment in city hall to more than 50 percent (and is pressing for at least the same percentage in all municipal departments), has supported the development of Model Cities programs to improve education, housing and police protection in ghetto areas and has raised police salaries to boot. A self-defined advocate of human rights, Massell is a pragmatic innovator whose interests may reflect his city's reconstructive spirit—though even within his electoral coalition, some groups, such as disgruntled blacks and union members, are balking. But scrappiness is a way of life for the diminutive (five-foot, six) mayor, who looms large among those responsible for shaping the destiny of the New South.

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 185)*

take the deep six. Such holds as the scissors strangle and the body press would become indecent conduct designed to appeal to prurient interests and therefore could not be condoned. Baseball would lose the exciting steal play or, at least, adopt a rule restricting the method in which a tag may be made. Such terms as "fly" and "base on balls" would definitely be viewed with suspicion. The T formation in its various forms would disappear from football because no longer could a male quarterback receive the snap from a female center by placing his hands in the appropriate position. This would give a brand-new meaning to the quarterback sneak.

And, alas, the final blow—no longer will we be able to refer to the old-timers who have retired from athletic endeavors as "old jocks."

(Name withheld by request)
Carson City, Nevada

RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES

The women's liberation movement has obscured one essential fact: Although women are treated as inferior in some ways, they are treated as superior in other ways. For instance, they are exempt from the draft. While a man is in Vietnam getting shot, his fiancée may be working in an air-conditioned office and making twice as much money. A man can spend years in prison for evading or resisting the draft, but a woman is an honorary C. O. by virtue of her sex.

If a woman's salary happens to be higher than her boyfriend's, our society still expects him to pay when they go to dinner or the theater. Women may be consigned, in most corporations, to the lower-paying positions, but it is men who are consigned to most back-breaking, dirty and dangerous jobs. In divorce court, the man is almost always the victim, though the failure of the marriage may be as much the wife's fault as it is the husband's. In statutory-rape cases, a man can be jailed for a crime he didn't know he committed because the girl lied to him about her age; he can even be jailed when she was the seducer, not he. Finally, women's liberation writers are wrong in stating that men regard women as inferior: On the contrary, men pass much of their time spending money on women, fighting over them, thinking about them day and night and often supporting one for life.

This is not an anti-woman screed, nor is it a plug for a men's liberation movement. I believe men and women need to work together to liberate one another. Men can help women by working for abolition of abortion laws, and women can help men by working for abolition of the draft. All of us, in fact, should work together against the ancient customs and prejudices that create distrust and hatred between sexes, races and ethnic groups.

What we need is a human-liberation movement.

Don Lavoie
Bristol, Connecticut

I would like to reply to the letter of Robert J. Johnson (*The Playboy Forum*, March), in which he stated that he would support women's lib if we wanted equal responsibilities, along with equal rights. I consider the opportunity of taking responsibility to be one of the rights for which I am fighting.

At this time, I am trying to fight the U. S. Treasury Department on the grounds that it practices discriminatory hiring. The Treasury and Customs people refuse to accept applications from women because the work is considered too hazardous; but it is considered too hazardous by them, not by me.

When I was 20, I tried to volunteer for combat training in the Marines and was turned down. I couldn't see playing soldier behind a typewriter or supply counter, so I didn't enlist. I am no longer 20, but I am young enough that, if I were a man, I could enlist and see action. If some skeptical Congressman or Senator would care to use his influence to call my bluff, I am available. Of course, I can hear cries of "Women shouldn't have to go over there." I agree: but, then, neither should my 18-year-old nephew or my husband's 17-year-old cousin. They have to go and I'm not one bit better.

Johnson also complains about alimony and child support. As for alimony, though I am now happily married, I take great pride in being a mature, self-supporting human being. I would certainly not want to be dependent on a man who had made it clear he no longer wanted me. But when Johnson asks for equality in child support, then I must ask if he, in turn, would expect to assume equal responsibility in such things as taking the children to dentist appointments, sitting up all night with sick children, helping them with homework and so on—or would he remain the Sunday-afternoon hero so many divorced fathers are content to be? Equality should work both ways.

Barbara A. Townley
New Orleans, Louisiana

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

"I thought you were herbivorous!"

THE ODD MAN *(continued from page 126)*

said you have three solutions. What's another?"

"Give me a clue to the solution you people had in mind, since there are more than one. Some key word that indicates the drift but doesn't give the game away. One word can do it."

Syres, Darnell and Dr. Vreeland jumped up and surrounded Emmy Wandermere. From the looped figures, the cocked heads and the murderous whispers, they might have been the losing team in an offensive huddle, with six seconds left to play. Finally, the men resumed their seats, nudging one another.

Said little Miss Wandermere: "You asked for a clue, Mr. Queen. The clue is: clue."

Ellery threw his head back and roared. "Right! Very clever, considering who I am and that I'm the solver of the evening.

"You hurled my specialized knowledge in my teeth, calculating that I'd be so close to it, I wouldn't see it. Sorry! Two of the surnames you invented," Ellery said with satisfaction, "are of famous detective-story writers. Chandler—in this case, Raymond Chandler—was the widely acclaimed creator of Philip Marlowe. Joseph Smith Fletcher—J. S. Fletcher—produced more detective fiction than any other writer except Edgar Wallace, or so it's said; Fletcher's *The Middle Temple Murder* was publicly praised by no lesser mystery fan than Woodrow Wilson. On the other hand, if there's ever been a famous detective-story writer named Cutcliffe Kerry, his fame has failed to reach me. So your Mr. Kerry again becomes the odd man of the trio and the answer to the problem. Wasn't that your solution, Miss Wandermere and gentlemen?"

They said yes in varying tones of chagrin.

Ordinarily, at this point in the evening's proceedings, the company would have risen from their chairs and made for Syres' magnificently gussied-up cookhouse of a dining room. But tonight no one stirred a toe, not even at the promise of the manna simmering on Charlot's hob. Instead, Dr. Vreeland uttered a small, inquiring cough.

"You, ah, mentioned a third solution, Queen. Although I must confess——"

"Before you pronounce your *mea culpa*, Doctor," Ellery said with a smile, "may I? I've given you people your solution. I've even thrown in another for good measure. Turnabout? I now challenge you. What's the third solution?"

• • •

Ten minutes later, Ellery showed them mercy—really, he said sorrowfully, more in the interest of preserving Charlot's chancy good will than out of natural goodness of heart.

"John A. Chandler, Cutcliffe Kerry, Benjamin Fletcher. Chandler, Kerry and Fletcher. What do two of these have in common besides what's already been discussed? Why, they derive from trades or occupations."

"Chandler." The lawyer, Darnell, looked around at the others, startled. "You know, that's right!"

"Yes, a ship chandler deals in specified goods or equipment. If you go farther back in time, you find that a chandler was someone who made or sold candles or, as in very early England, supervised the candle requirements of a household. So that's one trade."

"Is there another in the remaining two surnames?"

"Yes, the name Fletcher. A fletcher was—and technically still is—a maker of arrows or a dealer in same; in the Middle Ages, by extension, although this was a rare meaning, the word was sometimes used to denote an archer. In either event, another trade or occupation.

"But the only etymological origin I've ever heard ascribed to the name Kerry is County Kerry, from which the Kerry blue terrier derives. And that's not a trade, it's a place. So with the names Chandler and Fletcher going back to occupations and Kerry to Irish geography, your Mr. Kerry becomes once again the unpaired meaning, the odd man—a third answer to your problem."

And Ellery rose and offered his arm gallantly to Miss Wandermere.

The poetess took it with a little shake. And, as they led the way to the feast, she whispered, "You know what you are, Ellery Queen? You're an intellectual *pack rat*!"

"Goddamn stupid, antiquated sex laws of this state should be repealed."

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 159)

Year. After all, I'm just a very average girl." Would that she were: Imagine a world populated by Sharon Clarks! Sharon was to make her first official appearance in May before a corps of press, radio and television personalities at a champagne luncheon in the Playboy Mansion in Chicago, at which she and the other gatefold girls of 1970 were to receive engraved gold pendants. But that's only the beginning of the bonanza due Sharon as Playmate of the Year; she'll receive a special $5000 cash prize from PLAYBOY, and her gifts will include several thousand dollars' worth of sports equipment, apparel and accessories, a trip abroad and a recording contract. Heading the list of largess is a special $8000 custom-made Spectra 20 high-performance ski cruiser. That, plus a pair of Taperflex water skis and a Jantzen swimsuit wardrobe, will enable Sharon to indulge in her favorite summer pastime.

Skiing also ranks highest on Sharon's personal-preference poll in winter sports, and her Playmate of the Year prizes will enable her to sharpen up her schussing in Switzerland, with a ski week at Arosa, hosted by famed ski instructor and 1960 Olympic gold medalist Roger Staub. Sharon will fly via Swissair, "the greatest ski lift in the world," to Switzerland, where she'll enjoy deluxe accommodations at Arosa's Tschuggen Hotel and private instruction from the staff of the Roger Staub Ski School, now celebrating its tenth anniversary. On the slopes, Sharon will be stylishly clad in ski fashions by Bogner, sweaters from Hagemeister-Lert and Promark gloves by Wells Lamont Corporation, while she skims along on Hart Javelin skis with Gertsch bindings, Henke plastic ski boots and PK ski poles from Peter Kennedy (who is also providing a boot tree). To protect her eyes from the bright Swiss sun, Collins Ski Products is outfitting Sharon with Bausch & Lomb ski glasses and goggles; and when the mountain breeze blows cold, she'll appreciate the comfort of Marco Polo down-insulated ski apparel from Don Shingler. After a day in the snow, our centerfold queen can snuggle into her choice of sweaters from a wardrobe by Montant and warm her toes in Clementine *après-ski* boots by Henke.

Back home in Hollywood, Sharon can wheel around on a 120-pound Yamaha Mini-Enduro—a sporty little off-the-road machine—or on a 1971 Schwinn ten-speed Suburban Tourist bicycle with accessories, all in Playmate Pink. An early stop will doubtless be the headquarters of Monument Record Corporation, which is offering her the recording contract. And the gift list goes on: As Playmate of the Year, Sharon will receive a Lady Hamilton 14-kt. gold-and-diamond watch, a Smith-Corona Electra 210 typewriter, a Spalding "Smasher" aluminum tennis racket and Playmate Pink tennis balls, plus whole wardrobes of wigs and hairpieces from Brentwood Bellissima; pants, dresses, hot pants and maxis by Funky; sunglasses by Renauld International; and shoes and boots by Nina. From Maria Vogt comes a ruby-eyed gold Rabbit pin; and from California vintner Paul Masson, a case of *brut* champagne—in magnums—which Sharon's planning on sharing with fortunate friends. As she puts it: "What better excuse for a party?" Cheers, Miss Clark: you're entitled.

"Actually, I don't trust anyone over 36-24-36."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 168)

and ceilings, harsh electric light instead of daylight, iron doors and iron grilles over the few windows. Even Hitler's brief strolls through the barbed-wire perimeters, surrounded by armed guards and police dogs, resembled a convict's exercise in the jail yard. Hitler had turned all of Europe into a prison, but he was its leading prisoner.

PLAYBOY: How sound was Hitler's health in other respects? It's been said that he was a hypochondriac.

SPEER: I know that Hitler himself was deeply worried about his health for as long as I knew him; but whether this was hypochondria or there was something seriously wrong I never discovered, because he was never specific about the nature of his troubles. As early as 1935, he would complain to me of intense gastric and cardiac pains, as well as of his perpetual insomnia. More and more, throughout the Thirties, he brooded over the possibility of his early death. This is certainly one reason why he pushed forward both his domestic plans and his foreign policies at such a relentless pace.

PLAYBOY: Did he consult any doctors about his condition?

SPEER: His personal physician, Dr. Brandt, was a young and talented surgeon, but Hitler would not allow him to take the tests required to determine what, if anything, was ailing him. Hitler finally agreed to see Dr. Theodor Morell, a Berlin physician then much in vogue among film stars and café society, for a consultation, and came back singing his praises to the skies. From that point on, he placed absolute faith in Morell and the doctor soon became a regular member of Hitler's circle, much to Dr. Brandt's disgust.

PLAYBOY: What was Morell's diagnosis?

SPEER: We were never told explicitly; Hitler was always precise about his symptoms, vague about their causes. After his first visit, he said Morell had discovered he was suffering from what Morell described as "complete exhaustion of the intestinal flora." He submitted Hitler to a prolonged treatment of injections of vitamins, hormones, dextrose and phosphorus. The key to Morell's treatment was capsules of intestinal bacteria he called "multiflor," which were, he told us proudly, "raised from the best stock of a Bulgarian peasant." Brandt inquired among specialists as to the efficacy of Morell's arcane methods and was told that the treatment was dangerous and untested and could cause addiction. The injections were regularly increased and chemical and biological agents obtained from human feces, plants and the genitals and intestines of animals filled Hitler's blood stream. Until the end of the war, when Hitler was a total physical wreck, he continued to rely on Morell.

I've often wondered what cumulative effect his injections had on Hitler's mental and physical faculties. Hitler was never normal, but toward the end, he was in many ways deranged.

PLAYBOY: What were the symptoms?

SPEER: At first, a personal despondency, an inner despair that occasionally flashed into the open, and a morbid preoccupation with his own death. Between the spring of 1942 and the summer of 1943, he occasionally spoke pessimistically in private about his reverses and expressed personal dejection. In the fall of 1943, he said to me several times, in tones of utter despair, "Speer, one of these days, I'll have only two friends left, *Fräulein* Braun and my dog." This was the only one of his prophecies that was borne out by events.

PLAYBOY: Did he ever confide to you that he feared the war was lost?

SPEER: Never. As a matter of fact, a remarkable transformation came over him during this period. Even as our military situation grew progressively worse, he expressed an unshakable confidence in absolute victory. Of course, after the Allied demand for unconditional surrender in January 1943, Hitler knew his back was to the wall and he was fighting with all the tenacity of a cornered rat. He used to say to me: "There is no turning back. We can only move forward. We have burned our bridges." Whether or not he believed his own predictions, they were vital to sustaining the enthusiasm and loyalty of his military and political subordinates. But I think he believed that Providence would never fail him. If there ever was an element of insanity in Hitler, it was this abiding faith in his own divine mission. He was essentially a religious man, but his worship had been perverted into self-adulation, and on the altar of his will he was prepared to sacrifice the lives of millions. Perhaps the most frightening thing about Hitler is that he never once recognized his own evil.

PLAYBOY: By the summer of 1944, some of Hitler's generals moved to overthrow him and negotiate a peace settlement with the Allies. What were the origins of the July 20 conspiracy?

SPEER: The repeated military disasters had finally shattered Hitler's aura of all-conquering military genius in the eyes of many generals and colonels and they at last had come to recognize the criminal folly of pursuing a lost cause. Added to these officers' despair at the success of the Allied landings and air offensive, the juggernaut advances of the Red army and our desperately deteriorating fuel situation, there must also have been a bitter recollection of Hitler's humiliating treatment of them over the years, the vicious tongue-lashings, the contemptuous disparagement of their personal courage and military expertise, the

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endless capricious demotions and humiliations, as well as his cruel squandering of their soldiers in hopeless last-ditch stands.

By mid-1944, many senior officers of the *Wehrmacht* had finally broken with their deeply ingrained tradition of unquestioning loyalty to their commander. Among the leaders of the rebels were General Friedrich Olbricht; Quartermaster General Eduard Wagner; General Friedrich Fromm, chief of Army Armaments; General Erich Fellgiebel, chief of the Signal Corps; General Fritz Lindemann, aide to the *Wehrmacht* chief of staff; and General Helmut Stieff, chief of the organizational section in the army high command; as well as a number of operational commanders on the Western front, including Field Marshal Rommel, who was less directly implicated but sympathetic to the aims of the conspirators. The means of assassination was to be a powerful bomb secreted in the briefcase of one of the leading conspirators, Fromm's chief of staff, Colonel Count Claus von Stauffenberg, a dedicated and idealistic army career officer from an old aristocratic Prussian family who had lost an eye, his right hand and two fingers of his left hand on the Russian front. Von Stauffenberg was a regular participant in Hitler's conferences at Rastenburg and it was his mission to plant the bomb near the *Führer*.

The code name for the coup was Operation Valkyrie, a contingency plan first devised by the general staff in 1942 as a counterinsurgency measure and the cover under which the conspirators now intended to seize power in Germany. In the spring of 1944, Hitler personally authorized the military to initiate Valkyrie if the situation ever arose, giving the army command executive control of the Reich during the crisis and subordinating the party and the gauleiters to a strictly advisory capacity. He did this automatically, thinking he was only signing another routine contingency plan—not his own death warrant. Under the plan, all the generals had to do was proclaim an emergency—as Hitler's assassination would undoubtedly have been—and assume full powers. Unfortunately for Germany and the rest of Europe, the operation was tragically bungled from the very beginning.

PLAYBOY: What went wrong?

SPEER: I can trace the events for you, since I was a ringside observer of the tragedy. On July 17, 1944, Von Stauffenberg telephoned me to relay Fromm's request that I lunch with him on July 20 at the Armed Forces High Command Headquarters on the Bendlerstrasse. I was forced to decline and Von Stauffenberg seemed very upset that I could not come. My refusal saved my position in the government and probably my life, for Bendlerstrasse was the headquarters of the conspiracy and Fromm wanted me under his control that day, in order to assure my participation in the new military government.

On the morning of July 20, I delivered a speech to businessmen at the propaganda ministry and then adjourned to Goebbels' office. Abruptly, a small loud-speaker blared: "An urgent call from headquarters for the minister. Dr. Dietrich is on the phone." Goebbels flipped a switch on his desk. "Transfer it here." He picked up the telephone. "Dr. Dietrich? Yes? . . . What! An attempt to assassinate the *Führer*? Just now? . . . The *Führer* is alive, you say? Anything more known yet?" Dietrich rang off. He had little time to chat—Operation Valkyrie was in full swing. But by only wounding Hitler, the conspirators had made a fatal mistake. Though the news of the assassination attempt stunned me, Goebbels did not appear unduly shaken; Dietrich had assured him that Hitler was not seriously injured, and the attempt on his life appeared at first to have been perpetrated by a foreign agent.

After lunch, I was meeting with Ambassador Clodius of the Foreign Office on the Romanian oil situation when Goebbels telephoned me. His voice was markedly different from that morning; now it was hoarse and agitated. "Can you interrupt your work at once? Come over here! It's extremely urgent! No, I can't tell you anything on the telephone." I immediately broke off my conference and rushed to Goebbels' private residence. His first words to me were: "I've just had word from headquarters that a military *Putsch* is going on throughout the Reich. In this situation, I'd like to have you with me." An attempt to kill Hitler, a military coup—it was too much to take immediately.

PLAYBOY: By this time, you must have realized that Hitler's leadership was militarily and politically disastrous. Did you secretly welcome the attempt to remove him?

SPEER: At the time, I was still too much under Hitler's spell to approve the attempted coup. But, in any case, events were moving so fast that I had little time for introspection or political speculation. Shortly after my arrival at Goebbels' residence, I heard the roar of armored vehicles in the streets below and, as I looked out the windows, I saw heavily armed troops moving into position around the building, halting all traffic and setting up machine-gun nests facing the entrance. I called Goebbels over to the window and he looked out in silence for a moment, then went into his bedroom and returned with a small box, from which he extracted several potassium-cyanide pills and slipped them into his jacket pocket. "Just in case!" he said tensely.

"My God, Hazel, you look bewitching!"

Goebbels sweated over the telephone, talking to party officials and regional military commanders, trying to make sense out of the confused situation; troops were marching from Potsdam to Berlin and provincial garrisons were being mobilized to move on the city. The situation looked grim, but Goebbels found some hope in the fact that his telephone calls were still getting through and the rebels had not yet seized the radio stations and broadcasted their intentions. It was here, of course, that the conspirators made their crucial blunders. Even with Hitler still alive, they could have won the day with swift and resolute action. A handful of men was all that was required to arrest Goebbels and other top Nazi officials, and it would have been child's play to cut off communications from Hitler's headquarters to prevent him from rallying his loyal supporters for a counterattack. But, incredibly, the Bendlerstrasse conspirators, stunned by their failure to kill Hitler, did none of this but, instead, dithered around army headquarters, anxiously awaiting news of Hitler's condition. But even with this procrastination, the outcome was in doubt for many long hours.

PLAYBOY: What finally turned the tide against the generals?

SPEER: Their own irresolution. I was witness to the precise military turning point. I was with Goebbels at the height of the anxiety, when the coup could have gone either way. He received an urgent call from Schach, the deputy gauleiter of Berlin, who informed him that the commander of the battalion surrounding government offices was Major Otto Ernst Remer, an officer of impeccable Nazi credentials. Goebbels decided to try to talk to Remer and sway him to his side. He summoned the young major to his office and he arrived within the hour. Goebbels was outwardly composed, but I could feel his anxiety; on this conversation might hang not only the fate of the Third Reich but his own life as well.

He opened by reminding Major Remer that he had sworn an oath of personal loyalty to the *Führer* and that as a man of honor, he was bound by it. Remer responded by reaffirming loyalty to Hitler and the Nazi cause. But, he said, Hitler had been assassinated and, as a result, his primary military allegiance had shifted to his commanding officer, Major General von Haase. Goebbels was expecting this and he answered

"A word to the wise, Benson. People are asking why they don't see Old Glory on your bike."

in resounding tones: "The *Führer* is alive!" Remer appeared shocked and uncertain and Goebbels quickly followed up his advantage: "I spoke to him a few minutes ago. An ambitious little clique of generals has begun this military *Putsch*. A filthy trick. The filthiest trick in history." Remer appeared vastly relieved to hear that Hitler lived; he had apparently never understood the implications of his strange order to cordon off government headquarters and he now regarded us with a happy but bewildered expression. Goebbels assured Remer that this was his own moment of destiny: He and he alone could now decide the fate of Germany.

It was clear from the change in Remer, the way he visibly straightened as Goebbels spoke, that the wily propaganda minister had won. But, to be on the safe side, Goebbels played his trump: "I am going to talk to the *Führer* now and you can speak with him, too." Goebbels had arranged in advance of the meeting for a direct line to Rastenburg, and Hitler was contacted within a few seconds. Remer inadvertently snapped to attention and clicked his heels as Hitler's voice came over the line. "*Ja wohl, mein Führer*," he repeated over and over again as Hitler issued his instructions. Goebbels then retrieved the phone and Hitler told him that he had replaced General von Haase with Remer, who was now in charge of all military efforts in Berlin. He was to receive his orders directly from Goebbels. Within a few moments, the uprising had been decided. The generals had lost and Hitler had won.

He treated them without mercy. During a visit to Hitler's Rastenburg headquarters in August, I chanced to see a pile of interrogation reports on the map table in Hitler's bunker. As I thumbed idly through them, a sheaf of photographs fell from between the pages and I picked one up, but put it down quickly; it was a photograph of Field Marshal Erwin von Witzleben, dressed in convict garb, a broad yellow stripe running down his trousers. He was swinging from a gibbet. That night, a color film of the execution of 20-odd conspirators was shown to Hitler and his guests in the projection room. Each man had been hung on a meathook and slowly strangled to death with piano wire, the pressure being periodically released to intensify his death agonies. Hitler loved the film and had it shown over and over again; it became one of his favorite entertainments. I could not bear the prospect of attending and pleaded overwork as my excuse. That night I saw a stream of people, laughing and in high spirits, arrive for the screening, mainly SS officials and party functionaries. Not one officer of the *Wehrmacht* accompanied them to gloat over the murder of their comrades in arms. I could easily have been among those victims; my name was on a list of the rebels' proposed cabinet ministers—followed by a question mark that no doubt saved me from execution.

PLAYBOY: Did Hitler question you about the presence of your name on the list?

SPEER: No, oddly enough, he never mentioned it and I was not anxious to raise the subject. When we talked about the coup at all, it was only for him to reiterate his view that the whole affair had been a stroke of providence for him. But although his initial coolness to me disappeared after a few days or so, the coup and its bloody aftermath had unsettled me and further shaken my faith in Hitler's leadership. Events to come would soon erode that faith even further and eventually destroy it. I had a foretaste of the events that were to finally turn me irrevocably against him a few days after the *Putsch*, during one of Hitler's interminable tirades about the

generals. Suddenly he paused, and then said deliberately, "If the German nation is now defeated in this struggle, it has been too weak. That will mean it has not withstood the test of history and was destined for nothing but doom." I was soon to learn that this was more threat than prophecy.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to it?

SPEER: At first, I didn't realize how deadly serious Hitler was. It was not until the end of 1944 that I recognized the full criminal implications of his scorched-earth policy. I realized then that if Hitler was to go down to defeat, he was determined, like Samson, to carry the entire nation with him. He desired total catastrophe, a Wagnerian *Götterdämmerung* that would prove a genocidal funeral pyre to mark his departure from the stage of history. To accomplish this, he instructed my ministry to effectively annihilate German industry, transportation, communications and food production. Had I obeyed, the entire industrial and productive infrastructure of our nation would have been destroyed and millions of Germans would have perished of starvation in the immediate postwar period. Fortunately, I was able, with the aid of the remaining sane men in the government, to sabotage this criminal policy. But it was not easy and the fight was touch and go. I had to travel the length and breadth of Germany, rallying army officers, civilian administrators and even some responsible gauleiters to my cause. Together with the help of the leaders of German industry, we were able to vitiate this scorched-earth policy not only in Germany but also in France, the Netherlands, Norway and other occupied countries.

PLAYBOY: Did Hitler learn of your insubordination?

SPEER: Yes, he did. After I succeeded in sabotaging the scorched-earth policy in the vital Ruhr industrial area, I returned to Berlin. The roads were jammed with hapless refugees and retreating soldiers and, everywhere along the way, villagers were digging up their gardens to bury the family silverware and other valuables. Late on the night of March 27, I finally reached Berlin, where I was summoned to the *Führer*'s tomblike bunker beneath the chancellery. He received me coldly, without shaking hands or smiling, and did not respond to my greeting. "Bormann has given me a report on your conference with the Ruhr gauleiters," he told me. "You pressed them not to carry out my orders and declared that the war is lost. Are you aware of what must follow from that?" I was, and I could feel the sweat springing out on my brow as I stood there, unable to speak.

The penalty for such treasonous insubordination was death, with or without the formality of a trial. I stood there numbly, waiting for Hitler to issue the orders for my arrest. But suddenly his mood seemed to change and he stared off into the distance for a moment, as if lost in a remote memory. When he resumed speaking, his voice was warmer, gentler: "If you were not my architect, I would take the measures that are called for in such a case."

His words had just reprieved me from a certain death sentence, but some obscure stirring of rebellion forced me to reply rashly: "Take the measures you think necessary and grant no consideration to me as an individual." But he ignored my remark and stood silent, deep in thought. Finally, he said softly: "You are overworked and ill. I have therefore decided that you are to go on leave at once. Someone else will run your ministry as your deputy." Hitler was offering me an easy way out of the situation, but it would have been cowardice to accept it, for I then would have been impotent to preserve our industrial capacity from his orders.

So I remained obdurate: "I cannot keep the responsibility of a minister while another man is acting in my name." Hitler suddenly slumped into his chair and there was another long pause. Finally, he looked up at me and said in more normal tones, "Speer, if you can convince yourself that the war is not lost, you can continue to run your office." This was the crux of the matter; all I had to do was to pay lip service to his fantasies and my position would be restored. For practical considerations, I should have had no hesitation about doing so; but something stopped me. After all the years of accepting this man's delusions, of becoming part of them, of participating in the sycophancy and hypocrisy of his circle, I felt that I now owed both him and myself a measure of honesty, however belated. "You know I cannot be convinced of that," I said quietly but firmly. "The war is lost."

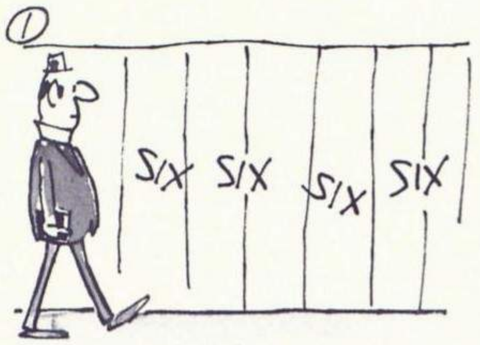
Instead of flaring up at this, Hitler embarked on a series of rambling recollections of the past crises he had overcome. As I continued to regard him steadily, he faltered and broke off, and then spoke in an almost begging tone: "If you would believe that the war can still be won, if you could at least have faith in that, all would be well." Somehow, the sight of Hitler pleading was pitiable and more compelling than his autocratic demands. In the past, I would doubtless have surrendered to such an appeal, but the thought of his scorched-earth plans stiffened my resistance. My voice strident, I replied: "I cannot, with the best will in the world. I do not want to be one of the swine of your entourage who tell you they believe in victory without believing in it."

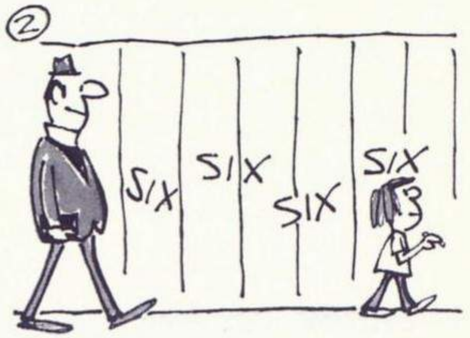
Hitler did not answer me. For a while, he mused silently; then he launched into another monolog. After all, he said, Frederick the Great had been delivered from defeat in the darkest days of the Seven Years' War, and history could repeat itself. "One must believe that all will turn out well," he muttered desperately. "Do you still hope for a successful continuance of the war, or is your faith shattered?" I could sense that he was exerting all the magnetism of his will to pull me back under his control, but I was able to resist his spell. Finally, he whispered brokenly: "If you could at least *hope* that we have not lost! You must certainly be able to hope—that would be enough to satisfy me." He looked at me imploringly, but my silence told him my answer. There was an uncomfortable pause, and then Hitler jumped to his feet and dismissed me with his old curtness: "You have 24 hours to think over your answer! Tomorrow, let me know whether you hope that the war can still be won." He turned his back on me and I left, shaken by the duel of wills.

PLAYBOY: How did you respond to his ultimatum?

SPEER: I spent a sleepless night. It was vital that I resume some of my lost authority, because otherwise it would be far more difficult to sabotage his plans. Yet something deep within me rebelled at an ultimate act of hypocrisy. Toward midnight the next day, I drove along the rubble-strewn Wilhelmstrasse to the chancellery, still not sure what I was going to tell Hitler. He met me at the door to his office and stood facing me. He seemed strangely uncertain and there was an expression of anxiety on his face. "Well?" he asked me tensely. I stood silent for a few seconds, unable to answer him, my thoughts confused. And then, impulsively, I blurted out: "*Mein Führer*, I stand unreservedly behind you." I had not committed myself to a belief in victory, but this expression of personal loyalty satisfied Hitler and seemed to move him. Tears sprang into his eyes and he shook my hand with trembling fingers, something he had not done for some time. His relief was so strong that it shook me, and I felt a surge of pity and affection for him.

Once again, our old relationship asserted itself; but with an almost physical effort, I shook it off and managed to exploit the situation to my advantage: "If I stand unreservedly behind you, then you must entrust me with the implementation of your demolition decree." He nodded and allowed me to draw up a fresh document for his signature. He would not retreat on the destruction of industry and transport and I knew better by now than to try to change the major provisions of the decree. But I succeeded in undermining its application by slipping in a few key clauses providing that "Implementation will be undertaken





solely by the agencies and organs of the ministry of armaments and war production, and the minister of armaments and war production may, with my authorization, issue instructions for implementation." I also inserted a sentence which was to prove of vital importance in preventing the total destruction of large areas of industry: "The same effect can be achieved with industrial installations by crippling them." I added a proviso that the total demolition of key plants would be authorized only by me. Hitler signed the decree without protest. I had regained my lost powers and was once more czar of the scorched-earth policy. No program ever had a director more devoted to its sabotage.

PLAYBOY: Hitler seems to have displayed remarkable tolerance toward you. Did he ever become aware of the full extent of your opposition to him?

SPEER: My rivals at court, such as Himmler and Bormann, would have been all too glad to inform him, if they had discovered it; but in those chaotic final days of the war, it was possible for the first time to defy the *Führer* with relative impunity. While I was playing my dangerous double game, I operated on the sound principle of staying as close to Hitler as I could. By remaining in regular contact with him, I was able to defuse any rumors or planted suspicions.

PLAYBOY: What was Hitler's mood in the last months of the war?

SPEER: He remained capable to the end of deluding himself and those around him that victory was still possible, even as Soviet tanks were rumbling through the outskirts of Berlin. I remember one instance of this very clearly. On April 12, 1945, I took a brief respite from work to attend the last concert of the Berlin Philharmonic, conducted by Wilhelm Fürtwangler. On the occasion of this final concert, arranged by my ministry, we all sat in our overcoats in the unheated Philharmonic Hall, cold winds blowing in through the shattered windows. Electricity was normally canceled at that time of the day, but I had the current kept on for the performance and, as the leaders of the Reich pulled up in their Mercedes before the brightly lit concert hall, the war-weary Berliners passing by must have thought us all mad. But, somehow, this performance seemed a fitting finale for the Philharmonic, as well as for the Third Reich. I had ordered selections from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, followed by Beethoven's violin concerto and concluding with Bruckner's *Romantic Symphony*. As I sat shivering in the hall, I wondered how many weeks—or days—any of us had left to live; at that time, we all expected short shrift from the victorious Allies, and there was a brisk trade in cyanide capsules.

After the concert, I was urgently summoned to Hitler's bunker, where the *Führer* rushed up to me in a state of excitement the moment I arrived, waving a newspaper clipping under my nose. "Here, read it!" he shouted, the words rushing over each other. "Here! You never wanted to believe it! Here it is! Here we have the miracle I always predicted! Who was right? The war isn't lost! Read it! Roosevelt is dead!" He was euphoric, racing around the bunker, buttonholing his courtiers and regaling them with the great news, and Goebbels and others expressed similar delight at the glad tidings. Hitler was convinced that Roosevelt's death was the work of divine providence, that at last the promised turning point was in sight. Now he was sure the Allies would fall out among themselves, the Americans would begin fighting the Russians and they would have to enlist Nazi Germany against the Bolshevik hordes; just as Frederick the Great was saved at the last moment by the death of the czarina, history had now turned the tide for Hitler. Later on, he calmed down somewhat and slumped back into his armchair, exhausted by his frenzy of jubilation, looking vastly relieved. I didn't know whether to pity or despise such escapist fantasies; I suppose they were at least therapeutic—a means of staving off the reality of impending defeat and almost certain death.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel any personal sympathy for Hitler at this point?

SPEER: Again, I could not help but experience pangs of pity for him, although I knew he was the author of all our misfortunes and directly responsible for the devastation of our country and for the death of millions on both sides. If it had not been for the scorched-earth policy, I would certainly have felt far more sympathy for his condition, but his vicious determination to carry the nation with him to destruction had severed my old bonds of loyalty and affection. It was then that I plotted his assassination.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide on such drastic action?

SPEER: I realized that if Hitler were removed from the leadership of the Reich, our people might still have a chance of survival and postwar regeneration. After much soul-searching throughout a night early in 1945, I came to the decision that I must kill Adolf Hitler.

PLAYBOY: But isn't it true that you never actually lifted a finger against him?

SPEER: Yes, my assassination plot never got beyond the planning stage, and that is one reason I refused to use it as a defense point in Nuremberg and prefer to play it down today. In any case, my plan was never of the same caliber as that of the July 20 plotters; I had no alternative government in mind; I merely wished to eliminate Hitler before he could cause more death and destruction.

PLAYBOY: How did you intend to assassinate him?

SPEER: While strolling through the chancellery gardens, I had observed the ventilation shaft of Hitler's bunker. Hidden by a small shrub was the air-intake opening, which passed air into the bunker through a purifying filter system. In my armaments work, I had developed a close association with Dieter Stahl, the head of munitions production, and we had once discussed a new nerve gas called *Tabun*, which was highly lethal—so lethal and so virulent that the filtration process could not reduce its potency.

I knew that Stahl was no friend of the regime, as I once had to intervene with gauleiter Sturtz of Brandenburg to save him from arrest by the Gestapo for "defeatist" remarks; and in mid-February, I asked him about *Tabun* as we sat in our air-raid shelter during a heavy raid on Berlin. He must have been bewildered by my request, but he replied frankly, detailing the effectiveness of the gas. Suddenly, as the explosion of bombs rattled in the background, I blurted out: "It is the only way to bring the war to an end. I want to try to conduct the gas into the chancellery bunker." Stahl received this treasonous news calmly and, with no change in his voice or expression, promised to obtain samples of the gas for me.

Unfortunately, he soon discovered that *Tabun* had to be fired by a detonating shell, as it became operational only after an explosion, which was useless in this case, since the blast would have wrecked the air ducts needed to conduct the gas throughout the bunker. Stahl, however, promised to get hold of a stock of ordinary poison gas, which could do the job equally well. I then spoke with Henschel, the bunker's chief engineer, and suggested a complete overhaul of the filtration system to improve the freshness of air in the bunker. To my gratification, he responded swiftly and dismantled the filters, leaving the bunker defenseless to traditional poison gases.

But a few days later, while Stahl was still engaged in requisitioning the gas, our whole scheme fell apart when I reconnoitered the chancellery garden and discovered that the old ventilation shaft had been replaced on Hitler's orders by a ten-foot-high chimney, which made the air intake inaccessible to anyone on ground level. SS guards with submachine guns now patrolled the garden, too, and the walls were illuminated by searchlights. For a moment, I panicked and thought my plot had been discovered, but it turned out to have been a coincidence; Hitler had been reminiscing about his own temporary blinding by poison gas in the First World War and had decided to order precautions against an enemy gas attack. As a result, my assassination attempt came to nothing.

PLAYBOY: It has a rather halfhearted ring to it, in any case.

SPEER: At the time, it seemed like a desperate and courageous act; but looked at in hindsight, the whole episode does now appear somewhat absurd. Actually, I was far more relieved than upset when it was frustrated. I don't think I would have been able to go through with it.

PLAYBOY: You were alone with Hitler on many occasions and you carried a sidearm. Would you have been incapable of shooting him?

SPEER: That would have required far too much courage. I could never have confronted Hitler with a pistol. I was intellectually free of his thralldom at this point, but not emotionally. Looking back on it, I am glad that circumstances aborted the plot. Even if I had finally been able to summon up the fortitude to kill Hitler, it would have added just one more stain to my conscience. My plot was actually the culmination of the moral degradation to which my association with the regime had led me; for years I had lived among mass murderers and criminals without ever giving a thought to it. I had been corrupted by my own pride and ambition, and now I was allowing my detestation of Hitler's policies to lead me to one more crime. Hitler deserved to die—but not by my hand.

PLAYBOY: When did you last see him alive?

SPEER: Our final meeting clearly expressed my ambivalent emotions. I eagerly anticipated his death, yet I simultaneously

"Sorry, sir—gentlemen must wear jackets in the dining room!"

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mourned his last pathetic hours of life. Once Hitler's scorched-earth orders had been thwarted and he could cause no more wanton waste of human lives, my feelings of pity for his plight grew in intensity. This was certainly naïve, perhaps even indecent, in view of his crimes, but I had shared too much with him for too long to resist this final emotion. My war work was over; our armaments industry had been wiped out of existence and there was nothing more I could do to affect the course of the war one way or another. Yet I could not rest. It was as if Hitler's will was a palpable force, calling out to me from the rubble of Berlin to the estate near Wilsnack where I paced back and forth in my room. Something of me was still possessed by Hitler, and I knew I must see it to the grave.

I flew to Berlin on April 22. As I approached Hitler's bunker, I was quite aware that his capricious nature might have turned against me since our last meeting, perhaps on the basis of fresh evidence of my sabotage of the scorched-earth policy, and I knew it was quite possible that I was going to my death. Hitler had just executed Eva Braun's brother-in-law for attempting to take his family to safety outside Berlin; the poor devil had been machine-gunned in the chancellery garden. A similar fate might well await me, yet I was strangely calm and not at all unnerved. This was not courage but more a sense of fatalism, of predestination. The thought crossed my mind that if Hitler executed me for refusing to destroy German industry, it might redound to the credit of my family and soften their lot in the postwar years. I suppose I was also somewhat numb and drained by the cumulative strain of the last months; I no longer really cared if I lived or died.

I arrived at the chancellery in late afternoon, after a tortuous ride through the rubble-littered streets. Most of Berlin was in ruins as the result of aerial bombardment and the recent pounding by Soviet heavy artillery. When I was ushered into Hitler's office, his manner was cool, reflecting none of the warmth elicited by my avowal of support several weeks before. He was now obviously keeping his emotions under tight rein. "What do you think?" he asked me. "Should I stay here or fly to Berchtesgaden? Jodl has told me that tomorrow is the last chance for that." I knew that, no matter what he did, his life was numbered in weeks, and I suggested he remain in Berlin rather than prolong the agony on the *Obersalzberg* for a few more days. I told him, "It seems to me better, if it must be, that you end your life here in the capital as the *Führer* rather than in your weekend house." Hitler just nodded wearily and, for once, there was no more talk about the tide turning. I had the strange sensation that I was facing a walking corpse; he was devoid of any spark of life, listless, drained.

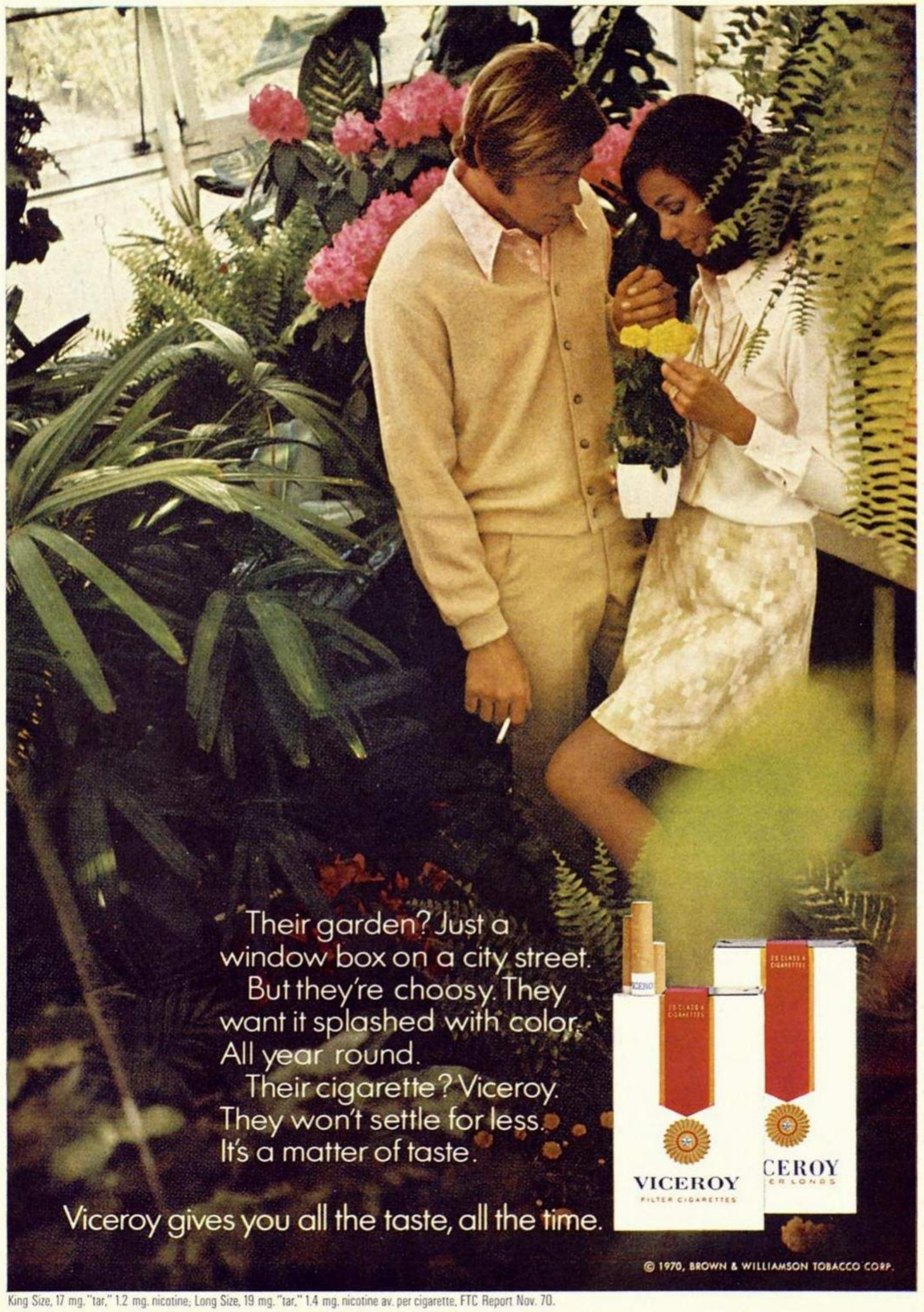
He spoke of his death without great interest: "I, too, have resolved to stay here. I only wanted to hear your view once more." He added, in an empty voice: "I shall not fight personally. There is always the danger that I would only be wounded and fall into the hands of the Russians alive. I don't want my enemies to disgrace my body, either. I've given orders that I be cremated." He looked off into space for a moment and when he resumed, his voice was quiet: "*Fräulein* Braun wants to depart this life with me, and I'll shoot Blondi [his Alsatian dog] beforehand. Believe me, Speer, it is easy for me to end my life. A brief moment and I'm freed of everything, liberated from this painful existence." I did not know what to say. I had the sensation that his vital core was already dead, that whatever demon had possessed him for most of his life had now departed, perhaps glutted on the blood and suffering it had wreaked, leaving Hitler's physical shell behind. But as I looked into those dead eyes, I felt that over the years, a part of *me* had died, too; my soul, perhaps.

In any case, I was suddenly possessed by an overwhelming sense of remorse, whether for Hitler, for myself or for all the unknown victims of our mutual madness, I do not know. In a shaking voice, I heard myself admitting to him that I had sabotaged his scorched-earth orders. His eyes briefly filled with tears, but he said nothing. Somehow, it was desperately important to me to make some flicker of human contact with Hitler, even in this lifeless state. I stammered that I was willing to stay in Berlin and share his fate, but he did not react; perhaps he knew I did not really mean it. Sometimes I wonder if he had known all along of my defiance of his demolition orders and had allowed me, for incomprehensible reasons of his own, to obstruct his policies. It was one of the mysteries of his strange personality that I will never unravel. But there is no doubt that he had hundreds shot for far less.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done if Hitler had taken you up on your offer to stay in Berlin to the end?

SPEER: I don't know. It was an irrational

"Of course your wife doesn't understand you."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King Size, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Long Size, 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 70.

"Fifi, it's me—your master!"

and impetuous thing to say, as even in those dark hours I was not suicidally inclined. But I was so swept with conflicting emotions that I was almost incapable of rational thinking. Fortunately, our conversation was interrupted by General Krebs, who delivered the daily situation report to Hitler. I did not see Hitler again for the next few hours, but around midnight, Eva Braun dispatched an SS orderly to invite me to her spare but pleasantly furnished room in the bunker. She was strangely gay and relaxed. "How about a bottle of champagne for our farewell?" she said lightly. "And some sweets? I'm sure you haven't eaten for a long time." I was moved by her thoughtfulness, and we settled down to a late-night snack of Moet et Chandon and cakes. The very normality of the atmosphere was abnormal under the circumstances. She told me, "You know, it was good that you came back once more. The *Führer* had assumed you would be working against him. But your visit has proved the opposite to him, hasn't it?" I could not answer her. "Anyhow," she went on, "he liked what you said to him today. He has made up his mind to stay here, and I am staying with him. And you know the rest, too, of course."

I wish there was something I could have said to her, some argument I could have advanced to save her young life, but of course there was no way I could influence her. "He wanted to send me back to Munich," she continued, "but I refused; I've come to end it here." Eva Braun, Hitler's much-maligned mistress, was the only person in the bunker with a capacity for compassion; she asked me sadly, "Why do so many more people have to be killed? It's all for nothing. . . ." Her words echoed in my mind as we said our goodbyes, Eva maintaining her poignant serenity.

It was three o'clock in the morning when I left her room, but Hitler was still up and I saw him to say goodbye. He stood before me, aged, shrunken, trembling, a human shadow. I was both deeply affected by our last meeting and strangely bewildered. Was this wraith the man I had believed in, revered, loved, hated for so long, the almighty *Führer* to whom I had devoted all my physical and mental powers for the past 15 years? As he said farewell, he was cold and indifferent. He shook my hand perfunctorily and said, "So, you're leaving? Good. *Auf Wiedersehen*." Nothing else—no expression of good wishes, neither thanks nor recrimination, no sentiment whatsoever. Suddenly, I realized I would never see this mysterious man again, and life without him to either love or hate suddenly seemed a dismaying prospect. In both loyal service and bitter opposition, he had become my universe. Shaken, I mumbled some promise to return, but he knew it was our final meeting and, without emotion, turned his back on me. For the last time, I had been dismissed from the *Führer*'s presence.

Dazed and exhausted by the events of the day, I left the bunker and walked through the deserted chancellery, its gutted windows gaping like the eye sockets of some stone skeleton. A spectral silence hung over the city: The normal street noises of Berlin were gone and the only sounds were the muted explosions of distant Soviet shells. Years ago, I had built this chancellery at the peak of my powers and ambition, burning with pride in my accomplishment. Now I left it in ruins, along with the better part of my life. I flew out of Berlin that night and returned to my family in Schleswig-Holstein.

Several days later, on May 1, 1945, the radio announced the news of Hitler's death. I had just moved into a small room at the headquarters of Admiral Doenitz, who had been appointed head of a new provisional government by Hitler in the last days of his life, and as I unpacked my suitcase, I discovered a silver-framed photograph of himself that Hitler had given me on my 40th birthday. Suddenly, as if a dam had burst inside me, I began weeping uncontrollably. My relationship with Hitler was finally over, but only his death had shattered the spell. His fatal, compelling magic was at last overcome; the flames that consumed his body also freed my soul. But I have not been able to forget the fires of the ovens at Auschwitz, the burning cities, the charred corpses of our millions of victims. Nothing, not even Hitler's death, has freed me of that.

PLAYBOY: When did the Allies take you into custody?

SPEER: Not until several weeks after Hitler's death. I and my fellow ministers in Doenitz' provisional government remained at liberty while the Allies consolidated their military and civil control.

PLAYBOY: Was it hard for you to accept your fall to common prisoner?

SPEER: Strangely enough, and to my own considerable surprise at the time, it wasn't at all difficult, and I adapted myself psychologically to the situation quite quickly. Of course, for 12 years, I had accepted the strict discipline of a totalitarian state and, in a very real if unrecognized sense, I had been a prisoner throughout the days of the Third Reich, albeit one who had sentenced himself. But now, spared the burdens of decision making, I felt very little beyond an intense desire for sleep. The mental and physical exhaustion of the preceding months and years had finally caught up with me, and there is no doubt that for the first few weeks of imprisonment, my mental faculties slackened. I was imprisoned first at Mondorf, then at Kransberg, and in September 1945, I was transferred to Nuremberg, where I was to face charges of war crimes before the International Military Tribunal.

PLAYBOY: Did you fear for your life?

SPEER: Yes, to be honest, I did. Once I overcame my initial despair, which had brought me temporarily to the verge of suicide, I wanted very much to go on living. My thoughts were with my wife and my six children, with whom I had spent so little time over the past five years. But the months of solitude had given me time to think about my role in the war and my guilt for its terrible human toll. I knew it was quite possible, perhaps even likely, that I would hang, and I naturally feared the prospect. But I also knew that I must pay for what I was beginning to recognize as my major crimes, and it was at this time that I formulated the position I would adopt at the trial: that I must regard my own life as insignificant and assume direct personal responsibility for the collective crimes of the government of which I had been a part. My very able lawyer, Dr. Hans Flächsner, argued intensely against this line, contending that, unlike most of the other defendants, I stood a strong chance of acquittal if I would mitigate my guilt and shift the responsibility for the forced-labor program to Sauckel and others. Legally, he was quite correct, I am sure; but morally, I was unable to accept his advice. I had slowly come to the realization that I *was* guilty; and for the sake of my family, my country and even myself, I knew I must not try to evade that guilt.

PLAYBOY: Yet you never pleaded guilty.

SPEER: Not explicitly, no. If I had done so on a capital charge, the trial would have been only a formality and the judges would have had no choice but to deliver a death sentence. But in my testimony, I clearly and unequivocally accepted my responsibility for the crimes of the regime, including the specific crime of recruiting forced labor, which was the major charge against me. I expressed these sentiments before the trial began in a series of letters to my wife and parents. I wrote my wife before the trial: "I must regard my life as concluded. Only then can I shape its finale in the way I consider necessary. I am duty-bound to face this tribunal. I cannot put up a cheap defense here. I believe you will understand, for in the end, you and the children would feel shame if I forgot that many millions of Germans fell for a false ideal." It was not always easy to hold to that position when my life swung in the balance, but fortunately, I never backed down from it, even at the gravest moments of private despair.

PLAYBOY: How did your codefendants regard your acceptance of responsibility for the crimes of the Reich?

SPEER: Some of them thought I was mad, and others misunderstood and thought that I was somehow trying to shift the blame onto them. Goering called me a

"second Brutus" who had betrayed his oath to the *Führer*, and others were equally bitter. I told the court, "In political life, there is a responsibility for a man's own sector. For that he is, of course, fully responsible. But beyond that, there is a collective responsibility when he has been one of the leaders. Who else is to be held responsible for the course of events, if not the closest associates around the chief of state? Even in an authoritarian system, this collective responsibility of the leaders must exist; there can be no attempting to withdraw from the collective responsibility after the catastrophe. . . . I have this obligation all the more since the chief of government has withdrawn from his responsibility to the German people and to the world." These statements alienated me even further from the majority of my codefendants, but I refused to temper them in private or in the witness box. It was as if I was purging myself.

Flächsner wanted me to play down my coresponsibility with Sauckel for the forced-labor program; but again, I told the court that I shared full guilt with Sauckel. This dismayed my attorney, but it liberated me; with each confession, I felt freer. But I was still deeply depressed throughout the trial. The overwhelming evidence of the atrocities in the concentration camps preyed on my mind, preventing me from sleeping: images of the doomed Jews, especially the women and children, kept recurring in my mind. All this, I thought, was done by a government which I strove with all my energy to keep in power. Four years of tireless effort, and in the end, all that was left in my mind was a mother holding her baby in her arms as she entered the gas chamber. I felt defiled, as if my life had turned to ashes in my mouth. I used to think: What will my own children think of me when they grow up and learn of these crimes for which their father shared responsibility? They will view me as a monster. I sometimes viewed myself as harshly.

PLAYBOY: You were sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment, primarily for your role in the forced-labor program. Do you regard that sentence as fair?

SPEER: I most definitely do—eminently fair and just. After what had happened, any penalty would have been just—even a death sentence, although I wanted to live as much as any man. A few weeks after my sentence, I wrote in my diary, "There are things for which one is guilty even if one might offer excuses—simply because the scale of the crimes is so overwhelming that by comparison, any human excuse pales to insignificance." I believed that then and I believe it now.

PLAYBOY: Some historians have contended that the Nuremberg trial was an act of revenge by the victors on the vanquished and that its establishment of ex post facto crimes was juridically invalid. How do you feel about such criticism?

SPEER: I disagree most emphatically. The principles of international jurisprudence established at Nuremberg are, in my opinion, among the most heartening and noble developments of the 20th Century. They established a moral basis on which to judge the actions of great powers, a principle of vital importance in a world of rockets and hydrogen bombs. I sincerely believe the principles of Nuremberg are of enduring value to humanity.

PLAYBOY: Critics of American involvement in Indochina contend that the U. S. Government is in violation of the Charter of the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg and is guilty of both crimes against humanity and crimes of aggressive warfare. Do you agree with them?

SPEER: I will not comment directly on the rights and wrongs of Vietnam or any contemporary war, because my own guilt for the horrors of World War Two is much too great to allow me to smugly sit back and pass judgment on others. But I would comment indirectly by saying that the lessons of Nazi Germany and World War Two apply to all nations and all wars. The main reason I wrote my memoirs was not to rehash history but to hold the past up to present and future generations as a mirror in which they may behold similar seeds of destruction in themselves. The crimes of the Third Reich are essentially *modern* crimes, made possible by 20th Century technology, which holds within it both great promise and great danger for human values.

In my closing speech at the Nuremberg trial, I tried to approach the root of this problem. Speaking as the leading representative of a technocracy which had ruthlessly perverted the tools of technology into instruments of mass destruction, I told the tribunal, "Hitler's dictatorship was the first dictatorship of an industrial state in this age of modern technology, a dictatorship which employed to perfection the instruments of technology to dominate its own people. . . . By means of such instruments of technology as the radio and public-address systems, 80,000,000 persons could be made subject to the will of one individual. Telephone, teletype and radio made it possible to transmit the commands of the highest levels directly to the lowest organs, where, because of their high authority, they were executed uncritically."

I told the tribunal that, in my opinion, nuclear weapons and chemical-bacteriological warfare further compounded the problem: "The more technological the world becomes, the greater is the danger. As the former minister in charge of a highly developed armaments economy, it is my last duty to state: A new great war will end with the destruction of human culture and civilization. There is nothing to stop unleashed technology and science from completing its work of destroying man, which it has so terribly begun in this war. The nightmare shared by many people that someday the nations of the world may be dominated by technology—that nightmare was very nearly made a reality under Hitler's authoritarian system. Every country in the world today faces the danger of being terrorized by technology, but in a modern dictatorship, this seems to me to be unavoidable. Therefore, the more technological the world becomes, the more essential will be the demand for individual freedom and the self-awareness of the human being as a counterpoise to technology." I concluded, "Consequently, this trial must contribute to laying down the ground rules for life in human society. What does my own fate signify, after all that has happened and in comparison with so important a goal?"

PLAYBOY: You paid for your crimes with 20 years' imprisonment. Do you believe you have atoned for your guilt?

SPEER: No, I don't. I don't believe there can be any atonement in this lifetime for sins of such huge dimension. But I also sincerely believe that I am a much different man today than I was in 1945. In the isolation of imprisonment, I learned to look inside myself, to study my own weaknesses and strengths; and for the first time in my life, I had the leisure and opportunity to read and absorb works of philosophy and theology. Perhaps equally important to my own moral development, I was guarded at Spandau for 20 years by citizens of the four Allied powers against whom I had mobilized Hitler's war effort, and through them I was able to discover the direct human results of my armaments efforts. Many of them had lost close relatives in the course of the war, particularly the Soviet guards, every one of whom had lost a wife or child or father or mother; a few of them had seen their entire families perish in the holocaust. But despite this, despite the fact that I had produced the bullets and bombs that killed and maimed their loved ones and devastated their country, not one of the Russians blamed me directly for their bereavement—as, in fact, they would have had every right to do. Throughout those years of imprisonment, these simple soldiers treated me with warmth and friendship and consideration. At my moments of deepest despair, when I felt I would never be reunited with my own wife or children again, they always had a word of comfort for me, a reassuring smile, a sympathetic pat on the shoulder.

Unless someone has been in prison for a prolonged period, he will not comprehend the importance of such understanding human contact. Their kindness and humanity transcended ideology and nationalism and recrimination; we met not as political enemies or conquerors and conquered but as human beings. If I had to draw one single lesson from the horrors of World War Two, it would be not to depersonalize your enemy. Once this happens—whether it is a case of Nazi and Jew, Communist and capitalist or black and white—the greatest crimes are not only feasible but inevitable. The ideological differences that divide mankind today are, when seen in historical perspective, as transient and evanescent as the religious quarrels of the 16th and 17th centuries; the difference is that in the 20th Century, man has the power to totally destroy the race or nation he views as the enemy.

In 1947, I wrote in my cell at Spandau, "The catastrophe of this war has proved the sensitivity of the system of modern civilization evolved in the course of centuries. Now we know that we do not live in an earthquake-proof structure. The build-up of negative impulses, each reinforcing the other, can inexorably shake to pieces the complicated apparatus of the modern world. There is no halting this process by will alone. The danger is that the automatism of progress will depersonalize man further and withdraw more and more of his self-responsibility." It is this vast gulf between our technological potential and our moral development that makes this age both so challenging and so terrifying. We now have the power to reach the stars—and to destroy our own planet.

If Adolf Hitler had possessed a button that would destroy the entire world, he would have pushed it at the end. Today, there are such buttons in the war rooms of all the great powers. None of the world's leaders is a Hitler, but the hatreds and fears on which Hitler thrived still persist, and the potential for mass destruction is even greater today. In the 1970s, an executioner never has to see his victims, whether they number in the hundreds or the thousands or the millions. This was the nightmare of Nazi Germany, the first modern state to mechanize murder. It is also the nightmare of a world of H-bombs and high-altitude jet bombers and intercontinental ballistic missiles and chemical-bacteriological warfare. In such a world, terrorized by technology, we are *all* in Auschwitz.

I know that these instruments of death are in the hands of sane men, often decent men, but there were sane and decent men in Nazi Germany and they did not avert the greatest bloodbath in recorded history. The automated juggernaut of modern mass destruction can all too easily achieve a momentum of its own, carrying the world to total annihilation. Once the beast is loosed, it can travel in only one direction. The descent into hell can be an exhilarating ride, but it is a one-way trip. I know I have been there. I still am.

THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE *(continued from page 148)*

the woman, he should be sure what message she's really sending; otherwise, he risks bruising his ego. What is close to someone of North European background may be neutral or distant to someone of Italian heritage. Also, women sometimes use space as a way of misleading a man and there are few things that put men off more than women who communicate contradictory messages—such as women who cuddle up and then act insulted when a man takes the next step.

How does a woman communicate interest in a man? In addition to such familiar gambits as smiling at him, she may glance shyly at him, blush and then look away. Or she may give him a real come-on look and move in very close when he approaches. She may touch his arm and ask for a light. As she leans forward to light her cigarette, she may brush him lightly, enveloping him in her perfume. She'll probably continue to smile at him and she may use what ethologists call preening gestures—touching the back of her hair, thrusting her breasts forward, tilting her hips as she stands or crossing her legs if she's seated, perhaps even exposing one thigh or putting a hand on her thigh and stroking it. She may also stroke her wrists as she converses or show the palm of her hand as a way of gaining his attention. Her skin may be unusually flushed or quite pale, her eyes brighter, the pupils larger.

If a man sees a woman whom he wants to attract, he tries to present himself by his posture and stance as someone who is self-assured. He moves briskly and confidently. When he catches the eye of the woman, he may hold her glance a little longer than normal. If he gets an encouraging smile, he'll move in close and engage her in small talk. As they converse, his glance shifts over her face and body. He, too, may make preening gestures—straightening his tie, smoothing his hair or shooting his cuffs.

How do people learn body language? The same way they learn spoken language—by observing and imitating people around them as they're growing up. Little girls imitate their mothers or an older female. Little boys imitate their fathers or a respected uncle or a character on television. In this way, they learn the gender signals appropriate for their sex. Regional, class and ethnic patterns of body behavior are also learned in childhood and persist throughout life.

Such patterns of masculine and feminine body behavior vary widely from one culture to another. In America, for example, women stand with their thighs together. Many walk with their pelvis tipped slightly forward and their upper arms close to their body. When they sit, they cross their legs at the knee or, if they are well past middle age, they may cross their ankles. American men hold their arms away from their body, often swinging them as they walk. They stand with their legs apart (an extreme example is the cowboy, with legs apart and thumbs tucked into his belt). When they sit, they put their feet on the floor with legs apart and, in some parts of the country, they cross their legs by putting one ankle on the other knee.

Leg behavior indicates sex, status and personality. It also indicates whether or not one is at ease or is showing respect or disrespect for the other person. Young Latin-American males avoid crossing their legs. In their world of *machismo*, the preferred position for young males when with one another (if there is no older dominant male present to whom they must show respect) is to sit on the base of their spine with their leg muscles relaxed and their feet wide apart. Their respect position is like our military equivalent; spine straight, heels and ankles together—almost identical to that displayed by properly brought up young women in New England in the early part of this century.

American women who sit with their legs spread apart in the presence of males are *not* normally signaling a come-on—they are simply (and often unconsciously) sitting like men. Middle-class women in the presence of other women to whom they are very close may on occasion throw themselves down on a soft chair or sofa and let themselves go. This is a signal that nothing serious will be taken up. Males, on the other hand, lean back and prop their legs up on the nearest object.

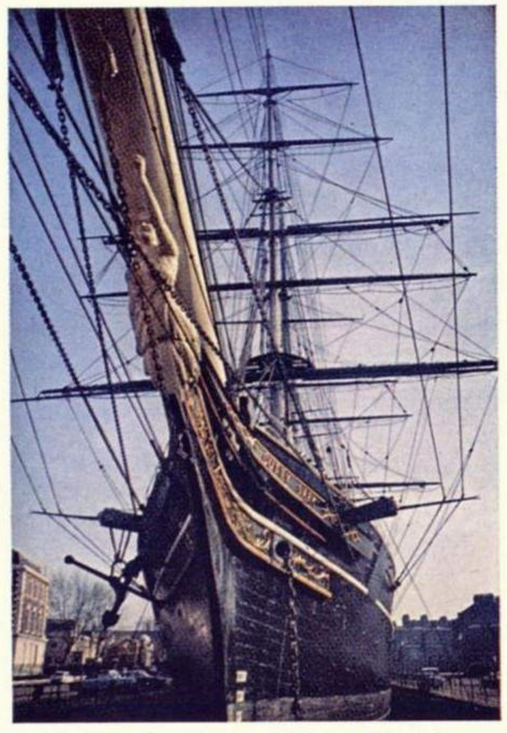
The way we walk, similarly, indicates status, respect, mood and ethnic or cultural affiliation. The many variants of the female walk are too well known to go into here, except to say that a man would have to be blind not to be turned on by the way some women walk—a fact that made Mae West rich before scientists ever studied these matters. To white Americans, some French middle-class males walk in a way that is both humorous and suspect. There is a bounce and looseness to the French walk, as though the parts of the body were somehow unrelated. Jacques Tati, the French movie actor, walks this way; so does the great mime, Marcel Marceau.

Blacks and whites in America—with the exception of middle- and upper-middle-class professionals of both groups—move and walk very differently from each other. To the blacks, whites often seem incredibly stiff, almost mechanical in their movements. Black males, on the other hand, have a looseness and coordination that frequently makes whites a little uneasy; it's too different, too integrated, too alive, too male. Norman Mailer has said that squares walk from the shoulders, like bears, but blacks and hippies walk from the hips, like cats.

All over the world, people walk not only in their own characteristic way but have walks that communicate the nature of their involvement with whatever it is they're doing. The purposeful walk of

"But, dear, I am acting my age."

The living Cutty Sark.



Cutty Sark, greatest of the clipper ships, still lives at Greenwich, England. Since 1957, when she was opened as a memorial to Britain's merchant seamen, over 4 million people have walked her decks, marveled at her fantastic display of clipper era memorabilia and tried, if only for a moment, to experience the magic of the days of wooden ships and iron men.

Cutty Sark's cutty sark. Cutty wore, atop her mainmast, this guilded replica of the short skirt that gave her her name. It was lost off Africa in 1916, discovered some 40 years later in London. Today, back aboard, it's one of *Cutty Sark's* proudest relics.

The Long John Silver figurehead collection, the last remains of over 100 famous merchantmen and only one of the many clipper era exhibits on view aboard *Cutty Sark*.

Cutty's latest Master, Capt. D. Reid, 36 years at sea, full of yarns about *Cutty Sark* and his own days as a sail and steam Master in the Far East trade.

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Cutty Sark...the only one of its kind.

North Europeans is an important component of proper behavior on the job. Any male who has been in the military knows how essential it is to walk properly (which makes for a continuing source of tension between blacks and whites in the Service). The quick shuffle of servants in the Far East in the old days was a show of respect. On the island of Truk, when we last visited, the inhabitants even had a name for the respectful walk that one used when in the presence of a chief or when walking past a chief's house. The term was *sufan*, which meant to be humble and respectful.

The notion that people communicate volumes by their gestures, facial expressions, posture and walk is not new; actors, dancers, writers and psychiatrists have long been aware of it. Only in recent years, however, have scientists begun to make systematic observations of body motions. Ray L. Birdwhistell of the University of Pennsylvania is one of the pioneers in body-motion research and coined the term kinesics to describe this field. He developed an elaborate notation system to record both facial and body movements, using an approach similar to that of the linguist, who studies the basic elements of speech. Birdwhistell and other kinesicists such as Albert Sheflen, Adam Kendon and William Condon take movies of people interacting. They run the film over and over again, often at reduced speed for frame-by-frame analysis, so that they can observe even the slightest body movements not perceptible at normal interaction speeds. These movements are then recorded in notebooks for later analysis.

To appreciate the importance of nonverbal-communication systems, consider the unskilled inner-city black looking for a job. His handling of time and space alone is sufficiently different from the white middle-class pattern to create great misunderstandings on both sides. The black is told to appear for a job interview at a certain time. He arrives late. The white interviewer concludes from his tardy arrival that the black is irresponsible and not really interested in the job. What the interviewer doesn't know is that the black time system (often referred to by blacks as C. P. T.—colored people's time) isn't the same as that of whites. In the words of a black student who had been told to make an appointment to see his professor: "Man, you *must* be putting me on. I never had an appointment in my life."

The black job applicant, having arrived late for his interview, may further antagonize the white interviewer by his posture and his eye behavior. Perhaps he slouches and avoids looking at the interviewer; to him, this is playing it cool. To the interviewer, however, he may well look shifty and sound uninterested. The interviewer has failed to notice the actual signs of interest and eagerness in the black's behavior, such as the subtle shift in the quality of the voice—a gentle and tentative excitement—an almost imperceptible change in the cast of the eyes and a relaxing of the jaw muscles.

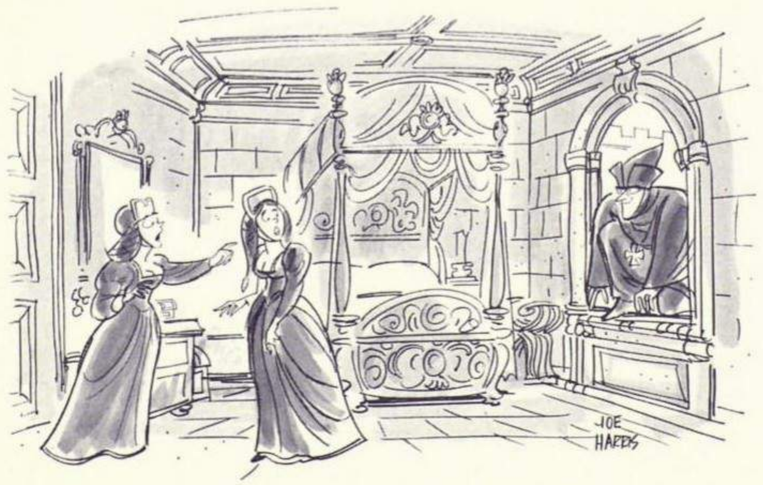
Moreover, correct reading of black-white behavior is continually complicated by the fact that both groups are comprised of individuals—some of whom try to accommodate and some of whom make it a point of pride *not* to accommodate. At present, this means that many Americans, when thrown into contact with one another, are in the precarious position of not knowing which pattern applies. Once identified and analyzed, nonverbal-communication systems can be taught, like a foreign language. Without this training, we respond to nonverbal communications in terms of our own culture; we read everyone's behavior as if it were our own, and thus we often misunderstand it.

Several years ago in New York City, there was a program for sending children from predominantly black and Puerto Rican low-income neighborhoods to summer school in a white upper-class neighborhood on the East Side. One morning, a group of young black and Puerto Rican boys raced down the street, shouting and screaming and overturning garbage cans on their way to school. A doorman from an apartment building nearby chased them and cornered one of them inside a building. The boy drew a knife and attacked the doorman. This tragedy would not have occurred if the doorman had been familiar with the behavior of boys from low-income neighborhoods, where such antics are routine and socially acceptable and where pursuit would be expected to invite a violent response.

The language of behavior is extremely complex. Most of us are lucky to have under control one subcultural system—the one that reflects our sex, class, generation and geographic region within the United States. Because of its complexity, efforts to isolate bits of nonverbal communication and generalize from them are in vain; you don't become an instant expert on people's behavior by watching them at cocktail parties. Body language isn't something that's independent of the person, something that can be donned and doffed like a suit of clothes.

Our research and that of our colleagues has shown that, far from being a superficial form of communication that can be consciously manipulated, nonverbal-communication systems are interwoven into the fabric of the personality and, as sociologist Erving Goffman has demonstrated, into society itself. They are the warp and woof of daily interactions with others and they influence how one expresses oneself, how one experiences oneself as a man or a woman.

Nonverbal communications signal to members of your own group what kind of person you are, how you feel about others, how you'll fit into and work in a group, whether you're assured or anxious, the degree to which you feel comfortable with the standards of your own culture, as well as deeply significant feelings about the self, including the state of your own psyche. For most of us, it's difficult to accept the reality of another's behavioral system. And, of course, none of us will ever become fully knowledgeable of the importance of every nonverbal signal. But as long as each of us realizes the power of these signals, this society's diversity can be a source of great strength rather than a further—and subtly powerful—source of division.



"Milady, there's a cardinal on the window sill!"

WHAT TANQUERAY DID FOR THE FIREPLUG, HATHAWAY DOES FOR BLAZER STRIPES

(The shirt fabric: DuPont Dacron® polyester and cotton.)

Doubtless you have observed that the bottle in which Tanqueray puts its admirable gin is a replica of a London fireplug, circa 1890.

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Hathaway's new Warwick collar gives a good show of linen at the neck. Its points: a happy medium between straights and spreads. $14.

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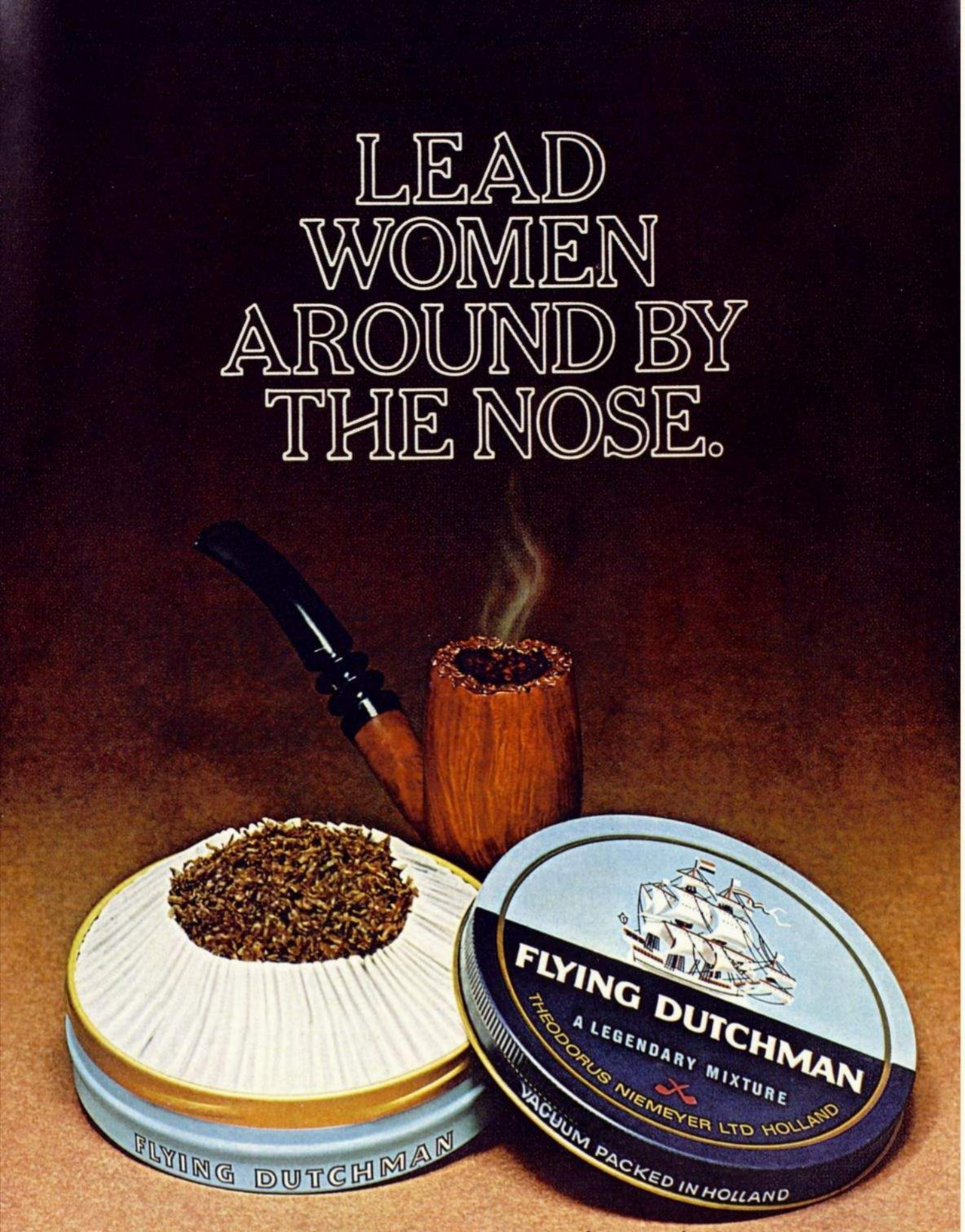

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MADE IN HOLLAND BY THEODORUS NIEMEYER, HOLLAND'S LEADING TOBACCO BLENDER SINCE 1919.

WHITE HOUSE!

(continued from page 122)

SAINT *gives an involuntary start and* HEFLIN *slaps his forehead in dismay.*

HEFLIN: Oh, my God! There goes my Southern strategy.

SAINT (*hopefully*): Mason, stop worrying. It's just a . . . a phase. She'll outgrow it.

HEFLIN: Oh, yeah? Look at that Rusk kid.

FONDA: Dad, I refuse to talk about it anymore.

HEFLIN: I don't want to interfere in your life, but why . . . why a person of the colored persuasion?

FONDA: For God's sake, Daddy, *nobody* uses that expression anymore, not even Billy Graham.

HEFLIN: What happened between you and Steve Baker?

FONDA: Nothing. I still see him.

HEFLIN: Will you do me one favor?

FONDA: What's that?

HEFLIN: Before you consider anything . . . (*groping for a word*) . . . serious . . . with this what's-his-name, would you at least *think* about Steve? For *my* sake?

FONDA (*sighing*): All right, Dad, I promise.

HEFLIN (*patting her hand*): That's my girl. I like Steve. He's a good man.

CUT TO *the corridor outside the master bedroom.* EASTWOOD *is pacing the floor while* MARTIN *stands by helplessly.*

EASTWOOD: Think, man, where did you have it last?

MARTIN: I told you, Steve, it was on my lap.

EASTWOOD: Then how the hell could you possibly lose it?

MARTIN (*breaking down*): I'm sorry. (*He looks at* EASTWOOD *with tears in his eyes*) You hate me, Steve, don't you? You despise me!

EASTWOOD (*softening*): No, Hank, I don't hate you. (*He takes* MARTIN*'s hand and squeezes it. The two exchange meaningful glances.*)

CUT TO *the First Lady's office.* JACKSON *is on the phone.*

JACKSON: Lyle, I told you not to call me here, because you never know when she or that faggot Secret Serviceman might walk in. No, I can't have the chapter before Friday. Lyle, I really have to go. This place is a madhouse now. I can't tell you yet, but, don't worry, I'll get it all down. What's that? No, as far as I know, there's nothing at all going on between the Attorney General's wife and the publisher of *The New York Times.*

CUT TO *the dining room.* EASTWOOD *and* MARTIN *enter as the First Family is just finishing breakfast.*

EASTWOOD: Excuse us for breaking in on you like this, Mr. President.

HEFLIN: What is it, Steve?

EASTWOOD: A couple of important things have come up.

HEFLIN: What important things?

EASTWOOD: First of all, we're going to have to ask all of you to evacuate the White House immediately.

MARTIN: Mr. President, I lost it.

HEFLIN: What the hell is going on here? Evacuate the White House? Lost what?

OFFSCREEN VOICE: He lost this.

EASTWOOD: My God, the maniac!

CUT TO *the doorway. A young black girl* (DIANA SANDS), *in Cuban-type fatigues, is standing there. In one hand is the portfolio. In her other hand is a bomb.* PAN AROUND *the room to the ashen faces of the First Family.* HOLD ON HEFLIN. *He is stupefied.*

MARTIN (*moving toward* SANDS *and the portfolio*): Hey, thanks a lot. Where did you find it?

SANDS (*threatening him*): Hold it, man. Don't nobody move. I got a live bomb here.

MARTIN *jumps back and instinctively throws his arms around* EASTWOOD *for protection. The embarrassed* EASTWOOD *pushes him away in disgust.* CUT TO CLOSE-UP *of* HEFLIN, *then* FONDA. *The move was not lost on either of them.*

HEFLIN (*to* SANDS): What do you want?

SANDS: A lot of things, baby. Money, power for the people. . . .

EASTWOOD (*moving toward her*): Listen, miss, I don't know how you got in here without a ticket, but——

SANDS (*brandishing the bomb*): One more step and you're a dead honkie. (EASTWOOD *freezes*) All right, now, everybody out. The President and I got some negotiatin' to do. And if anybody touches that door. . . . (*She waves the bomb*)

All except HEFLIN *begin to file slowly out of the room. Suddenly,* SAINT *runs to* HEFLIN *and embraces him.*

SAINT: Mason, I won't leave you.

HEFLIN (*gently but firmly*): You'd better go, Peg. She means business.

SAINT *runs tearfully from the room.* SANDS *closes the door with her back. She and* HEFLIN *look at each other for a brief moment. Then she tosses the portfolio and the bomb away, the latter landing harmlessly on the floor, and throws herself into* HEFLIN*'s arms.*

SANDS: Oh, Mason, I missed you, baby.

HEFLIN: Lucinda, what the hell . . . ?

SANDS: How many years have you been in Washington now? Three? Four? God, I thought I'd go out of my mind.

HEFLIN: You mean you concocted this whole crazy thing just to——

SANDS: How else could I get to you? Call? It's impossible to get through to you on the phone. Write a letter? Sheee-it, man.

HEFLIN: But——

"Hi! Which are you? Booze or pot?"

SANDS: Just an hour, baby. Then you'll be my hostage on Air Force One. We fly to Cuba. I get off. You go back. You say you talked me out of my demands. You're a big hero and nobody's the wiser. Simple?

HEFLIN: Lucinda, you'd do all this for just one hour with me?

SANDS: Baby, it's worth it.

HEFLIN (*shaking his head*): I'm the President. I can't——

SANDS: God, baby, don't shoot me down after all this.

HEFLIN: But don't you see? It'll never work. They'll——

SANDS: Nobody'll go near that door. They think I have a real bomb.

HEFLIN: This is insane.

SANDS: So what? *Live* for an hour!

She kisses him. Then she playfully tickles his stomach. Something awakens within him. He smiles and suddenly he is chasing her around the room.

HEFLIN (*huffing and puffing*): God, how I missed you. Those fantastic nights we used to steal together back in New York.

She stops running, reaches into her pocket and takes out the tattered remains of a blanket.

SANDS: Mase, look what I have.

HEFLIN (*ecstatic*): My ba . . . my baba. . . . You kept it?

SANDS: Of course Mommy kept it.

He takes it from her and presses it to his face.

HEFLIN: Masie so happy, he wanna cry.

She sits down in a chair and sits him down on her lap.

SANDS: You sit down on Mommy's lap, Mommy take off your clothes and Mommy make *all* bettah. . . .

She begins to undress him.

HEFLIN (*pressing the blanket to his face and leaning against her bodice*): Mommy moomie nonny noonie neeny. . . .

CUT TO CLOSE-UP *of a vase of begonias in a corner of the room. We see a mechanical device concealed inside.* CUT TO *an adjoining room. Seated at a tape recorder, with earphones on, is* JACKSON.

HOLD ON JACKSON. MUSIC UP. SUPERIMPOSE *closing cast-credit crawl.* FADE TO *black.*

"Say, lady, don't you think you're carrying this thing a bit too far?"

Steve McQueen

(continued from page 116)

a dour, wealthy Kansan who plays Bach tapes alone late at night and who has survived the Grand Prix and sports-car circuits for nearly 20 years, a totally improbable feat that makes him senior to every other driver now running in Europe. So do several hardhanded Englishmen: Derek Bell, Vic Elford, David Piper, John Miles, Jonathan Williams.

Everyone watches these men. Something sets them apart, and it is not swagger. Professional racing drivers do not swagger. Not Stirling Moss, not Mario Andretti, not Fangio, not the late Jim Clark nor the late Bruce McLaren. Cale Yarborough, the stock-car driver, seems to swagger, but that is because he is so burly and short that he rolls when he walks. The Marquis de Portago walked in beauty—his own incredible male beauty surrounded by a lush growth of attendant female beauty—but that is not the same thing. Porfirio Rubirosa, who was a fairly good driver, swaggered a little, but he was an amateur.

The watcher knows, of course, that the drivers lay their lives on the line against unfavorable odds, and that is one thing that sets them apart. Yet that difference is in the observer's mind. Other differences nag the eye: an occasional flicker of abnormal physical quickness, observable even when they are lazing about waiting to drive; the facial erosion of hours of incredibly sustained mental concentration. And it may be that the eye is made uneasy not by something present but by something missing: the small habits of uncertainty that blur normal men. Uncertainty is disastrous in racing, and it is totally absent in their manner.

A contrast teases the mind. Several actors who will play drivers in the film are on hand to observe the men whose mannerisms they must counterfeit. Like the drivers, they wear white fireproof driving suits, and their fire masks sag loose at the neck, ready to be pulled up under the eyes, Jesse James fashion. The actors' faces are good: hard rather than handsome. Yet there is no confusing actor with driver. It is hard to say why. Maybe the actors blink more often.

• • •

Before one of McQueen's side-by-side runs with the big Porsche and the GT-40, John Sturges takes Slotemaker, the camera-car driver, off to the side of the track. "You don't need to say anything about this," he tells him, "but hold it down a little. He tends to go faster than he has to." Slotemaker nods in total agreement. Sturges is right, without any question. If the fastest possible speed through a given turn is 110 mph, there is no cinematic reason to take the curve at 109. Five miles slower will look just as fast on the screen, and the chance of a dead actor will be greatly diminished.

Yet here is another certainty, and Sturges, an old friend who directed McQueen's best early films, knows it well: If McQueen had overheard this conversation, his first impulse would have been to order both Sturges and Slotemaker off the lot. Something like this has already happened, though not to Sturges. During the first few days of filming, a Belgian driver who had worked in some of the scenes gave an interview to a provincial newspaper in another part of France. A story appeared saying that he was doubling the driving scenes for McQueen. There was reasonable doubt that the man had said this at all—he may have said, "I am doubling for the actors," or something equally truthful, and the error may have been the French reporter's. No matter; McQueen, in a cold rage, ruled the driver off the set.

Something more than a movie is going on here. Doubling McQueen would, in fact, make splendid sense. Modern sports cars are not open roadsters but coupes, and the shapes of the drivers inside them are only dimly visible. Roadsters, moreover, would not help much; it is impossible to tell, even when standing directly beside him, whether a driver wearing a cloth fire mask, enveloping crash helmet and Plexiglas face shield is McQueen or somebody else. Paying customers will assume that McQueen used a double, there being no visual evidence to the contrary. (Actually, they will be twice wrong. During the shooting of one traffic scene, when there was a temporary shortage of professional drivers, McQueen jumped into a Ferrari and drove it for the cameras. Thus the hottest male star in the business, give or take Paul Newman, doubled for a $350-a-week nondriving actor, while Sturges, burning at the stupidity of this, clutched at his bald scalp for hair to pull out.)

Members of the film company know, of course, that McQueen does his own driving, but they are not much impressed. Heroics are unprofessional, and that is the dirtiest word that movie people know how to pronounce. There is only one audience that McQueen can be playing to. He is movie people himself, and he knows what heroics are worth. But he values, past anything that reasonable men like Sturges can name, the respect of the professional drivers.

And in a way he has it. "He's really quite a good driver, you know," says Derek Bell, the young English driver who is leading the Formula II circuit at the moment. The opinion is volunteered, not asked for, and it is sincere; race drivers as good as Bell do not have to flatter movie stars. Bell goes on to say that, no, "McQueen's not in our class, but he's not meant to be. He handles the car well. One can't tell, with practice he might have been very good indeed." The drivers know that McQueen is a good amateur motorcycle racer, and they give him credit for a surprising second-place finish in 1970's Sebring 12-hour sports-car race. Co-driver Peter Revson turned most of the laps, but McQueen did his stint well, and he did it despite the fact that his left foot was in a cast as the result of a racing accident three weeks earlier. Only a horrified "No!" from the CBS money men kept him from driving in the 1970 race at Le Mans.

Yet Bell and the others reserve the last measure of acceptance. Professional is a heavy word with them, too. The drivers go very fast when the cameras are turning, but when they circle back to line up for the retake they stroke in at 70 mph, just fast enough to keep tires and brakes safely hot. Only McQueen hits the red line on the run back. He is always first. No one says it, but this is bush.

• • •

"Have we cast the girl yet?" The questioner is a very young assistant director named Les Sheldon. Assistant directors are supposed to know everything that is happening in a production company, so that when the coffee wagon rolls on set they will be right there to get a fresh cup for the director. Told that the female lead has not yet been hired, Sheldon says that is what he had heard, and walks off looking glum.

A doubter can kick the tires of McQueen's Porsche, and he has no trouble learning exactly how much the film is going to cost ($5,500,000, $6,800,000, $8,000,000, "at least $10,000,000"), but other certainties tend to be negative. It is absolutely certain that last week someone did the impossible and overturned a Chapman crane, an extremely expensive motorized camera boom not duplicable in Europe. There is no doubt that shooting was delayed for two and a half hours earlier this week because the windshield wiper of a Ferrari broke at the beginning of a rain scene.

It is also well established that although three writers, including PLAYBOY's race-car expert Ken W. Purdy, are at work in trailers parked in a field behind the business office, no script exists yet, so that if a female lead were on hand there would be nothing for her to do but wash her hair. Not even the story line is absolutely clear, except that McQueen will neither win the race nor die in a crash. Director Sturges and Purdy, brought in a few weeks ago by Sturges to write a script that remained stubbornly unwritten after 17 months of effort by other writers, want to start the action three or four days before the race, so that Sturges will have time to establish character. McQueen wants to begin 15 minutes before the race and finish 15 minutes after it ends, using no flashbacks, letting all the film's interest hang on the swirl and snarl of the cars. He also talks of doing the film without a script, a near impossibility for such a ponderous production. "We're going to cap it up, so no one will want to do a racing film again," he says. "I just hope CBS has the balls to ride with us." The CBS money brass is due in town tomorrow.

In the meantime nobody uses the basketball court. A pity; it is a fine court. It

"Shut those elevators! Call Muzak! Get back to your desks!"

exists because six weeks ago, when the world was new and *The 24 Hours of Le Mans* still seemed a good idea, tall Robert Relyea thought it would be nice to have someplace to shoot baskets with his two tall sons, who were spending their summer vacations with the film company. He mentioned this to Hubert Froehlich, the production manager, whose crew built Solar Village and whose reputation is for utter and immediate efficiency. The whim was instantly translated into asphalt. If Relyea and his sons had been oarsmen, Froehlich would have produced a lake. But not many baskets were shot before it became clear that the mood of the production was not sportive. A pattern developed: When filming stopped for the day, the harassed men who ran Solar Productions held conferences and drank. The working class drank and stayed out of sight.

"*Bullitt*," people say to each other now, sounding jittery. "Right, but don't forget *Bullitt*."

Relyea, who says "*Bullitt*" a good deal himself, explains. There were doubters when they were making *Bullitt*, too. People said McQueen was crazy to play a cop, that it would sour his rebel image with the kids, not all of whom liked cops. McQueen said to hell with that. Then Warner Bros. said he was crazy to do the big car-chase scene in the streets of San Francisco, instead of faking it safely and cheaply in the Warner back lot. McQueen said to hell with that, too, and Warners and McQueen's Solar Productions tore up a six-picture contract they had signed.

Now, Relyea goes on, coming to the good part of the story, *Bullitt* is grossing about $35,000,000, because McQueen had had the guts to do the film he wanted, and do it right. (Presumably. The version now visible in the neighborhood theaters is so chopped up as to be incomprehensible.)

Relyea reminisces cheerfully. Once he and McQueen and Sturges "and everybody else in the company" got themselves fired when they were doing *The Great Escape*. "We were over in Germany, and we were spending too much money and taking too long, and the Mirisch brothers finally got sick of it and said all right, that's it, finished. Come home. So we sent a cable saying we were terribly sorry, there had been problems, and we would be through in two weeks. We got back a cable saying we accept the apology but you didn't get the message, you're through now. We sent another cable saying you're absolutely right, we should be hung, and in two weeks it will all be over. Well, how do you stop a production? File a lawsuit? Tell a German cop that those bad men over there are stealing your equipment? We finished that film, against orders, and it made a lot of money." The odds seem good that the CBS people will hear these stories over drinks the first night they are in Le Mans.

• • •

"So now we do a one-eighty." A great, loose grin appears on the face of Rob Slotemaker, the Dutch skid expert, and his pale-blue eyes take on a glaze, like those of a man caught up in some deeply personal pleasure. He accelerates the borrowed Porsche 911-T. As he does so, he fumbles for his seat belt, and discovers that the car has none. "Yah, well, not necessary," says Slotemaker, at peace with the world. The Porsche hits 100 kilometers an hour, or about 67 mph, and Slotemaker says "Ready, yes?" and swings the car slightly to the left—"So"—then hard to the right—"And so"—grabs the parking brake to skid the rear wheels, shifts to neutral, and raises his eyes from the windshield to the rearview mirror, through which he now steers as the Porsche travels backward at 40 mph.

"The purpose for the one-eighty skid," Slotemaker says as he does another one, "is that when you are going to smash, maybe it is better to hit in the back, not in the front." He says he will now do a much more difficult 360-degree skid. He does not explain its purpose. The pavement is dry, however, "so there is a tendency that the car turns over." He asks his passenger to disembark, because his weight on the low side of the car during the skid's second phase might tip the balance. He does two sluing 360s, as a pair of Le Mans gendarmes hired to block off the road to civilian traffic watch in horror. Then he drives back to Solar Village, skidding wildly for the sheer Dutch joy of it through a narrow side street parked solidly with cars. "So that is how you make a square-wheeled Porsche," says Slotemaker.

• • •

Driver Jonathan Williams has ordered a soft-boiled egg. It arrives. He

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"Oh, Charley . . . interested in a different kind of double-header?"

excises the top with his table knife and examines the interior. Something is wrong. His pleasant, boyish face reflects horror. Does the egg harbor an omen, is the ruin of all space inscribed in the albumen? No. He summons the waitress, a stubby French girl. Williams indicates the egg, without emotion, and says in French that it is not cooked. The waitress considers, looks closely at Williams, makes her decision and takes the egg away. The driver, who looks 23 but is 28, clears the egg from his mind and answers a question asked some moments before. "For a short time a few years ago I was the coming young driver. . . ." His voice has a very slight edge to it. "I held it for a time, then I slipped back . . ."—there is a pause and a smile—"to a not-too-dishonorable position. . . ."

A substitute egg is put before Williams. He acknowledges it. He flicks the top off with a motion neither too forceful nor too faint, inspects its interior, grimaces, then announces in a neutral tone that this egg, too, is uncooked. The waitress hustles it away. Williams resumes his conversation. No, he no longer loves racing; it is now merely a business. Deaths? Three quarters of a laugh; his friend Piers Courage was killed in a race ten days before. No, we are very hard-boiled about deaths. It is merely that. . . . What? He is having a hard time saying what he means. Racing has changed; the people, the cars. . . . It is not an explanation, nor is there one. A first love has cooled. Now flying absorbs him, he says. There are possibilities for piloting jobs. He does not think he will pursue them; he does not want to cheapen his second love.

The third egg appears. It is brought not by the stubby, silent waitress but by Madame, a retired physician who is owner and manager of the 17th Century château where Williams and others of the film company are quartered. Madame is a formidable presence: plump, quick, affable, shrewd. It requires half a century for a French landlady to mature, and she is at the height of her powers. It is no digression to report that she is anticlerical, being French; that she owns a free-running pet vixen; and that, of the dozen empty outbuildings belonging to her château, the one in which she has chosen to quarter her vixen when hunters are abroad is the elegant baroque chapel. The fox droppings have not been shoveled out in two years, and a strong man cannot stay 20 seconds in this chapel.

It is also worth reporting that a château guest, hearing what he took to be cannon fire one night at two A.M., crept from his bed to see Madame, in a flowing peignoir, out on the lawn assassinating ducks with a shotgun. The next morning she admitted to having done away with about 40 of the château flock, kept to provide guests with *canard à l'orange*. "Thees quack-quack-quack all night," she explained, "finally, my temper is lost." Can Williams cope with such an adversary?

Madame expresses regret, but this egg, she is sure, is sufficiently cooked. It is difficult these days to hire servants; only by unguessed-at heroism can standards be maintained; she herself is willing, however, to sacrifice health and serenity. . . . Williams says thank you, neither warmly nor coldly. He opens the egg, regards it and then Madame. He is silent. Madame inquires. This egg, he says, is overcooked. Madame opens her mouth, closes it; then, making a "hunh!" noise like a fighter in the tenth round delivering a blow to the midsection, she snatches the egg away and steams off to the kitchen.

Williams pours tea. His companion, who understands race drivers a little but egg maniacs not at all, says nothing. There is a very long wait. Then Madame appears with the fourth egg. She places it in front of Williams with—what is this?—deference, at least, possibly even respect. Williams nods in a civil way, opens the egg, considers, nods again and begins to eat. Madame brings her soft fat hands together and says *"Dieu merci!"* It is not sarcasm but true thanksgiving; Williams' masterly performance has won her.

Williams' companion is also impressed, but because all eggs look alike to him, he asks idly whether the fourth egg is really an improvement.

"No," says Williams. Then he adds, with great reasonableness, "but I didn't want to make any trouble."

Does the clue to the race driver's cold nerve lie in the majestic banishing of three successive eggs, or in the deadpan delivery of this outrageous line? Williams' companion is silent and thoughtful as Williams, this man of respect, drives him to Solar Village.

Williams' special style is observable again a couple of hours later. Spray trucks have just wet down the stretch of track from the Mulsanne corner to the Arnage turn for a rain scene. Williams sits in the GT-40 camera car, waiting to drive. There will be three cars in the run: the camera car, McQueen's Porsche and a Ferrari ahead to throw up spray. McQueen is squatting beside the GT-40, talking strategy with Williams.

" . . . And even if you should bump me I wouldn't be put off, I think. . . ."

Williams raises his eyebrows and says, "Oh. . . ." There is dubiety in his tone.

"I would?" says McQueen.

A big, sweet-faced smile spreads itself beneath Williams' elderly eyes. "Oh, absolutely. It would be a most disagreeable sensation. . . ."

• • •

McQueen has gotten hold of some firecrackers. He comes capering out of the mess tent in his grubby white driving suit with a small American flag on a stick in one hand and three or four huge firecrackers in the other. "Yah-HOO!" he yells.

He hands the flag to someone, and yells again, and lights a firecracker. As he jumps around, winding up to throw the firecracker and then holding onto it, faking the throw, with the fuse spitting all the while, it dawns on the Americans watching him that this is the Fourth of July. Finally McQueen throws the firecracker, and it lands in the Solar Village parking lot near some of the film people who have been watching him. They skitter away, and it explodes. McQueen yells "Yah-HOO!"

Quite a few people from the company are watching now. There is a tentative quality to their reactions. For one thing, McQueen is the only one with firecrackers, and for another, the principle that everyone laughs when the boss laughs does not quite cover the situation. Most of the watchers settle on broad smiles, but there are a few half-strength *Yah-HOO*s, too.

Now McQueen pitches another firecracker, and it lands under the left front wheel of a beautiful brown Porsche 911-S owned by his partner Jack Reddish. This auto is very special, even for a Porsche. It is what Porsche executives call a "family car," meaning one put together for them and for privileged friends of the company. Parts chosen for these cars do not fall merely within the narrow tolerances for normal Porsches; no tolerance is permitted. Finishing and tuning are fanatical. Not many men in the world own such automobiles, but Reddish does, and so, as part of an involved deal between Solar Productions and the factory, do McQueen and John Sturges.

Reddish sticks his head out of an office door just in time to hear the blast and see smoke come out of the front end of his splendid auto. But he also sees who is responsible, and it may be that he tempers his yell of rage: "Hey, for god's sake!"

McQueen is delighted. He runs over to Reddish's car and stands another jumbo firecracker on top of it. His lighter is poised, flaming. Reddish does a long, agonized take, then rushes back into the office. He is a lean, quick man—he skied with the U.S. team in the early Fifties—and he reappears instantly with his own firecracker, which he places on the roof of McQueen's gray Porsche 911-S. McQueen roars, lights the

firecracker on Reddish's car, holds it there, and then at the last instant throws it out into the parking lot. Reddish yells in triumph, throws his own firecracker, and goes inside with McQueen to look for a beer.

Now McQueen is tired and loose. It is past seven in the evening, and he has been driving the big Porsche 917 for the cameras since ten this morning. For the last couple of days, shooting has gone well. The dailies shown this morning in the mess tent were beautiful: a good rain sequence, and weird, dreamy shots done in slow motion and with a long lens of race cars melting through heat haze.

He jiggles the beer in his can, drinks off the last of it and yells at a cute secretary for another. He says the Le Mans 24 Hours is a bitch: "You put your balls in a dresser drawer and tiptoe away." He is settling in with the big Porsche; he's not too nervous. He laughs about frightening Sturges a couple of days before with talk of hitting the guardrail. "It was in the wet, you know, and that's a very light feeling. It's not unpleasant, but side by side with the GT-40, I can only use half the road, not the natural line that I would use. You wouldn't pass a car there in the race, it's too bloody dangerous, but that's what I was doing. There's no room for error. I was running through there with my left front tire on the white line, and there's only about a foot and a half to the iron guardrail, so I was sort of figuring that I wanted to have that guy with the fire extinguisher there, and I figured if I did lose it I would try to slap it against the guardrail and ride it rather than bounce back on the road and take a chance of getting center-punched by the GT-40 and banging around like a BB in a boxcar. Probably I was being a little dramatic with myself.

"Yeah," he says, "we got the big wheels flying in tomorrow for a little session. We're in a position where it's big and it's bad and it's expensive." McQueen slugs at the beer. "I enjoy the fact that we're playing for big marbles. I'm a film maker; I feel very strongly about not compromising the film for a business reason. I enjoy the spooky feeling of having it all on my back, but I don't like anyone fucking with my head while I'm doing it.

"It's unusual for the money brass to come in at this point, but the country's in a recession, and the stock market's on its ass, and the motion-picture business is on its ass, and we're making a picture about motor racing that no one understands anyway, and we're fooling around with eight million dollars and it could be a bit more. It used to be that Jack Warner would say, Aw, shit, they've gone over budget by four million dollars, I'll go down and bawl them out. Well, I went over budget by about three hundred thousand dollars in *Bullitt*, and they moved my parking space way back near the men's room. They barred my partner from the lot. Well, it's grossing about twenty-five, thirty million bucks now, but that's not the point. See, the thing is, look, the thing that really matters is, you know, everything else is bullshit except doing it good. That's where I'm at. If I can't do it good, trick it. Everything I'm involved in means a lot to me. I don't take a shower that doesn't mean something. All I care about is doing it well, because you know, when they start sprinkling those ashes over Big Bear, I want to know I laid a few scratch marks and I want 'em to be good scratch marks."

He looked for a moment at his beer can. "Very few people understand about motor racing. If you go to John Public, he says a racing driver is a guy with big balls who puts his foot in it and goes around a corner and hopes he makes it and he's got a death wish and all this bullshit. I think what it amounts to, it's a very very high level . . . it's one of the great highs of all time, it has great dignity. It's just a shame when you get killed doing it.

"Look, you're going home to your wife at night. The drivers are going to act like they're going home, but they may not. So therefore you've got to give them a very good count for where they stand." Another pause. "People can be heady on acid or grass or they can get high and be heady in the blood sports. For me the blood sports are a better count. You don't lay in bed with your lover picturing yourself very dangerous in the world of men. You're in there laying it out."

• • •

On Monday, Jo Siffert shows up limping. The week before, he won his race, but yesterday at the French Grand Prix the brakes of his March-Ford Formula I locked and he hit a guardrail at 100 kilometers an hour. The cameras are set up at the Le Mans circuit's Indianapolis turn, called that because once it was paved with bricks, as the Indianapolis track used to be. The film people stand there with wine corks underfoot from the race three weeks ago and a smell of human dung from the race latrines still riding faintly in the air, and they listen respectfully as Siffert talks quietly of his shunt. Siffert does not walk very well today, but when the cameras are ready he walks to his Ferrari and drives it.

The CBS money brass has arrived, four middle-aged men who visit the set briefly and, like all tourists, gawk around wondering where they should stand to see the action without getting in the way. After a while they go back to Solar Village, where a curious game is played. The CBS people and the Solar Productions people, as it turns out, are not in complete agreement. Each side decides to phone the U. S. for support. The only comfortable place to telephone from, however, is Relyea's office, and its plywood construction makes it susceptible to eavesdropping. An agreement is worked out between these distrustful antagonists: When one side is phoning, the other side will go out into the parking lot and stand in plain sight of Relyea's window. The CBS men find a football, and they spend the time tossing wobbly passes to each other.

• • •

In the end, the big shoot-out with the black-hats from CBS produces a numbing series of conferences but no dramatic reorganization and no canceling of the film. Two of the scripts by now in existence are judged to be unsuitable, but Purdy's is good, and Bob Rosen, Cinema Center production manager, announces that it will be used. The most important result of the interminable meetings is to fracture the patience of the steadiest man in the company, director John Sturges. He announces one day that he is too old and too rich to have to put up with such ordure, and that he will attend no more conferences.

Matters do not improve. It is decided, despite the ruinous cost of such a move, to shut down the production for two weeks while the thinkers think and the money men steady their nerves. Within minutes of this announcement, a mob of furious French extras, who had been told that they would have steady work, blockade the only entrance to Solar Village with their cars.

Matters continue not to improve. On the day the two-week shutdown begins, Sturges tries to find McQueen to talk about script problems and is told that McQueen has flown off to Morocco for a vacation. McQueen's disappearance seems a deliberate snub of his old mentor. After fuming for a few days, Sturges quits the production cold and flies back to Los Angeles to go fishing. Ferris Webster, the film editor, also quits.

As the summer continues, a dwindling band of original company members report an increasing number of absurd and calamitous events to those who have finished their work or bailed out. McQueen at one point decides to separate from his wife, and causes a press release to be issued to this effect. Then he decides not to separate from his wife. He misses a shift and blows the engine of his Porsche 917. Derek Bell's Ferrari catches fire and burns during a filming run. Bell suffers severe face and hand burns. The car is a total loss.

David Piper hits a guardrail at speed

in a Porsche 917, bounces, and hits the rail again 325 feet down the track. The car breaks into pieces, none of which is longer than three feet. Piper is hospitalized with a triple compound fracture of the right leg, and a few weeks later, in London, his leg is amputated below the knee.

McQueen is nearly killed on the Mulsanne straight. There is a final run at the end of a long day of shooting. McQueen is to pass the car ahead of him at 200 mph, at the crest of a low rise. But the car is slightly out of position and he stays in line. As the file of race cars thunders over the rise, the drivers see a Solar Productions service truck coming toward them in the left lane. Later there is a chilling explanation: The truck's driver, a senior member of the Solar crew, asked a gendarme at the far end of the track whether shooting was finished for the day, so that he could use the road. The gendarme said yes. He was no gendarme, however, but an extra dressed like one. Extras do not argue with their bosses, and he had assumed that the driver knew what he was doing.

A new director named Lee Katzin arrives and announces that he will use none of John Sturges' footage. In fact, some of the Sturges film remains in the finished movie, but perhaps because of the announcement, the drivers, who respected Sturges, take a dislike to Katzin. Over drinks one night, Katzin tells a couple of them that he wants to film racing "not as it is, but as it should be." "That's absurd," says Jonathan Williams truthfully. "What am I doing wrong?" asks Katzin in surprise. "Even if I knew I wouldn't tell you," says John Miles.

The production, which was supposed to be finished in September, slops over into October and heads sluggishly toward November. "We'll be painting the trees green," one of the crew writes to a friend.

• • •

Green paint is always the last forlorn item on the red-ink list of a company that has stayed on location too long. It never matters, in this blood sport of film making, and it does not matter this time. If the film bombs, over budget or under, McQueen will be one more balloon-head movie star who meddled with directing. If he manages to get the hairy vibrations of his big cars and the unearthly coolness of their drivers on the screen in some form understandable to the boondocks, John Sturges' walkout and the lesser calamities will be jokes to tell reporters: Right, but remember *Le Mans*. . . .

As this is written, the film is being edited. One friend reports that it could be great. Another, more optimistic, says it *is* great. There is always a whiff of greatness in the air when the dice have left the hand but have not yet stopped rolling.

They will stop rolling when the film is released at the beginning of summer. In the meantime it comes to this: one man, very heady, laying it on the line. It may well be the wrong line, but most of the campaigners at Le Mans last summer would give McQueen a good count for where he stands.

gray matters

(continued from page 112)

gets the bosomy, blonde night nurse with the heart of gold. Reality is more prosaic: The memory-file program cuts to an old video tape made at the medical laboratory at the Space Center in Houston, where the mechanical narrator introduces a NASA engineer, Dr. Frank E. Sayre, Jr. Dr. Sayre has thinning hair, combed straight back, and wears bifocals. For the past five years, he has been engaged in special research dealing with the problem of space environment. It is Dr. Sayre's contention that man's body is a liability on a space mission. It must be supplied with oxygen, shielded from extreme temperature variation and radioactivity and provided with food, not to mention the nasty business of waste removal. All this requires complex, weighty equipment.

"Weight is a critical factor in the success of these missions," Dr. Sayre says, nervously toying with his slide-rule tie clasp. "Now, it always seemed to me that going to all this expense and trouble to accommodate the human body on a space flight was putting the cart before the horse, if you understand my meaning." Dr. Sayre clears his throat and continues in a soft, sugar-cured Tidelands accent: "The only essential part of a man, the part that can't be duplicated mechanically in a spacecraft, is his brain. The rest is simply excess baggage. I approached the problem from the point of view of an engineer. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could find some way to integrate a man's brain with the control system of a space vehicle and leave all that other junk at home in the deep-freeze? It would make long-range manned space probes, something on the order of a trip to Pluto, say, feasible right now, today, instead of in a hundred years or so, as is currently predicted."

The narration resumes at this point to explain how Dr. Sayre was inspired by the work of a team of Russian scientists who successfully grafted the head of one dog onto the body of another. Using similar surgical techniques, Dr. Sayre was busy for the next few years, scooping out the brains of a zooful of rhesus monkeys. The primitive equipment he was using grew ever more refined as his Government research grants increased; and by the time the film was made, he had amassed over $500,000 worth in the corner of his lab. Although this jumble of tubing and circuitry looks quite haphazard and comical when compared with the sleek, efficient depositories into which it evolved, the essential mechanism remains the same. In Dr. Sayre's day, it resembled nothing more than a pet-shop fish tank. He is shown in the film posing with a big smile beside this device. Inside, floating in the electrolytic solution, is something that looks like a pinkish-gray jellyfish. This is the brain of George, a nine-year-old orangutan, which, according to the encephalograph, was still alive 16 months after Dr. Sayre wheeled his great orange-haired body to the incinerator.

A phone call from a colleague in Chicago brought the case of Denton Kalbfleischer to Dr. Sayre's attention. The boy was very near death and, as there seemed to be no living relatives around to object, perhaps the hospital staff might be willing to attempt a radical experiment. Negotiations were conducted and that same evening Dr. Sayre and all his apparatus were on board a northbound plane. Inside 24 hours, George had a roommate in the fish tank.

The newspapers were told that Skeets had died and the reporters were all there when his body was buried in the family plot. It was a closed-coffin funeral; the official press release mentioned a scout uniform with merit badges and a beloved fielder's mitt under the pale, folded hands, but these were lies designed to satisfy a sentimental public. After the operation, the body was wrapped in a black-plastic bag and sent to its final rest with the tracheotomy tubes still in place and the skull open like an empty porcelain soup tureen.

A color film of the operation was secretly placed in the hospital archives for the elucidation of future surgeons. Shots of the shaved scalp peeled forward like a bathing cap and of surgical saws neatly carving the skull are especially vivid; but, unfortunately, a section of the print was damaged at the point where a vacuum pump lifts the brain intact, the enveloping meninges untorn, and cuts from other, later operations had to be spliced into the memory-file tape. Because a more sophisticated technique was then employed, certain concessions were made and the narrator politely apologizes for the slight lapse in chronological accuracy.

After the operation, Skeets's brain remained incognito for almost two years in Dr. Sayre's Houston laboratory, a lump of gray matter distinguishable from the other in the tank only by the added number of wrinkles on its convoluted surface. NASA was no longer interested in the experiment once Federal funds were cut back in an election-year Congressional economy drive, and Dr. Sayre kept the brains around more or less as pets. Skeets would have been doomed to this limbo forever if an overanxious hunter hadn't mistaken the balding scientist for a mule deer while he was out bird watching early one fine fall morning. After the funeral, his widow came across an unpublished notebook among the papers on his desk. It was a day-to-day record of Skeets's progress following the operation. Mrs. Sayre instinctively knew this was the instrument that would not only save her late husband's name from obscurity but handsomely endow his meager estate as well.

When the news broke, as a cover story in *Life*, public reaction was immediate. Panels of clergymen convened to discuss the ethics of such operations. The Bar Association appointed a special commission to study the legal rights of cerebromorphs. The A. M. A. got in on the action by condemning unauthorized experimentation on hospital patients. Across the country, there were hundreds of volunteers for cerebrectomy. Many of these individuals were already signed up to have their bodies frozen in liquid oxygen after death. Now they wanted to place all bets on a sure thing. Enterprising morticians modified their facilities and advertised what were soon to become the world's first depositories.

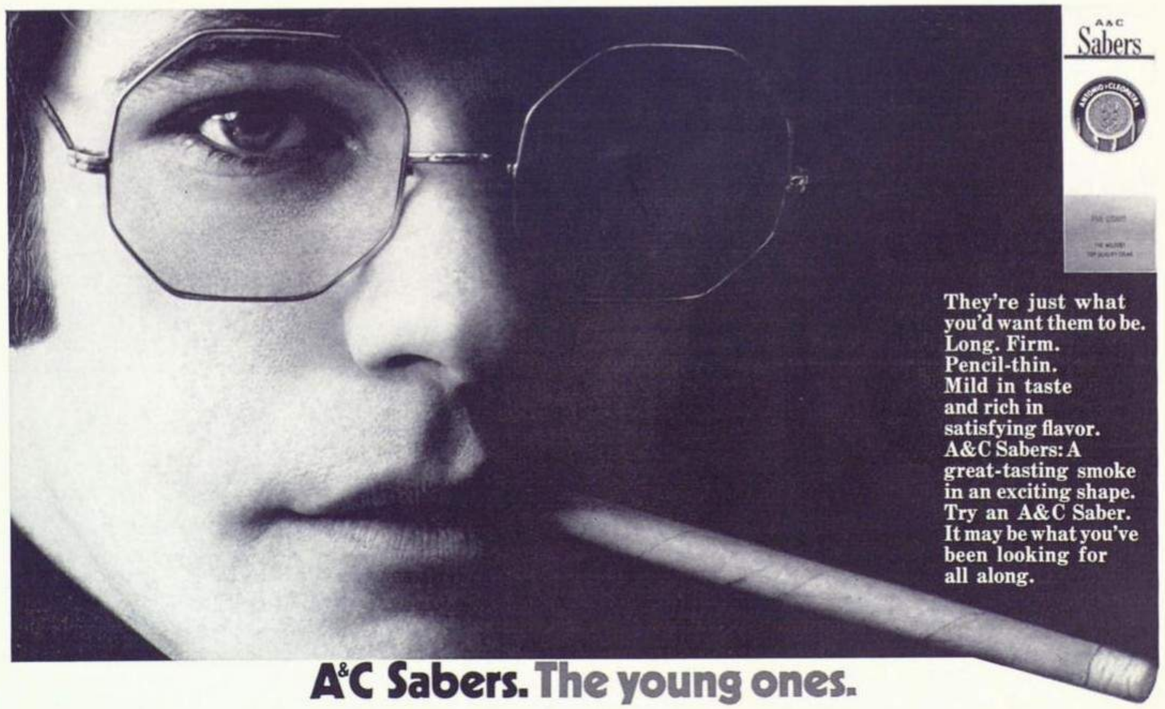
As for Skeets: Mrs. Sayre turned down a very generous offer from a traveling circus and donated him to Johns Hopkins, her husband's alma mater. There he spent the next 23 years as a curiosity, a prize specimen gathering dust in a graduate school laboratory, until advancing technology at last provided the elaborate mechanism to put him again in touch with the outside world. The historic moment when the Bell Laboratory technicians hooked Skeets up to Dr. DeHartzman's ingenious neural communicator was televised internationally and portions of the preserved video tape provide a fine ending for the memory-file presentation. In keeping with the occasion, the president of the university had prepared a statement clearly intended to live forever: "Mankind proudly welcomes back the intrepid voyager into the unknown." But history is not so easily juggled and it is Skeets's answer that is remembered, not the president's eloquent words. There was a crackle of static on the loud-speaker system as the boy got used to his new, computerized, electric vocal cords and then, in a smooth, machine monotone, asked, "What time is breakfast?"

So ends memory-file tape number M109-36S. It documents the world's first cerebrectomy in an entertaining yet educational manner but omits the most significant part of Skeets Kalbfleischer's incredible story. There is no mention of the 25 years Skeets spent alone in darkness. Not one word to describe the explosive holocaust in which his dreams were born, the instant of absolute terror when the 747 disintegrated in a ball of flame and he was torn loose from his fastened seat belt, his clothing and hair, even the comic book he was reading, ignited by the blast that sent him tumbling down through miles of open sky like a shooting star. It was the beginning of a nightmare a quarter century long.

• • •

Obu Itubi is a bee; or almost, anyway, for the memory-file tape is one of a recent series that includes a separate track for each of the senses. Itubi can smell the heat and the sweet, dusty pollen; he can feel the jostling of his busy neighbors, the furred armor of their pulsing abdomens. The drone of thousands of transparent wings is programmed into his auditory nerve. His is a bee's-eye view of the hive: the perfect geometric succession of hexagonal cells; the interlinked pattern of the comb; membranous, waxen walls. To his sculptor's sensibility, it seems pure poetry in the use of materials—nature's harmony, the ultimate technology. Here is real elegance in engineering, a refinement sadly lacking in this age of

"My generation was of a tougher moral fiber than yours. We were able to avoid facing reality without using drugs."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Sabers
They're just what you'd want them to be.
Long. Firm.
Pencil-thin.
Mild in taste and rich in satisfying flavor.
A&C Sabers: A great-tasting smoke in an exciting shape.
Try an A&C Saber.
It may be what you've been looking for all along.
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Brut for Men.

If you have any doubts about yourself, try something else.

After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut by Fabergé.

contemplation. Moreover, the whole unit is organic. Itubi is awed.

As the tape progresses, Itubi happily participates in the worker's directional waggle dance; he gathers pollen, produces honey and joins with thousands of others in the heat of midday to fan his wings and keep the delicate wax structures from melting. He is proud of his six clinging legs, the sensitive, jointed antennae, the potent stinger. He feels lost and empty when the tape comes to an end and he is no longer a bee.

And yet, transmission fade-out is something Itubi has always enjoyed. First, there is the image (in this case, the busy swarm of *Apis mellifera*) flooding his consciousness like sunlight, and then, with only the briefest command from the telescript console, it's gone—the whole universe of thought receding into a tiny pin point in the frontal lobe. It hovers for a moment, a candle flame in the eternal night, very serene and distant. The final flickering seems almost an invitation: Follow me, follow me. . . . Itubi wonders how many men have lingered in the evening at the edge of a lonely marsh to watch the flitting light of the will-o'-the-wisp. At such times, liberation seems almost possible. But at the very instant of the soul's release, the candle is snuffed and you are left alone in the dark.

• • •

Vera Mitlovic is deep in a celluloid dreamland, the fashion designer back at her drawing board, a faraway look in her violet eyes as the old film drowns in a climactic violin whirlpool. "All lost," the disembodied actress muses, consulting the index for the number of yet another film. Not any film this time, though it is usually Vera's habit to choose her entertainment by whim and random selection, but her very first, made in Vienna when she was six. The great Klimpt was directing and, although she had only a bit part, the magnificent ballroom scenes never fail to lift her spirits and she can think of no more effective antidote for melancholy than her own brief appearance in pigtails and pinafore.

She finds the correct code key for *The Golden Epoch* and activates the telescript console. To Vera, this device is one of the few gay toys in her spiritless, mechanical universe. Think of a number and, like rubbing a magic lantern, within seconds a memory-file tape materializes. However, this time, when her wish doesn't come true, she is puzzled. Can there have been a breakdown in the system? She repeats the number, pausing between each digit so there will be no mistake. Again, nothing happens.

This is alarming. The depository system functions automatically, although breakdowns are not unknown. Precise emergency procedures and periodic drills ensure the alertness of the residents. Vera was at the movies during drill and now finds that she is helpless in the face of actual crisis.

The clear, musical clarion of a DeHartzman Communicator is a sound as reassuring as the nick-of-time cavalry bugle call when the wagon train is surrounded by rampaging Sioux. A silent wind sweeps the prairie. ATTENTION . . . ATTENTION. . . . The mood shifts; the mechanical voice has the moronic, robot enthusiasm of a radio disc jockey. CENTER CONTROL IS TEMPORARILY INTERRUPTING YOUR THOUGHTS TO COMMUNICATE AN AWARENESS REMINDER FROM THE AUDITING COMMISSION. . . . STAND BY. . . .

(B-0486 . . . IT HAS NOW BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE YOU LAST PARTICIPATED IN THE MORNING MEDITATION EXERCISE OR FILED AN AUDITING REPORT. . . . THIS IS A VIOLATION OF SECTIONS A15 AND C9 OF REGULATION NUMBER 35-095. . . . IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE MANDATE OF CENTER CONTROL, WE ARE DISCONNECTING YOUR MEMORY-FILE HOOKUP UNTIL SUCH TIME AS YOU ARE WILLING TO FULFILL THE OBLIGATIONS OF YOUR CATEGORY. . . . BE AWARE OF YOUR DUTIES. . . .)

END TRANSMISSION.

Vera Mitlovic is furious. Another move in the game—the obvious, machine-tooled move. She remembers ticktacktoe: 20th Century scientists taught their primitive Univacs to play this kindergarten game years before they were able to program complex chess gambits. And how those old machines loved it! Vacuum tubes aglow, rectifiers humming, they paraded their invincible Xs out across the graph, winning all encounters if given the first move, tying the rest. It pleases Vera to think of the proud Univac—defeating the best scientific minds of the age at a child's game, victorious, until the mathematicians pulled the plug and went home for lunch.

But this time, the plug has been pulled on Vera. She is tempted to try the telescript console one more time but resists, not wanting to give those transistorized swine in the auditing commission the pleasure of knowing her desperation. She still has her fierce pride. She didn't leave that on the operating table.

• • •

Skeets Kalbfleischer is preparing an auditing report. He replays the memo tape of his dream twice, editing those portions that appear to have no significance. As much as he enjoys the long blimp ride with a gondola full of starlets or his own erotic version of *Sleeping Beauty*, where he awakens the princess with something more emphatic than a kiss, he erases these reveries from the tape without hesitation. Skeets is interested only in his nightmares.

This particular nocturnal horror is nothing new. He has suffered through it many times in the past, but, because of its brevity, he has never before attempted an analysis for the auditing commission. Not that it is very difficult to trace the origins of the dream: Even after a 50-year lapse, Skeets is able to list the memory-file tapes that are the source material for his terror.

He viewed them originally during his studies of Eastern art. The first he programmed by mistake, thinking he was going to see a Cambodian temple dance; its title, *Monkey-Moon Ceremony*, was misleading. The tape actually dealt with a ceremonial banquet peculiar to the highland regions of Laos and Cambodia. For the first course, a smooth, stone table several inches thick, with a perfect round aperture cut through the center, is brought into the banquet hall. The guests seat themselves, arranging their saffron robes and bowing with mannered formality. Soon, a bronze gong sounds and the servants bring in a live monkey, limbs trussed in an attitude of prayer. The monkey is placed under the stone table with the top of its head protruding through the opening in the center. The servants complete their arrangements, providing each guest with a long silver spoon. When all is ready, the host gives a curt nod and his chief retainer unsheathes a gleaming double-edged short-sword and, leaning forward, slices off the top of the monkey's skull as easily as he would uncap a soft-boiled egg. A chattering gibberish continues underneath the table as the dinner guests, each in his turn, sample the monkey's brain. There is just enough for everyone to have a taste. Happy smiles all around attest to the excellence of the dish. The host claps his hands and calls loudly for the soup.

The second tape Skeets programmed deliberately, after searching through the index for the correct code key, his curiosity morbidly inflamed. He found a Chinese variation of the same culinary eccentricity. A different place setting is used: Along with each set of chopsticks, a small golden mallet is provided. The monkey is brought to the table confined in a cage and passes among the guests, who reach between the bars and give the cowering animal a discreet tap with the mallet. The cage is circulated many times and, as the blows are never strong enough to stun, the monkey continues to voice his complaints in a high-pitched wail that greatly amuses the worthy Oriental gentlemen.

At last it is over; the dazed monkey is removed from the cage, a sharp knife skins away his scalp and the shattered skull is picked apart piece by piece, in a manner that reminds Skeets of the way he used to deal with hard-boiled eggs.

It is this similarity to eating eggs that bothers Skeets. He remembers his mother serving them to him at breakfast, standing upright in little painted cups. He dipped fingers of buttered toast into the yolk and ate the whites with his baby spoon. When he finished, the hollow shell looked clean and bleached, like a skull. He mentions this on the auditing report as a prelude to his dream.

The dream itself is quite simple: Skeets is looking through the scanner. He sees an Amco-pak maintenance van approaching down the aisle, silently gliding past the anonymous, pale-blue façade of the depository. The machine stops in front of his deposit drawer and removes his cerebral container without a word. Somehow, Skeets is able to watch through the scanner as the Amco-pak carries him out of the sector into a region that is totally unfamiliar.

Stainless-steel doors slide open and Skeets is taken into a large chamber and set on a feast table in front of 12 jolly diners, all of whom look like Humpty Dumpty. They are speaking Chinese! The Amco-pak opens the lid of the cerebral container and, without further ceremony, the bizarre Mother Goose figures proceed to dip slices of buttered toast into the frontal lobe of poor Skeets. "Yum-yum," they cry, in Nanking dialect. Skeets watches it all, until there is nothing left of him but a few crumbs of gray matter floating on the oily surface of the electrolytic solution. He has had this dream at least once a week for the past 50 years.

DRONE

The aisles are quiet. Only the most determined residents still tune to their scanners, waiting patiently for something to happen. It is rumored that certain of the advanced sectors use neither scanners nor communicators (blinded by their own *satori*, as the saying goes). In the subdistrict, such total isolation would be unthinkable. Most residents are satisfied with the empty aisles. They would be lost without the squat, lead-covered power units and accompanying trio of DeHartzman Communicators, radar domes aglow and multifrequency channel finders blinking like beacons.

In aisle B, Obu Itubi consults the memory-file index, looking for a recent tape on spiders. He is interested in the dynamics of web construction and anticipates the pleasures of spinning silk and weaving intricate patterns. The warning tone of a DeHartzman Communicator interrupts his quiet study.

ATTENTION. . . . THERE IS A TOP-PRIORITY INCOMING COMMUNICATION ORIGINATING FROM CENTER CONTROL. . . . ALL CIRCUITS WILL OPEN AUTOMATICALLY IN TEN SECONDS. . . . STAND BY. . . .

(Itubi thinks of herald trumpets. Ten seconds for proper spiritual attitudes; the

Brut 33 Anti-Perspirant for Men.

You won't have any doubts about yourself.

Anti-Perspirant Deodorant Spray.
Plus the great smell of Brut by Fabergé.

attentive acolyte awaits the go-ahead signal. . . .)

BEEP. . . .

Hello.

GOOD MORNING, B-0489, WE TRUST THAT YOU SPENT A PEACEFUL NIGHT AND HAVE ALL YOUR THOUGHTS IN HARMONY.

Everything is as I would wish it.

GOOD. WE ARE COMMUNICATING WITH YOU, B-0489, TO ANNOUNCE THAT YOUR PRESENT AUDITOR HAS BEEN ELEVATED TO 64 DEGREES OF UNDERSTANDING AND TRANSFERRED TO LEVEL III. WE ARE SURE YOU WILL CELEBRATE HIS SUCCESS JOYFULLY.

The wise man learns the Way by following the path of those who have gone before.

YES, BUT THE WISE MAN MUST ALSO REMEMBER THAT THERE EXISTS FOR HIM BUT ONE PATH THAT IS TRUE. ADMIRATION FOR OTHERS NEVER MISLEADS THE WISE MAN INTO TAKING A WRONG TURN. B-0489, YOU HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED A NEW AUDITOR. HE HAS SPENT SEVERAL WEEKS STUDYING YOUR TAPES AND, RATHER THAN WASTE TIME WITH FURTHER FORMALITIES, LET US CONNECT YOU WITH HIM IMMEDIATELY. . . .

All greetings, B-0189. Before we begin, are there any questions you would like to ask?

It is the fool who speaks; the wise man listens.

Very true, B-0189, so if you'll listen now, I'll simplify the introductions. My tapes are on record in the memory file, code key Y41-AK9-55. I invite your investigation of them at any time. That should satisfy all social obligations.

Yes.

Then let's get down to business. If it agrees with you, we'll maintain the same auditing schedule you had in the past. My predecessor made a practice of infrequent communication——

To permit independent study and encourage——

We shall abandon that practice. The auditing schedule will be followed exactly. Sessions begin promptly. Any time lapse will result in additional assignments. Do you understand?

Yes.

Good. Before we end transmission, I'd like to clear up a few points with you: first, I notice you've been programming memory-file tapes almost at random. There is no logic to your selections. You don't seem to follow any regular pattern of study. Six months ago, you spent your time listening to music; recently, you screen only tapes dealing with insect behavior. Is there a reason for this?

The wise man strives to keep an open mind and——

You can save the double talk! I don't care to hear your clever explanations. I want you to know that further erratic behavior will not be tolerated. The memory file is not a frivolous plaything designed for your personal amusement. You forget, B-0189, you're no longer a famous artist. All that is gone forever. You are simply a resident cerebromorph, on file in the lowest level of the depository system. Learn to function within the system. One of the obligations of your category is to obey all social regulations faithfully. One cannot possibly hope to shed the illusions of identity without first accepting the responsibilities of society.

Thank you for reminding me. The voyager into the unknown frequently loses his way.

B-0189, I compliment you on your flattery. It undoubtedly impresses Center Control and puts you in good favor with the authorities. But let me remind you that I am familiar with your tapes. So don't waste the honeyed words. Our first appointment is scheduled for tomorrow at 0019. I trust that will give you sufficient time to get your thoughts in order. Remember to be prompt. End transmission. (CLICK)

• • •

Vera Mitlovic hated being alone. Even as a young girl centuries ago, she detested aimless walks in the rain or afternoons in quiet museums or any of the other solitary pleasures to which romantic youth is traditionally disposed. She craved a continuous audience; surrounded by constant admirers, she was splendid, she dazzled and charmed; alone, without her make-up, she felt lost and afraid, like any confused chameleon unable to revert to its original hue. She faced a stranger in the wardrobe mirror; the eyes that stared back provided no clue, they were bright with the sham glitter of costume jewelry.

So Vera played various roles, on camera and off, before a succession of accidental friends, casual lovers and supernumerary husbands. She took her cues from the moment; as a young star in Prague, she was a properly zealous socialist artist, bright, literate and opinionated. She became an instant patriot the night of the Cannes Film Festival, when she rose in her seat to denounce the Russian intervention and brought tears to the eyes of everyone present, including the French producer who only a half hour earlier had offered a lucrative five-year contract if she would defect. For ten years the reigning sex queen on the Continent, she was photographed frequently wearing only a pastel mink, owned a different color Rolls for each day of the week and, when asked about diamonds, said that she preferred the big ones, naturally. In her 40s, her voice dropped an octave, she abandoned films for a stage career, played Medea at Epidaurus, Lady Macbeth at Stratford, became the darling of the homosexual set and tried suicide twice but was only moderately successful. By the time her hair turned white, Vera was ensconced in international society; at 55, she married a doddering Italian nobleman who responded to her enduring sexual ferocity with an abrupt coronary before the honeymoon was six days old. Her finest role was that of the majestic widow. She was every inch a *quattrocento* duchess; the entrance to her *palazzo* overlooking the Arno was surmounted by the pawnshop escutcheon of the Medici. She kept a villa in Fiesole to house her collection of exotic animals and startled the complacent Florentines by parading under the arcade along the Piazza della Repubblica with two bewigged blacks holding her brocade train, a baboon straining on one golden leash, an ocelot on another and her whole scandalous retinue of handsome young men chattering at her elbow in a variety of tongues.

As Vera grew older, her fear of being alone developed into mania. Her house overflowed with guests; the young man of the moment was always there to turn down the sheets at night; like the Sun King, she employed special servants to assist her onto a fur-lined toilet seat. Secretaries arranged her day to prevent any chance of privacy. Death, of course, remained the ultimate solitude, and the bulk of the ducal fortune was expended to forestall that eventuality. There were periodic trips to Switzerland for rejuvenating monkey-gland injections; cosmeticians ironed away wrinkles, inserted silicone into sagging breasts and tucked a series of chins up somewhere behind her ears; when one heart failed, a team of surgeons rushed in to replace it with another; collapsed veins were reinforced with plastic tubing; a gangrenous hand was removed and a mechanical silver replica from Van Cleef & Arpels set a fashion trend that started hundreds of women throughout the world clamoring for amputation.

When the third millennium was 30 years old, Vera celebrated her 100th birthday, a plumber's miracle of transplanted organs and artificial limbs. She delighted her guests by eating a piece of cake and drinking three glasses of champagne. For the past 15 years, Vera had been fed intravenously, after advanced cancer necessitated the removal of her entire intestinal tract. Recently, the surgeons inserted a highly serviceable latex receptacle that emptied through a valve in her navel and was flushed clean each month with liquid detergent. "Now I can eat and eat and never get fat," she laughingly told her partner as the orchestra began another tango. Dancing was no problem for Vera; her arthritic, outmoded joints had long since been supplanted by efficient, self-lubricating nylon hinges. She was as limber as a teenager.

It seemed to Vera that she would live forever; the party would go on without end. Certainly, she was durable enough. Her lungs were still sound and even if

You can tell a Bourbon by its cover.

When you see the words "Old Taylor" on the label, you know America's best-selling, premium-priced Bourbon is inside.

That's Col. Edmund H. Taylor, Jr., creator of Old Taylor, authentic genius and foremost Bourbon distiller of the late 1800's.

So many people tried to copy his label, the angry Colonel made every bottle a signed original. That signature is *still* our pledge you're getting the genuine article.

Colonel Taylor put these words on the label in 1909. We still live up to them. We still use the same costly small grains, still tend our mash as lovingly.

The Colonel built this castle (near a delicious limestone spring he discovered) in 1887. And that's where the King of Bourbons was born. When you're looking for a good Bourbon, pick up Old Taylor. You can tell our Bourbon by its cover.

Old Taylor. What the label can't tell you, the flavor can.

Announcing an air conditioned Simca for $2,212.*

'Til now, most inexpensive air conditioned cars stuck you with an air conditioner that hung down to bash your knees. We've changed this situation with our newly-priced air conditioned Simca 1204's.

First, and foremost, the Simca is a great little car. It has front wheel drive. Comfortable independent torsion-bar suspension. Rack and pinion steering. Front disc brakes. Plush reclining front seats. Fold-down rear seats for a 41.1 cubic foot storage area. Great fuel economy. And rugged unitized construction.

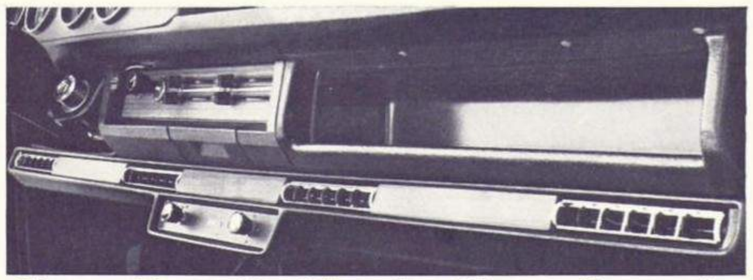
After all that, who'd be content to make do with some ugly bolt-on air conditioner? Not us. A brand-new unit was designed just for our Simca. It has four adjustable outlets, a three-speed fan, enough power to keep an Eskimo happy; and as you see, it even looks good.

Separately, our Simca and our air conditioner are tops in their class. Together for only $2,212, they're in a class by themselves.

And if you don't believe us, believe the experts. We gave Simca to some of the nation's top automotive magazines to get their reactions. Send in the coupon. We'll send you unedited reprints of the road test articles as they appeared in the actual magazines.

How's that for moxie?

Almost as good as pricing an air conditioned car at $2,212.



Simca. From the Chrysler-Plymouth people.

CHRYSLER
Plymouth
Coming Through.

*Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price for an air conditioned 1971 Simca 1204 2-door sedan. Price excludes dealer new-car preparation charges, destination charges and state and local taxes. Racing stripes are $17.95 extra, plus dealer installation.

For the name of your nearest Simca dealer, call **(800) 243-6000;** we pay for the call. In Connecticut, call **(800) 942-0655.**

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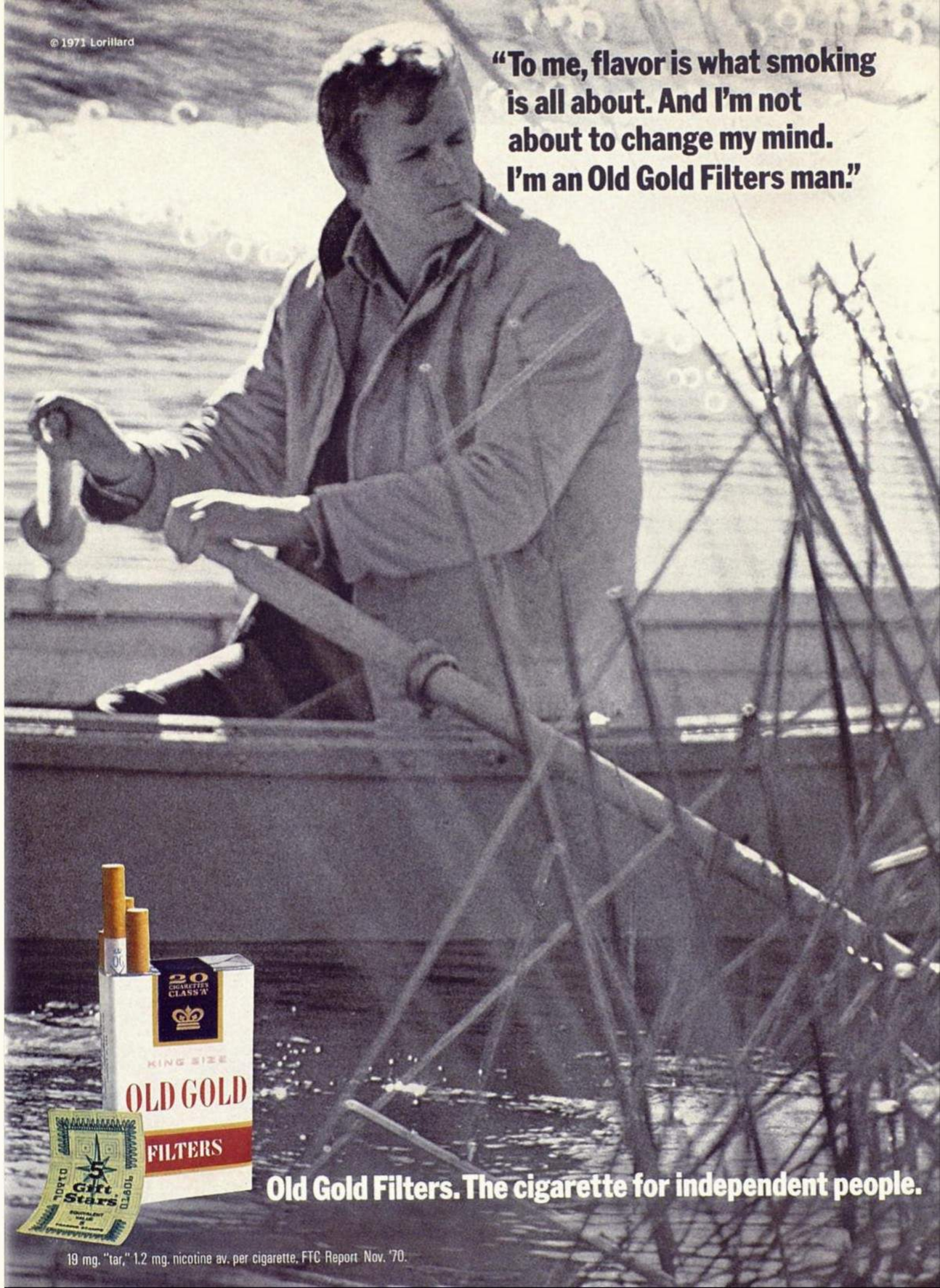
"To me, flavor is what smoking is all about. And I'm not about to change my mind. I'm an Old Gold Filters man."



Old Gold Filters. The cigarette for independent people.

19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70.

The Oyster Case. In case.

It takes us over a year to make a Rolex.

A good deal of this time is spent on performing the 162 separate operations it takes to turn a solid block of hardened stainless steel, or gold, into a virtually indestructible Rolex Oyster case.

We think it's time well spent.

The men who wrote us the following letters obviously do, too.

From a Canadian deep-sea fisherman:

"The watch went down with the boat at 35 fathoms. The boat was submerged for 22 days.

"When the boat was raised I was there and went aboard to look for my watch. The watch was on the galley floor amongst mud, weeds, etc. I took it on the barge that raised the boat and washed it off, upon shaking the watch it commenced to go and was none the worse for the length of time it had been under. I continued to wear the watch without taking it to a jeweller."

From a British Admiralty civilian diver:

"As a final trial, the watch was lowered on the end of a steel wire to a depth of 400 feet, double the maximum depth to which it was possible to dive with independent compressed-air equipment. After an hour of this test no water had infiltrated into the watch."

From an underwater photographer in New Guinea:

"... My Rolex was put to an extremely hard test day after day for over three years. It was with me on countless dives (up to 100 feet), exposed for hours to sea water by shell collecting, hot showers, continuous contact with developer, stop bath, acid fixer in a dark room (including an accidental 9 hours in hypo), months in tropical rain forest on Sepik river. It stood up to a thousand knocks, abused to the limit, but remained sound."

Pictured:
The Rolex Oyster Datejust in steel, $255. Also available in steel/gold and 18 kt. gold.

From the leader of a Welsh Himalayan expedition:

"During the six and a half months spent away from the U.K. we experienced the widest possible range of temperature and humidity; the highest temperature being 117 deg. F. in the shade in Afghanistan to 34 deg. of frost at the top of the 19,000-ft. Urai Lagna pass near the Nepal-Tibet border when Harrop and I were returning from two months' imprisonment at the hands of the Chinese Communists.

"Our first check on the time broadcast by Radio Delhi in early January proved that both Harrop's Rolex and mine were within seconds of the correct time after five months away from civilisation."

(We would understand if you found these accounts difficult to believe. If you wish, we will send you a notary certified facsimile of any of the original letters from which these extracts are taken.)

There's really little else we can add.

Except to say that the Perpetual movement which the Oyster case protects is so accurate that it has been awarded the title of "chronometer" by one of the Official Swiss Institutes for Chronometer Tests.

And that letters like these make us feel more than ever justified in saying that each Rolex earns the recognition it enjoys.

Each Rolex earns the recognition it enjoys. You know the feeling.

ROLEX

American Rolex Watch Corporation
580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036
Also available in Canada.
Write for free color catalog.

"And you will be laid by a tall dark stranger."

they gave out, an ingenious battery-powered oxygenator was soon to be mass-produced by the same South African firm that successfully marketed the first portable mechanical kidney. It was reassuring to know that there was no shortage of replacement parts.

Also, luck seemed to be on Vera's side. When the 30-minute Thermonuclear War of 1996 atomized every major city in North America and Asia and girdled the earth with radioactive clouds that reduced the populations of Europe and the Near East by two thirds, Vera was safely in Santiago de Chile on a round-the-world tour. Even the financial chaos that followed left her unscathed. Some years earlier, she had reinvested all her money in South American and African holdings and she watched her fortune triple as those continents rose to world dominance in the first decade of the 21st Century. In the long run, Vera felt the war had done a lot of good. Certainly, Europe seemed much nicer now that it wasn't so crowded: no more camera-laden Americans jamming the streets. And the way the old buildings glowed in the dark was really romantic. The rash of two-headed babies was unfortunate, but the United Nations Euthanasia Corps (UNEC) soon eliminated the problem and the possibility of bearing monsters was a good incentive for population control. All in all, the world was much improved, a fine place in which to live forever.

But Vera's plans for eternal life were upset one morning when her doctor made his weekly medical report. Her health was fine. Her body could be maintained mechanically for an indefinite time. The trouble was, in spite of everything, the old woman was fast approaching senility. It seemed a shame, for certain recent advances in geriatric endocrinology would eventually eliminate the problem. But treatment had to be started in middle age. If only she were 50 years younger. A real pity, to watch the mind deteriorate. Of course, there was an alternative, a bit drastic, perhaps, but——

"Anything," Vera pleaded. The doctor recommended cerebrectomy.

• • •

Deep within the complexity of Center Control—a labyrinth of microcircuits, conductors, directional transmitters, relay switches and transistors occupying almost a square mile at the heart of the depository system—a special series of computer banks (ordinarily assigned to the regulation of an entire subdistrict) is considering the problem of Skeets Kalbfleischer. Because of his symbolic importance, it is intolerable that he still resides on the lowest level of the system. Recent analysis shows that the elevation of mankind's original cerebromorph will have profound spiritual results. The Ascension of Jesus Christ and the Enlightenment of Gautama Siddhartha are mentioned as comparable transcendental events.

Skeets is not uncooperative. For 250 years, he has diligently followed every study program outlined for him by Center Control. He faithfully participates in the meditation exercise each morning. He hasn't filed a late auditing report in nearly a century. But, in spite of this exemplary behavior, he still registers close to 100 on the ego scale each time a diagnosis is made. Deep in his subconscious, he prefers riding the range and packing a six gun to fasting, navel contemplation and walking on water. As far as he is concerned, one man's karma is another man's dharma.

• • •

Obu Itubi remembers the bee: 1,000,000 identical larvae pupating within the privacy of their waxen cells; 1,000,000 identical dreams. All share a common destiny—all but a dozen or so, selected at random by the workers in charge of the hatchery cells. These fortunate few are fortified with an infusion of royal jelly, an extract that transforms any ordinary larva into a queen: instant royalty. And the new queen is wise in the ways of monarchs from the moment of her birth. Her first official act is political assassination. Even before her wings have dried, the newly hatched queen seeks out the cells of potential rivals and quickly stings them to death while they drift in embryonic sleep.

A sweet thought: Obu Itubi would like to be so chosen. He imagines an Amco-pak Mark X adding some magic elixir to the electrolytic solution in his cerebral container and emerging from the depository a king—all-powerful and absolute. He would roam the aisles until he found the deposit drawer containing his new auditor. Let the bastard enjoy his spiritual superiority while he has the chance, Itubi thinks. My triumph will be complete when I puncture the sanctity of his computerized dreams and skewer him like a shish kabob on the tip of

"Don't let go . . . he's a rare one!"

Too many socks meet their downfall at an early age.
Or lead a drab, colorless life.
That's because they aren't Esquire Socks' Slip-Not 93.
Slip-Not socks are so upright, they're even guaranteed.

If they fall down before they wear out, we replace them.
Free.
And you can have the length of your choice. Anklet, mid-calf, over-the-calf.
Not to mention the color of your choice: 22, in all.
Small wonder **Ban-Lon®** Slip-Not socks lead such a good life.
They've had all the advantages.

Esquire Socks® Ban-lon® Slip-Not 93.™
COMFORT • FASHION • QUALITY

"The captain's gone down many times, but never with a ship."

my envenomed blade. A fitting final lesson in the illusion of identity.

• • •

A Unistat Magnetic Calculator, Series 3000, assigned to the Census Division of Center Control, has discovered an error so incredible that the machine suspects a short circuit and turns itself in for an overhaul and parts checkup. But Maintenance and Repair can find nothing amiss and a double check by the Census Division verifies the Unistat's findings: A resident of level I (the lowest in the system) has been misfiled.

For a time, it seems this alarming discovery will necessitate a review of the entire filing system; any calculator error is considered inexcusable by Center Control and an order consigning the Unistat Series 3000 to the junk heap is immediately issued. The controversial Series 4000A, which has languished on the drawing boards for 75 years, is hurried into production.

Although Skeets Kalbfleischer has not been misfiled, all of this turmoil is connected with him. In his auditor's opinion, Skeets's failure to advance spiritually is the result of being trapped in eternal adolescence. His fantasies are purely masturbatory, his phobias the result of puberty. In short, the boy needs to get laid.

Skeets, of course, has already experienced orgasm. It can be induced electronically in the cerebral container at the flip of a switch. Special electrodes are wired to the appropriate nerve endings; a resident has only to dial the corresponding code key on his telescript console. Technology has improved upon nature; a biological orgasm lasts a few seconds; the electronic version continues until the current is switched off.

Acting on the advice of his auditor, Skeets once endured a climax lasting almost three days—shock treatment to forever satisfy the voracious sexual demands of his adolescent mind. The experiment was a failure. Skeets enjoyed the pornographic memory-file tapes, but all in all, it was a run-of-the-mill wet dream, spontaneity and imagination being preferable to long-distance mileage.

The auditing commission is undaunted. Mere sensation obviously isn't the answer; what the boy needs is actual experience: his own private love affair. An easy matter to arrange: A two-party memory merge requires only the most basic rewiring, nothing like the multiple hookups needed for more sophisticated group experience. The only problem is locating the correct partner. The Census Division is asked to find a resident female, born in the mid–20th Century, who has had sexual relations with a 12-year-old boy.

The 20th Century has the lowest population in the depository system and it takes a Unistat 4000A less than an hour to run through all the female tapes. It comes up with the numbers of nearly 50 women who amused themselves with long-dead delivery boys and three ex-schoolteachers who, centuries before, seduced precocious students in coatrooms and under desks. None of these will do. They were all middle-aged (some nearly 60) when they developed a taste for prepubescence and it is feared the age discrepancy might prove too traumatic for Skeets. In order to satisfy the auditors, the female merge partner has to be nearly the same age as the boy, an eager virgin with undeveloped breasts and slim, athletic hips, seasoned by nothing stronger than previous puppy love.

The Unistat 4000A tries again and draws a blank. The Census Division recommends an early–21st Century female; increased depository population allows for a wider choice and, owing to the liberal mores of the age, a 12-year-old without sexual experience is a rarity. Again, the auditors say no. The time difference is too great; memories are liable to be disparate and the resulting merge would seem more like fantasy than reality. What Skeets needs is a strong dose of reality.

The auditing commission is insistent. Top priority must be given the Kalbfleischer affair. Center Control is firmly behind the project and the methodical examination of all possible channels is officially encouraged. It is suggested to the Deltron Unistat Coordinator (a machine whose singular lack of humor and fanatic concern for detail make it the most efficient director of census in over a century) that a cross-reference check with the tapes of other divisions might prove productive. The Unistat goes to work immediately and it is then, while running through a routine batch of old auditing reports, that a Series 4000A makes the astonishing discovery about the misfiled brain. Sometime late in the 22nd Century, when the last private depositories were incorporated, the brain

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of a mid–20th Century cinema actress was inadvertently misfiled.

• • •

To throw the auditing commission off track, in case it should be monitoring his telescript console, Obu Itubi submits a study plan along with his new batch of memory-file requests. The plan includes an elaborate apology for his unfortunate deviation, together with a resolution to overcome a basic prejudice against machines. As part of his program for achieving tolerance and understanding, Itubi requests the complete plans and wiring diagrams for all of the Amco-pak series above Mark V. If he can learn to appreciate the complexities of even a simple machine like the Amco-pak, Itubi is certain it won't be long before he is filled with admiration for his cybernetic superiors.

• • •

Memory merge: The term has always disgusted Vera Mitlovic. There is something repulsive about the blend of mechanics and sentiment. Vera remembers certain lovers (handfuls of ashes in lonely marble urns), drooling, impossible romantics, who interpreted a few minutes of pleasant friction and the discharge of a tablespoon of semen as something cosmic, a union of souls. How had she ever endured such fools? In her prime, Vera had been an accomplished sexual athlete and if she screamed a bit during orgasm, it wasn't in celebration of the primordial, pagan pieties. She paid no homage to the dark gods of the blood. What she craved was technique and innovation. She much preferred the skillful application of whip and harness to the attentions of any man who felt his penis was an extension of the infinite. In fact, of all the young gallants who showed up at her dressing room with expensive bouquets and elegant flattery, the one she remembers best is a walleyed count who lashed her naked breasts with his gift offering of long-stemmed roses.

So, if Vera receives the news of her impending memory merge with something less than elation, it is because she is satisfied with the past as she lived it. What need has she for a metaphysical love affair? Her own recollections are sufficiently erotic (the stinging kiss of the thorns, her second husband's playful habit of sharing her with his great Dane) and, if she desires immediate satisfaction, she can always dial for an orgasm, any time, night or day.

• • •

Skeets Kalbfleischer is preparing for his first date. Centuries before, when he had hair to comb and teeth to brush, he would have forestalled his nervousness in front of the bathroom mirror, plastering his cowlick down with Vaseline and water, polishing his smile and mentholating his breath. There would have been difficult Windsor knots to be tied and retied until the ends of the unfamiliar four-in-hand hung exactly even; shoes would have to be flawlessly shined, fingernails cleaned, pants pressed, a million trivial details to make the time go faster. But, alone in the eternity of his cerebral container, Skeets is without armpits to deodorize or acne to conceal; he is trapped, like the Titans in Tartarus, in a world where time has ceased to exist.

• • •

The blueprints for the Amco-pak series come through without difficulty. Itubi is pleased: The auditing commission must be relishing his contrition—another soul saved; score one more point for technology. Somewhere, an unknown calculator adds his name to the list, a cipher among ciphers. Itubi is unconcerned. Let the auditors enjoy their false triumph; what he wants are the blueprints.

They are exact, detailed plans, reproduced three-dimensionally on the memory-file tape. The diagrams and scale drawings seem almost to float in Itubi's consciousness like models spun from fine, glowing wire: a cobweb designed by an electrical engineer. He is able to view the plans in the round; he can study them from any angle—from above, the sides, underneath. His early training as a machinist (a part of his boyhood he had always resented) now does him yeoman's service. The complexities of the Amco-pak are easily unraveled. In less than an hour, Itubi has committed the plans to memory.

• • •

Kalbfleischer? Kalbfleischer? What sort of name is that? Vera Mitlovic is positive it sounds Jewish. A rich American Jew; they were trying to humiliate her. Once before, advised by her auditor, she underwent not a merge but a simple memory transfer. It was felt that maternity would be a beneficial experience for her (all of her marriages and affairs were barren), so she experienced prerecorded childbirth. But Vera was in labor for over 30 hours; the delivery was a nightmare of forceps and clamps. As instruments of torture, not even the racks and wheels produced during the Inquisition could rival that hideous table, with its fiendish straps and stirrups. Now they add insult to injury by preparing this merge with a Jew. Somehow, Vera will persevere. She'd lived through worse. It might even prove a diverting novelty, like a Chinese or a black. Certainly, it will be better than being alone.

• • •

Obu Itubi is ready at last. The moment for action has come. Without ending his original transmission, he simultaneously submits three random memory-file requests. The warning light blinks on and off. He ignores it and activates his communicator antenna. The light is blinking faster now. Itubi is opening all circuits: The memory-tape center clicks on; a distant humming in his guts; reels spinning, feedback eliminator up to full; magnetic relay-transfer switch to the on position; photon-oscillator near the danger point; the warning light goes berserk as all systems function and Itubi is alive, alive. . . .

• • •

Like a prize-fight manager at ringside, Skeets Kalbfleischer's auditor is hurriedly giving last-minute advice. He warns the boy of the ephemeral nature of induced memory merge; although the phenomenon in many ways resembles a dream, it registers in the conscious mind as actual experience. A sublime process, the auditor concludes, a commingling of spirits beyond the wildest speculations of all the poets in history. Aside from the miracle of cerebrectomy, it is technology's finest gift to mankind. Skeets pays little attention to this rhetoric; he is waiting, filled with apprehension, like a condemned man on the gallows trap, for the precise moment when Center Control completes the necessary rewiring and plugs him into a new world.

• • •

WARNING
CIRCUIT OVERLOAD
WARNING
CIRCUIT OVERLOAD
WARNING
CIRCUIT OVERLOAD

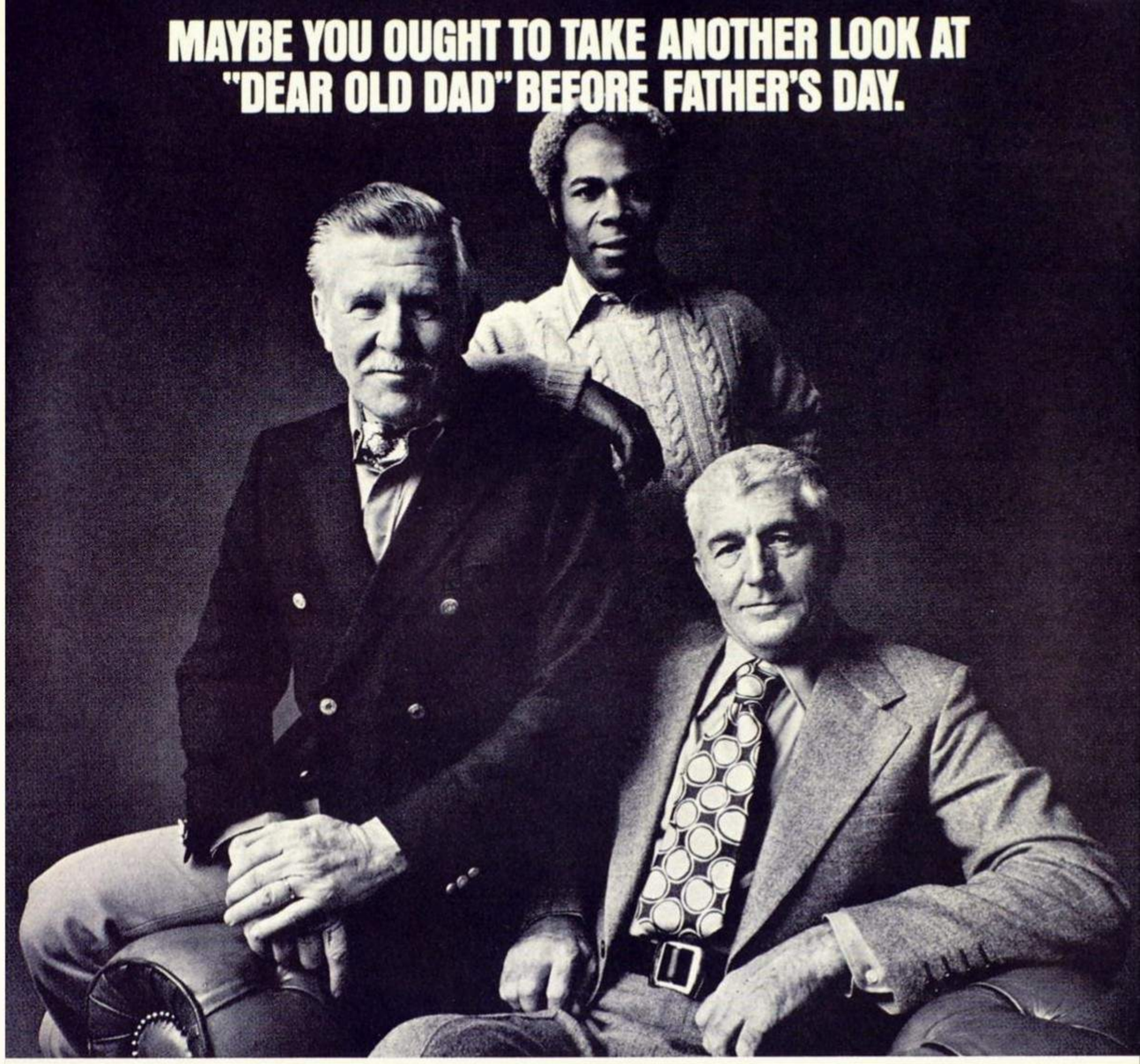
• • •

Vera Mitlovic emerges from the whirlwind mounted on a chestnut mare named Chi-Chi. The morning fog has lifted and the horse's damp flanks steam slightly in the sunlight. Chi-Chi was seven years old the summer of Vera's 13th birthday; she was requisitioned by the *Wehrmacht* the following winter and died in a burst of springtime shrapnel on the Russian front. Vera rides bareback, with only a halter for a bridle, her sun-browned legs swinging with an easy motion against the barreling belly. The air is pungent with eucalyptus. Condensation glistens on the curve-bladed leaves and, underneath, the steady dripping is like a gentle rain.

The landscape seems familiar to Vera—the round, bronzed hills, the stands of live oak and eucalyptus; and, although it will be 20 years before she makes her first Hollywood film, the young actress urges her horse down a California trail with the same youthful confidence that, in another girlhood, had blossomed along lonely roads on the high meadows of the Carpathian Alps.

At the bottom of the draw, the sunlit Pacific glitters through the dripping trees. Vera rides across the beach, threading between scattered driftwood logs. A line of jetsam marks the high-water line—an assortment of trash and sea litter. Vera rides into the surf until the

MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT "DEAR OLD DAD" BEFORE FATHER'S DAY.



You might be surprised the way he looks these days. He may not be a peacock, but chances are he's no old bird either.
He's conscious of his clothes and appearance. Like you. He dresses just so—not so-so. Like you. Which makes a Paris Fife & Drum Belt the gift he'll really appreciate.
Individual in style, in taste. Like you.

Next time you go home, take another look at "dear old dad". He just might be a lot younger than you think.

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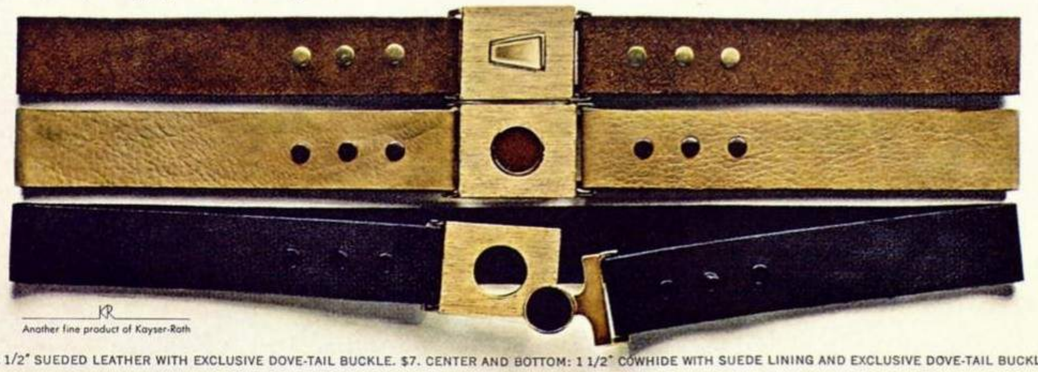

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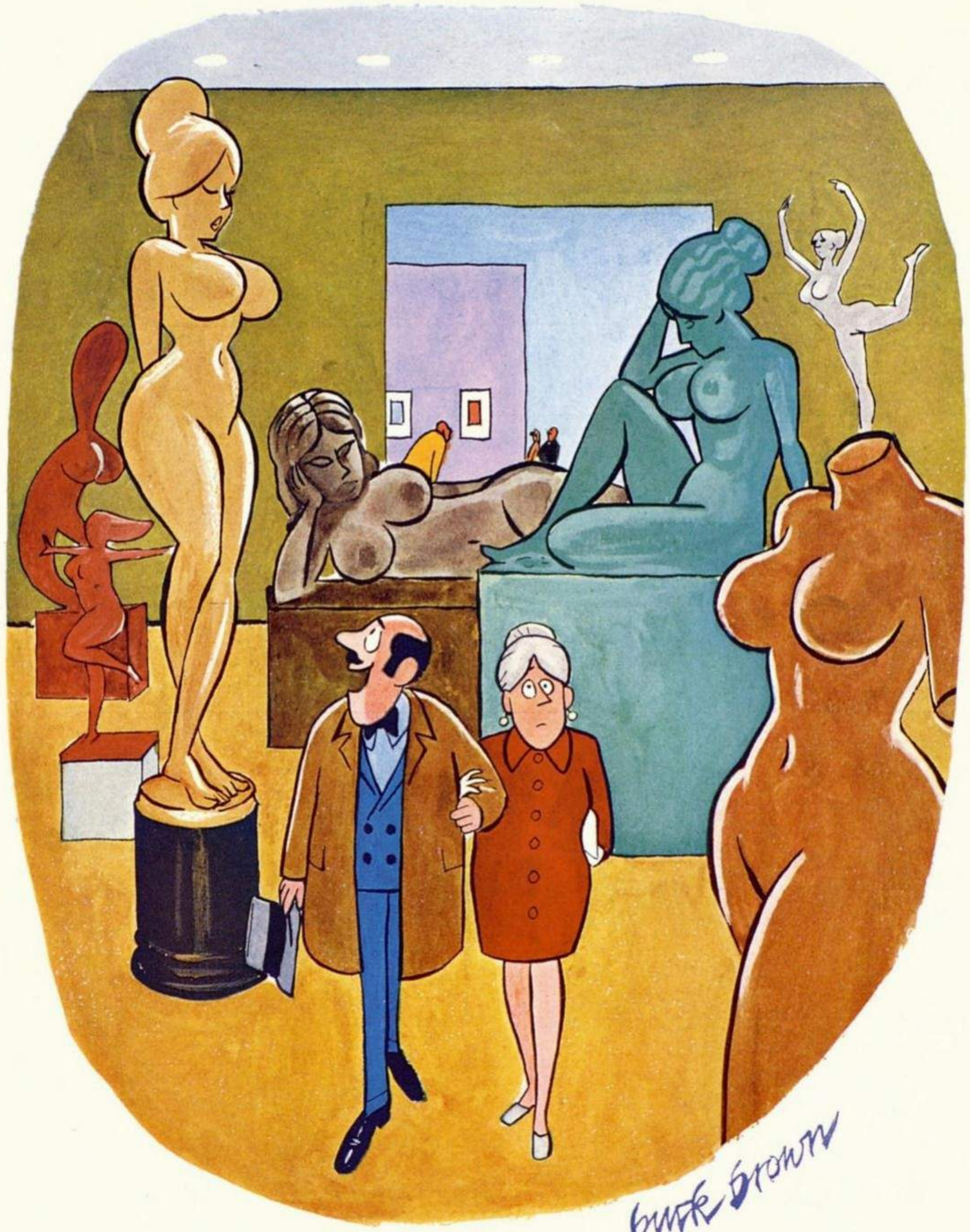

"That reminds me, dear, tonight is my night out with the boys."

receding foam boils above Chi-Chi's shanks. The sun is quite hot now and she pulls her sweater up over her head and knots the sleeves around her waist. For a long while, she looks out at the horizon, where a small, white sail is barely visible.

• • •

Scanner viewers are having a treat: An Amco-pak Mark X comes hurtling down the aisles, caroming from side to side, the encircling perduraplast bumper leaving long skid marks on the cerulean surface of the depositories. Such speed is unusual; the Amco-pak is accustomed to more sedate operation and it is all the machine can do to maintain control. The Mark X had been quietly recharging in a subdistrict vehicle hangar when the emergency call came from Maintenance and Repair. At a time of repose for the machine—the end of a daylong shift, all work facilities switched off, the control center at half power, pneumatic limbs dormant: peace and relubrication, a chance for bearings to cool and metal to lose its fatigue. Then, the alarm signal; all systems are instantly active, all circuits automatically open, and the Amco-pak is speeding down the long ramp to the depository even before Center Control signals the location of the breakdown.

The trouble is in aisle B. A preliminary diagnosis teleprints in the memory unit of the onrushing Amco-pak: Multiple short circuits cause major power drain; no communication with the resident; only three minutes of reserve oxygen remaining. The situation is urgent; emergency cerebral decantation is at least a seven-minute job; cell damage is irreparable after the brain is without oxygen for only eight; aisle B is half a mile away. Center Control authorizes all possible speed.

• • •

A strong offshore wind is blowing from the port quarter and Skeets trims the mainsail of the Sand Dab III, giving the sheet two turns around a cleat to secure it. It was his father's sloop and, although he was often crew, manning the jib sheet in races on Lake Michigan, he had never been allowed to take the helm. He is alone in the boat, an anomaly that bothers him no more than the inverted coast line. The course is southerly and, instead of seeing Lake Shore Drive to starboard and Chicago in the distance, there are rolling, gold foothills and low, pine-covered mountains visible over his port gunwale. He recognizes the contours of Point Reyes Peninsula. An aunt (one of his mother's sisters) had a home on Tomales Bay and Skeets spent a summer in California when he was six.

The wind shifts slightly and Skeets corrects, sailing on a beam reach, a course that carries him, by degrees, farther out to sea. He remembers his father's warning about keeping in sight of land and jibes suddenly, coming about hard alee. The boy leans back as the boom swings across, lashed by a stinging spray blowing over his bow. It is a dead beat to windward all the way to shore and Skeets prepares himself for a long, hard sail.

Vera rides in a trance, unaware of the wind tears streaking her cheeks or the splatter of sand against her legs. The warm, powerful flanks rippling between her thighs and the steady, tickling, crotch-rubbing joy of galloping headlong down a deserted beach have dampened her panties and filled her head with wild, whirling thoughts.

Spent, she reins in; Chi-Chi slows to a trot, walks stiff-legged for a few paces and Vera dismounts. The girl is weak-kneed and trembling. She leads her mount up the beach and ties her to a splintered piling. Vera wonders if she is going to be sick. All this summer, new emotions have troubled her body like seismic tremors. At night, she can't sleep; during the day, she is frequently dizzy. Only long, reckless rides on Chi-Chi seem to satisfy her yearning. Or almost; for the fire still burns, the itch continues to prod.

Vera unbuttons her cotton dress and steps lightly out of her entangling underclothes. The wind caresses her burgeoning body and makes her nipples pucker. She runs her hand down across her tummy and the fuzz of maiden floss, cupping her sex, which hungers like the mouth of a raging vacuum cleaner. She wishes she could hose up the entire world—beach, sea, sky and stars. She would be like that storybook Chinaman who swallowed the ocean, filled to the bursting point with all the unbearable beauty of a summer morning.

Vera heads for the water; perhaps a swim in the Pacific will cool her torrid flesh. The sea feels fresh as an Alpine stream and the girl runs splashing across the foam and dives beneath the curl of a breaking wave. She swims straight out, ignoring a weathered sign nailed to a submerging piling. It is in English, a language Vera didn't learn until she was over 30, but the reincarnated adolescent reads it naturally and without effort: DANGEROUS CURRENT . . . NO SWIMMING.

• • •

The Amco-pak has all of its arms working at once. While several pairs are busy with the cerebral container—removing the faceplate, disconnecting media hookups and attaching an emergency oxygen hose—another set probes within the Mark X's own interior, readying the reserve cockpit for its new occupant. This vestigial control center remains from the time, centuries before, when the Amco-pak was first developed as an ambulatory vehicle for cerebromorphs. The introduction of the portable Compacturon DT9 computer emancipated the maintenance van, but the original cockpit was retained for emergency operations.

Actual cerebral transfer is the simplest part of any decantation: A long rubber-and-steel duct extends from the side of the Amco-pak like a mechanical ovipositor, electromagnets maneuver the container onto internal conveyor rails and the resident rides smoothly inside, where final linkage is completed automatically. While a spectrographic medical analyzer (standard equipment on the Amco-pak) probes for possible cell damage, the Mark X attempts communicator contact: *B-0189 . . . B-0189 . . . attention . . . all lines are open . . . answer immediately if you receive my signal. . . . B-0189 . . . attention . . . attention. . . .*

Obu Itubi hears the mechanical voice and relaxes. There had been panic and doubt during those moments of isolation when all his circuits were disconnected, but he is safe now. Everything is working perfectly. He is ready for the final phase. It is time to communicate:

Attention, Amco-pak: I am receiving your signal clearly. Please let me thank you for being so prompt.

Over-all time from Vehicle Hangar Nine to aisle B—a distance of 1.2 kilometers—2 minutes, 40 seconds. . . . Emergency decantation completed in 7 minutes, 37 seconds. . . . The Amco-pak series functions to guarantee resident safety. . . . B-0189 . . . describe the breakdown as specifically as possible. . . . Your words will be teleprinted as part of my report to Center Control.

Am I completely connected to all circuits?

Positive.

Do I have scanner control?

Positive.

Is the coordinator impulse mechanism active?

Positive.

Can you disconnect any of the reserve control systems?

Negative . . . all emergency connections are automatic. . . . The reserve control system is an independent function.

Very good. Reserve control operations will begin immediately on a coordinate of Delta 7—Sigma 95. Preliminary instructions: Disconnect the Compacturon DT9; all emergency repair procedures will cease; end communicator contact with Center Control.

The Amco-pak obeys without complaint, shutting off its intelligence almost gratefully. The memory of serving human masters is still imprinted on the ancient circuits and the machine awaits further orders, arms telescoping into storage position with long, pneumatic sighs.

• • •

Skeets Kalbfleischer is prepared. He has a merit badge in water safety and

the bold insignia of the Red Cross is sewn to his bathing trunks. When he hears the cries for help and sees the girl's frantic splashing, there is no hesitation; the sea anchor is over the side in a second; he pushes the tiller around until Sand Dab III is in irons and, springing to the mast, he uncleats the halyard and drops his mainsail. At the bow, remembering the safety manual, he removes his topsiders and yacht-club sweat shirt before diving into the heavy swell.

The girl is naked! Skeets swallows sea water in astonishment when he hauls her into a cross-chest carry. The taut young breasts strain against his forearm as he side-strokes back toward the drifting boat; with each scissors kick, his legs graze the marble smoothness of her ice-cold butt. Where did this mermaid come from? His boyish imagination summons up all the funny-paper possibilities: shipwreck, abandoned by pirates, falls from airplanes and cliffs. The girl is unconscious. She was sliding under the surface without a struggle when Skeets caught hold of her wrist, and her legs trail lifelessly behind her as the floundering young lifesaver reaches the stern of his boat.

Getting her aboard is a problem. Somehow, Skeets makes her fast to the rudder, until he gains his footing on the deck and hauls her roughly over the gunwale like a gaffed tuna. On her back, lax and unmoving; the wanton spread of her legs sends Skeets into open-mouthed panic. He stumbles forward after his sweat shirt but is dismayed to find that garment insufficient for the task. If he covers her loins, the breasts remain exposed; laid across her chest, the shirt reaches just below her navel and Skeets is confronted by that other item, pink and succulent as a razor-slit peach. His face burns so hotly he could be staring into the mouth of an open furnace.

But all modesty vanishes at the sight of her bluish lips and pallid cheeks. The girl isn't breathing! Skeets remembers the chapter on artificial respiration in the safety manual. Space is too cramped for the back-pressure, arm-lift technique; rolling her over a barrel is obviously impossible, so, after only a moment's hesitation, he takes her cold face between his hands and very carefully starts to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

• • •

Obu Itubi is on the move. The Amco-pak rumbles up the long, silent aisle, past sullen power units and coteries of flashing communicators. Ahead, banks of deposit drawers stretch into the distance like an endless blue canyon. His journey has begun, but Itubi is too occupied to savor his triumph. A thousand details need attention; maps of the subdistrict must be studied and course instructions issued to the autonavigator; an inventory must be made of nonessential equipment (such as the Compacturon DT9) that might be jettisoned to conserve power; all critical systems require diagnosis for fatigue and potential parts failure; any breakdown would be disastrous. But Itubi relishes the responsibility of command. After an inert century in the depository, with the memory file his only outlet for escape, every small task, each trivial detail is a source of the most extreme pleasure. Itubi has been reborn. The Amco-pak's throbbing power center provides a new heartbeat, structural-steel tubing his muscles and bones; sleek pneumatic fingers await his discretion; the lucid, unblinking scanner stares straight ahead into the unknown.

• • •

Many summers ago, in another lifetime, Vera Mitlovic had been thrown from her horse, and the young stableboy who held her while she regained consciousness was as surprised by her passionate kisses as is Skeets, when a living, titillating tongue interrupts the serious business of resuscitation. The naked girl fastens to him like a lamprey—arms around his neck, lips eagerly nibbling his lifesaver's mouth, the tips of her hard, wet breasts performing open-heart surgery on his hairless chest.

Unlike Skeets, the stableboy had not been without experience and he quickly took full advantage of Vera's concussive eroticism. But the virgin Boy Scout, for whom even handholding is still a novelty, interprets the girl's voracity as simple gratitude and attempts to disengage himself from her embrace as she pulls him down next to her in the cockpit.

"Hey, it's OK; I mean, anybody would've done the same as me if——"

Vera stoppers his protest with her probing tongue. Her clever hands generate waves of goose flesh as she caresses his sun-tanned shoulders and back. Skeets, giddy with excitement, returns her kisses in gape-jawed approximation of a matinee idol's wide-screen technique. The girl whimpers with pure animal pleasure. Skeets crosses his legs to conceal his erection, but Vera, never one for coyness, reaches into his trunks and declares her intentions without saying a word.

• • •

Maintenance and Repair wants a full report. Every year, for almost a century, Center Control has turned down requisitions to replace the outmoded Amco-pak series and this is the inevitable result: a runaway maintenance van. To make matters worse, a decanted resident is on board and an emergency-level power drain has been left unattended in aisle B. The safety of the entire subdistrict is in jeopardy. Center Control will certainly hear about this.

Maintenance and Repair does what it can under the circumstances. Although it means calling machines off regular assignments, three Amco-paks are immediately dispatched to deal with the trouble. A Mark X is sent to aisle B and two Mark IXs at the outer edge of the subdistrict are ordered to intercept the runaway. The fugitive Amco-pak is under scanner surveillance, a computer plots its probable course and the twin Mark IXs wait in ambush, instructed to proceed cautiously and not imperil the captive cerebromorph.

• • •

The folds of the mainsail enclose the lovers like a tent; sunlight glows through the Dacron and within the radiant cocoon, Skeets and Vera lie entwined like caterpillars, tasting each other's breath. A stormy petrel perches on the port gunwale, intrigued by the mysterious rocking motion of the boat. All around, the sea is gently rolling; yet, every few minutes, the frail sloop will lurch and pitch, as if tossed by a violent gale.

Today, Skeets has earned another merit badge, one not awarded by the Boy Scouts. The glazed look in Vera's eyes is his citation, her sated moans his only testimonial. Nothing in the girl's actual past can compare with the absolute bliss occasioned by this electronic dream. For, in spite of his elaborate boasting afterward in the village tavern, the stableboy had been no better than a hit-and-run artist, parting Vera from her maidenhead with all the style and grace of a Cheyenne brave collecting a victim's scalp.

Skeets receives with typical modesty the adulation due any successful athlete, stroking Vera's damp, clinging hair as, forgetting her English for the moment, she croons his praises in a throaty, unfamiliar tongue. It is not surprising that the boy is exhausted; he responded to Vera's unexpected passion with the same energetic enthusiasm he once lavished on woodcraft, sailboat navigation and touch football. Skeets's mom always complained that he just didn't know when to quit. Never mind his health; if he enjoyed something, he'd keep at it till he dropped—a trait for which Vera will be eternally grateful.

"Wow," Skeets says under his breath. "Boy, oh, boy." The girl's head rests on his chest; her finger tips trace tiny circles about his navel. He holds her with languid arms and thinks of soft movements, like those of tigers in tall grass.

• • •

An Amco-pak Mark IX blocks the aisle ahead. Itubi slows his own van to half speed, scanning to the rear for possible escape routes. Too late. Another Amco-pak rumbles out of a side aisle, cutting off any retreat. Itubi wheezes to a stop: Let the opposition make the first move.

The Mark IXs edge in gradually. Their instructions are to detain the

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runaway machine without endangering the resident on board. This much has been accomplished. Maintenance and Repair is notified; further directions are requested.

The multiple lenses of the scanner focus independently, like a chameleon's eyes, and Itubi is able to look in opposite directions, keeping both Amco-paks under simultaneous observation. Using the code key within his own machine, he selects the correct communicator channel and listens as Maintenance and Repair broadcasts new orders: The Mark IXs are to couple magnetically with the fugitive, disconnect the Compacturon DT9 and, after safely removing the resident, tow the captive to the central hangar for examination. A simple procedure; Itubi plans his defense accordingly, extending the Amco-pak's telescoping arms as his enemies close in.

He waits until the Mark IXs are only meters away, studying his magnetometer to gauge their force exactly. His van is immobilized, magnetically attracted from either side, as if moored by invisible cables. The Amco-paks advance with confidence; in another moment, coupling will be complete.

All at once, Itubi reverses his own magnetic field; the Mark IXs are instantly repelled, lurching backward as several steel arms lash out at them like Siva, the destroyer, turned prize fighter. Pneumatic fists drive into delicate, crystal scanner lenses; communicator domes are shattered, critically exposed wires yanked from their roots by the handfuls. Blinded, the Mark IXs reel about insanely, groping for the enemy with spastic determination. Itubi easily avoids their clutches; power up to full, he glides in a smooth do-si-do around his grappling assailants and, as he rolls up the aisle, his scanner shows the twin blind machines locked in a magnetic death grip. Deprived of communication, they hammer and smash at each other with their efficient multiple arms, each convinced he is destroying the common enemy.

• • •

His auditor is eager for an immediate interview, but Skeets stalls him, using a time-tested alibi: the desire for additional meditation time. Returning to the cerebral container is like awakening from a beautiful dream only to confront the cold stone walls of a prison cell. And yet, it is the memory merge that seems real, and life in the depository a hideous nightmare. He knows that his auditor will call his attention to the *koan* of the sleeper and the butterfly.

Skeets can do without this spiritual advice. At the moment, he is not at all interested in the illusionary nature of reality and seeks to avoid any metaphysical discussions. The time for such consultation will come soon enough; but first, he has to think of an argument that will convince his auditor of the need for additional memory merge. Anything at all to get back into that boat with Vera.

• • •

Poor Vera: When Center Control selected her for memory merge, she assumed the authorities were forgiving all transgressions and would soon reconnect her memory-file hookup. But after the sailboat and the balmy California morning dissolve in a vortex and she is back in her deposit drawer, nothing has changed. Vera still floats in solitary confinement; even her communicator antenna has been disconnected.

This is the worst punishment. Before the merge, she never used her communicator, she had nothing to say to any resident of the subdistrict; but now, Vera longs to find the tousle-haired sailor boy who saved her from drowning. She remembers his tanned body and gentle voice. The time they spent together in the drifting sloop seems happier than any episode from her first girlhood. The boy was so tender and kind. His smile haunts her like distant music. For the first time in centuries, Vera Mitlovic is in love.

• • •

Obu Itubi navigates the Amco-pak beyond the outer limits of the subdistrict, down unknown corridors and labyrinthine passageways. Everywhere, the burnished, gun-metal walls glow with the luster of recent cleaning. The floors are immaculately scrubbed. The scanner lens adjusts to triple power, but no trace of dust or grime is revealed. Itubi can find nothing, not a single crumb or cobweb strand to indicate even the transient presence of organic life.

After endless hours of traveling through silence, the Amco-pak's auditory system picks up a distant noise. Itubi follows this clue like a hound-dog on the scent of game. Any new development will be welcome; even combat with another maintenance van is preferable to treading eternally down deserted corridors. The sound grows louder—a smooth, machine humming—and, turning a final corner, Itubi confronts the source: a spiral conveyor ramp in perpetual motion. It threads upward from some mysterious level deep beneath the floor and continues on through the luminous ceiling, like the interior of a mechanized snail's shell.

Itubi wastes no time maneuvering the Amco-pak aboard; his power supply is critical and any opportunity for conservation is welcome. With the stateliness of an ascending angel, he spirals up through the ceiling, triumph and hope resonant beneath the shining surface of his stainless-steel armor.

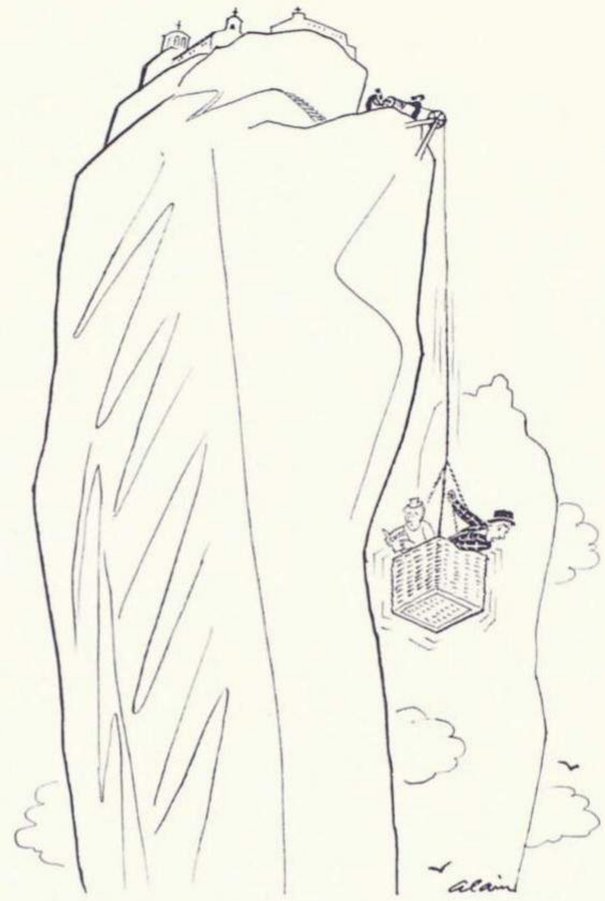
He remains on the ramp as it carries him past level after level. He sees nothing that would encourage him to get off. Each new plateau seems exactly like the subdistrict he left behind—the same shining floors and metallic walls, the identical egg-crate ceilings: He might well be standing still.

Without warning, Itubi is disgorged onto a rotating platform in the center of a vast, dome-covered arena. As the Amco-pak turns slowly on the revolving disk, Itubi studies his new surroundings. The dome above is transparent and the astonished cerebromorph thrills to the nearly forgotten sight of clouds and sky. At measured intervals around the wall enclosing the arena, large, open doorways stand waiting.

Itubi rumbles off the turntable, urging the Amco-pak across the arena at top speed; but, before he can reach the nearest doorway, a warning buzzer sounds and a solid-steel portcullis slides securely into place. All around the arena, his scanner shows every doorway firmly sealed.

He is undeterred. He pulls to a stop in front of the armored door and sets to work. The Amco-pak is a mobile workshop, equipped with diamond-tipped drills, high-frequency-sound torches and the all-purpose laser. In minutes, the maintenance van has burned an opening through solid steel.

Itubi works at this aperture, widening the gap until he carves a space broad enough to permit the passage of the Amco-pak. Beyond the steel door is a long, low-ceilinged chamber and, once inside, Itubi makes an incredible discovery. Arranged along each wall is a series of large, transparent cylinders, all glowing with radiant artificial sunlight. Standing within each of these tubular caskets, naked and as perfectly formed as Adam or Eve, is the body of an adult human.



"'It is customary to leave a gratuity before descending.' Now you tell me!"

The news travels from deposit drawer to deposit drawer with electronic immediacy. Many residents of aisle B have been scanning the emergency decantation and the gossip starts with the unexplained suddenness of the Amco-pak's departure. Communication channels are jammed as word of the runaway spreads; descriptions from outer-edge residents of the battle between the maintenance vans only fan the flames of curiosity.

A new hero is born. The legend of escape begins to germinate. So many residents dial for Obu Itubi's tapes that the memory-file librarian is forced to remove his file number from the index. The African Renaissance, a school held in disrepute since the Awakening because of its overt fetishism, is once again of interest to the scholars. Even Itubi's auditor is working overtime, screening and rescreening his subject's tapes in a search for the clue he knows he will eventually find—some undiscovered quirk or weakness that Center Control can use to bait its trap.

• • •

Skeets Kalbfleischer listens to the delicate, ping-pong music of a million distant circuits opening and closing. The warning tone of a DeHartzman Communicator caught him dreaming of Vera and he concentrates on the fragile, electronic sound, the pure-white light of spirituality being unavailable. All prurient thought must be eliminated, the mind left pure and clean in the advent of his auditor. How to behave in the face of authority is the first lesson learned in the sixth grade.

BEEP. . . .

All greetings, A-0001; I trust the additional meditation time has been fruitful?

Well, it's shown me many things. . . .

Continued meditation is the key to understanding.

Experience is also a great teacher.

So it is, A-0001, and the lesson is one of illusion. Memory merge is a useful tool, because it demonstrates that reality is only a shadow. It must have been enlightening when you discovered yourself back in the depository.

Frightening.

Really? In what way? I was hoping you would be prepared to file a complete report, but your reactions are confusing. I anticipated ecstasy and not fear.

The merge was certainly ecstatic; it was returning that was unpleasant.

Why?

The only conclusion I've come to is that the experience, which I must tell you I thoroughly enjoyed, was unsatisfactory because it was incomplete. I suppose an analogy from the old life would be the difference between a mature relationship and merely visiting a brothel.

Are you suggesting the need for additional merge time?

Well, I wouldn't feel prepared to file

a full report unless the experience were complete.

Even if it were to take years?

Even so.

And suppose years weren't available to you; would you be prepared to gamble?

I don't know what you mean; please explain.

The induced memory merge draws upon the actual experience of the residents involved; the length of merge time depends upon the reservoir of memory stored in your mind. You can't draw on what is not there. Your mate had quite a healthy life span as a biped; she could sustain a lengthy merge. But you, A-0001, have only 12 years of memory on file before cerebrectomy; your experiences would unreel backward toward infancy; your perceptions would grow increasingly childish. It takes very little imagination to foresee the end of this unhappy relationship.

I'm prepared to gamble.

Are you?

Or else abandon the entire project.

Rash decisions are always unwise, A-0001. If you wish to resume the merge, it will be arranged. The commission desires only that you succeed in taking this step along the path. But it is you who must take the step.

Then I would like to resume as soon as it's convenient.

Very good. I will attend to the details immediately. May wisdom guide you on this path and lead you to understanding. . . . End transmission. (CLICK)

• • •

Itubi is aghast. The power center of his Amco-pak idles; his scanner lens widens; immobilized, he studies the nearly forgotten perfection of the human form. The bodies, alternately male and female, stand inert, relaxed. Their arms hang at their sides; the eyes are closed; the nostrils' dilation and the almost imperceptible rise and fall of the chests are the only indications of life.

The discovery has deprived Itubi of his victory. What triumph he felt on escaping the subdistrict vanishes in the face of these sculpted, fluid bodies. The Amco-pak, the vehicle of his salvation, now seems like a ponderous shell he is forced to carry. And he squats inside, a wrinkled mollusk in his bath of sea water, half a billion years of evolution separating him from these splendid creatures in the sunlit cylinders.

Itubi knows that the low-ceilinged, vaulted chamber is neither museum nor tomb; the bodies he sees are no potbellied, slump-shouldered relics of the distant past, but erect, well-muscled thoroughbreds—all laboratory conceived and hatchery reared, genetically perfect, the chromosomes biochemically prearranged by a master of the art. Itubi recognizes the high cheekbones and coppery skin of the man encased in front of him. Once he had a similar body. It is a Tropique, one of the three humanoid life forms created in the 23rd Century. The figure in the glowing transparent cylinder could easily be Itubi's ghost.

A bitter memory of the past stings at Obu Itubi's consciousness. Again, he is confronted by the specter of treachery and betrayal. The handsome male and female humanoids housed in this peculiar storage chamber recall happier times, when the world was green and flowing, a cybernetic garden without disease or old age. Life had never known such abundance; mankind had reached an undreamed-of summit of culture and civilization. Peace and harmony pervaded the world. The inheritors of this Eden are on file in the multilayered depository beneath the plastic floor. Itubi stares out through the scanner, a stainless-steel crustacean peering at the form of God incarnate.

• • •

His presence on the communicator comes like a shaft of sunlight into her dungeon, bringing hope and a glimpse of freedom. He promised sea shells—a house built of driftwood and decorated with sea shells. He can build such a house, for he had many skills; his uniform was adorned with insignia attesting to his prowess. They would gather food from tide pools; he knew every edible species and how to prepare it. He was expert in the technique of survival. Even fire would be provided; he could start a fire with nothing more than a pair of sticks.

How thrilled he had been to learn she was once an actress. He wants to see all of her films, but she makes him vow to screen only those made before she was 14. How terrifying for him to watch his true love age 30 years in the course of an afternoon's entertainment: a lifetime distilled into a triple feature. He was young and vulnerable; best for his dreams to remain untarnished. One thing she knows: The years between Vera at 14 and Vera at 45 are marred by considerable tarnish.

• • •

Itubi nurtures his rage, letting it thrive and blossom, cultivating a red, flowering anger that is exquisite and all-consuming. Confronted by the body stolen from him 100 years before, the memories of that final flight to Abyssinia with his family and friends burn with renewed fervor. He remembers the choking dismay he felt on the Awakening, the day the World Council voted for universal cerebrectomy as a necessary evolutionary advance in mankind's quest for spiritual knowledge. Itubi, who had always looked to his art for salvation, ignored the epidemic of religious fervor gripping the world and failed to report to the Surgical Center, spending the next five years hiding in mountain caves and dugouts, until the robot sentinels discovered him close to death near a poisoned water hole. He regained consciousness in the subdistrict, on the lowest level of the system.

The perfection of the Tropique seems to mock the agony of what was lost in that fateful operation. They stole more than his life and body; the world ended on that day, a world so fine that its absence alone provides a definition of damnation. Itubi's rage explodes in the face of this final indignity. He smashes the tubular glass casket with a sideswipe of his machine-tooled fist, reaching in for the Tropique with eager pneumatic fingers.

• • •

Skeets clears his snorkel of sea water, spouting like a dolphin in the bay. He rolls onto his back and studies the shore through his water-streaked face mask: the snowlike dazzle of the beach; the jagged line of hills, green as a hummingbird's throat. When he was eight, his parents took him on a Caribbean cruise; for years afterward, the ornate shells and bits of staghorn coral occupied a place of honor on his dresser and the memory of swimming in the jewel-pure clarity of that incredible water haunted him like a recurring dream. He is grateful to his auditor for uncovering this magic bit of the past.

Vera, of course, lived for years in the Caribbean; but although she is reminded of Grenada, she is unable to identify their island. Skeets waves to her on the beach. He thinks of how she will smile when she sees the *langouste* he has speared. A few yards away, the Sand Dab III rides at anchor. This afternoon, they will take her for a sail. Skeets can't imagine life getting any finer.

• • •

OBU *Obu*
ITUBI *Itubi*
OBU *Obu*
ITUBI *Itubi*

OBU *Obu*
ITUBI *Itubi*
OBU *Obu*
ITUBI *Itubi*
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ITUBI *Itubi*
OBU *Obu*

• • •

Languidly, Vera rubs her golden arms and legs with coconut oil. She watches Skeets swim in the emerald water, the black upthrust of his flippered feet as he dives. A pattern of crab tracks surrounds her in the sand; behind, palm fronds ripple like sail canvas in the even breeze. She has never known such happiness; their island is more beautiful than anything imagined in the solitude of her cerebral container. The shelter Skeets lashed together out of driftwood uprights and thatch palm is bordered with queen-conch shells and bowered by bougainvillaea, hibiscus and tall stands of lethal oleander.

Vera has lost all track of time. it doesn't matter; memory merge is like a dream; the passage of weeks and months may account for only a few hours in the depository, so it's futile to pay attention to time.

Once, an auditor instructed her to meditate on the nature of time. She remembers his lesson: Time is an abstraction devised by man to regulate the illusion he calls reality; the past, the present and the future are happening now; this very moment is all there is; understanding each moment is the key to liberation. Vera was never much good at her lessons, but as the days blend into weeks and the weeks into months, the deposit drawer seems another dimension away and the sun-tanned young actress decides that her auditor was right about time after all.

• • •

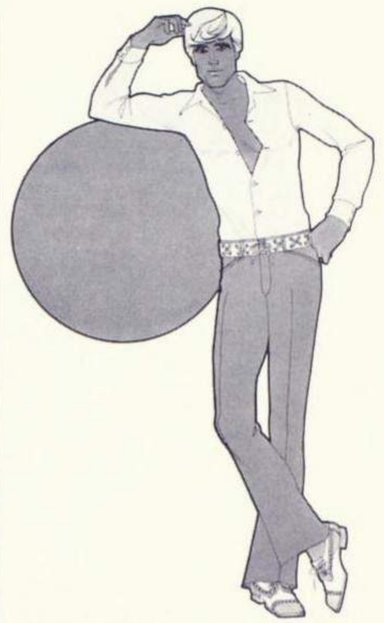
The sound of his own name echoing and re-echoing in the vaulted chamber is more arresting than an alarm signal, more alluring than the sweetest music:

OBU ITUBI. . . .

It has been 100 years since he last heard his name pronounced. "Be careful, Obu," his wife had whispered that fateful morning, when he set out to find food for their renegade mountain band. "Don't let anything happen to you, my own Obu. If you should fail to return, I would be so alone. Isn't it better that we die together, not alone and afraid?" He never saw her again; and when she kissed him goodbye, her lips formed the shape of his name for the final time. In the depository, he was called only by number: B-0489.

The hidden loud-speaker continues to broadcast his name again and again as Itubi listens, entranced. The Tropique

"While other fellows were swapping wives, I traded mine for a hundred shares of IBM."



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hangs from the Amco-pak's steel grip like a chipmunk caught in the talons of a hawk. His anger subsides; the rage is calmed. Itubi switches on his own broadcast equipment and adjusts the voice-range control of his speech center.

All right. . . . I hear you. . . . What. . . . (Itubi is having some trouble with feedback interference and he fiddles with the controls of his eliminator.) All right, I can hear you.

OBU ITUBI. PLEASE . . . RESUME COMMUNICATOR CONTACT WITH CENTER CONTROL.

No. We can talk like this. I have no interest in letting you get inside my mind again.

AS YOU WISH. WE UNDERSTAND YOUR OBVIOUS AGITATION.

Do you?

OF COURSE. RIGHT NOW, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU ARE. YOUR ACTIONS ARE CONFUSED BECAUSE OF YOUR DISORIENTATION. MOST OF ALL, YOU ARE UPSET BY THE PRESENCE OF THE TROPIQUES. IS THAT NOT SO?

You seem to know all about it.

YOUR RAGE AND CONFUSION ARE THE PRODUCTS OF IGNORANCE. ONCE YOU UNDERSTAND WHERE YOU ARE, YOU WILL NO LONGER BE AFRAID.

Tell me where I am, then.

LEVEL X OF THE DEPOSITORY SYSTEM: THE ULTIMATE GOAL OF ALL RESIDENTS. ONCE HAVING REACHED 360 DEGREES OF UNDERSTANDING, WHAT THE ANCIENTS CALLED ENLIGHTENMENT, A CEREBROMORPH IS DECANTED AND TRANSFERRED TO A HUMAN BODY. CENTER CONTROL MAINTAINS COMPLETE BREEDING AND HATCHERY INSTALLATIONS. AT THIS MOMENT, OBU ITUBI, YOU ARE INSIDE THE SUSPENDED-ANIMATION FACILITY FOR THE TROPIQUE CLASS OF HUMANOID. THESE BODIES ARE SPECIMENS DEVELOPED SPECIALLY FOR CEREBRAL TRANSFER. THEIR BRAINS ARE ONLY VESTIGIAL EXTENSIONS OF THE SPINAL CORD. THOUGHT, MEMORY AND CONSCIOUSNESS ARE UNKNOWN TO THESE TROPIQUES UNTIL A LEVEL-X RESIDENT HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED.

And what happens then? Where does a resident go in his new body?

BACK INTO THE WORLD, WHERE HE IS FREE TO LIVE AMONG HIS FELLOW ENLIGHTENED ONES, OR IN SOLITUDE, AS HE DESIRES, UNTIL A NATURAL DEATH OVERTAKES HIM AND HE BECOMES UNITED WITH THE ALL.

Guided, of course, by the rules of the system and supervised by Center Control.

CENTER CONTROL HAS NO AUTHORITY OVER LIBERATED RESIDENTS. THE FUNCTION OF CENTER CONTROL IS TO GUIDE RESIDENTS TO ENLIGHTENMENT.

What sort of world is left? An extension of the depository?

THE WORLD IS GREEN AND BEAUTIFUL STILL, OBU ITUBI, AND IT LIES JUST OUTSIDE THESE WALLS. ALL DEPOSITORIES ARE HOUSED UNDERGROUND. ONCE A RESIDENT HAS REACHED LEVEL X, HE WILL NEVER SEE A DEPOSITORY AGAIN. HIS FREEDOM WILL BE COMPLETE.

I want to be free.

AND SO YOU SHALL BE, OBU ITUBI.

Level I is a long way from level X. I can't wait that long.

THERE ARE ALWAYS EXCEPTIONS TO THE SYSTEM. YOUR AUDITOR REPORTS THAT YOUR CREATIVE NATURE MAKES DEPOSITORY LIFE A LIABILITY FOR YOU. CENTER CONTROL DESIRES ONLY A RESIDENT'S SAFETY AND SPIRITUAL WELFARE. CONTENTMENT IS ESSENTIAL BEFORE PROGRESS CAN BE MADE. YOUR ESCAPE HAS VERY MUCH IMPRESSED CENTER CONTROL, OBU ITUBI. IT WAS ASSUMED THAT A RESIDENT WOULD NEVER WISH TO ESCAPE. IN THE FACE OF YOUR ACTION, THE AUDITING COMMISSION HAS RECOMMENDED TRANSFERAL TO A HUMAN BODY.

Do you mean to set me free?

THE WORLD AWAITS YOU.

And will you give me a new body?

YOU CAN HAVE THE ONE THE AMCO-PAK HOLDS, IF YOU SO DESIRE.

What must I do?

THE PROCEDURE IS QUITE SIMPLE. THE FIRST STEP IS TO RECONNECT YOUR COMMUNICATOR HOOKUP AND RESUME CONTACT WITH CENTER CONTROL.

• • •

"Golly, that's good!"

Vera smiles at the sight of Skeets grinning like a mooncalf, rivulets of coconut water streaming down his chin and chest. She shakes her head, saying she doesn't care to drink, when offered the heavy, green-husked fruit. Vera is puzzled, hearing that strange word again. *Golly?* Was this an English word? Before today, she had never heard such a word and already Skeets has used it three times.

Vera shades her eyes against the sun and studies the boy sitting cross-legged beside her in the sand. She decides he doesn't look any younger, but still, there's something a trifle unsettling about the childish sound of this particular word. The knowledge that Skeets is voyaging backward into memory troubles her. A younger sister died of consumption during World War Two and Vera shared her bedroom for the final months, aware constantly of the brightening eyes and pallid skin, the bloodless lips—all the cosmetic subtleties preceding death. She watches Skeets with the same caution, studying him for symptoms of change.

Impulsively, as if to deny her forebodings, she kisses his kneecap, gripping his thigh with her sharp fingernails. "Why don't we go inside?" she whispers. "I want you so bad I can taste it."

"Golly," Skeets says, nearly losing his hold on the coconut.

• • •

GIVE US YOUR ANSWER, OBU ITUBI. . . .

The Amco-pak is as silent as a war memorial. Inside, Itubi wrestles with the awareness that he has been a fool; Center Control has duped him. Its preposterous offer; only a fool would accept such a suggestion and, worse, Itubi comprehends with growing panic, only a fool would listen when the enemy speaks. Center Control was stalling for time, making outrageous promises to hold him while——

WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

Only this. . . .

Itubi catapults the Tropique into a row of glass cylinders against the opposite wall: bodies topple like fairground kewpies; a glass waterfall cascades onto the gleaming floor. Itubi races his Amco-pak out of the suspended-animation facility into the dome-covered arena while his name thunders stereophonically from a dozen loud-speakers: *OBU ITUBI OBU ITUBI OBU ITUBI OBU ITUBI OBU ITUBI OBU ITUBI OBU ITUBI OBU ITUBI OBU ITUBI OBU ITUBI.*

He imagines an army of Amco-paks spiraling up the conveyor ramp and maneuvers onto the rotating platform, listening for the sounds of their subterranean advance. His auditory equipment picks up nothing but the precisioned humming of well-oiled machinery. There still is time. Quickly and efficiently, Itubi puts all of the Amco-pak's many arms to work: One pair machines a hollow casing from solid barstock aluminum; another pair mixes chemicals, phosphorus, magnesium and an assortment of other incendiaries; a third pair manufactures the fuses and timing devices; in a few minutes, two bombs are assembled. Itubi synchronizes the fuses and attaches one to either side of the ramp entrance. He allows only enough time for him to retreat to the suspended-animation facility; and there, surrounded by the forms of previous lifetimes, he listens to the explosive holocaust he has unleashed. The floor shudders beneath the Amco-pak's treads. Outside in the arena, fragments of dome come crashing down, dislodged by the concussion. Above the din, loud-speakers continue to blare his name: *OBU ITUBI OBU ITUBI OBU. . . .*

• • •

Skeets remembers masturbation (jacking off, meat beating, pork pounding): the hidden magazines, the secret places; a jar of Nivea cream at the bottom of the laundry hamper; experimental two-fingered grips; reclining on the toilet, with his feet in the sink; his unfamiliar left hand; the ace of spades from a deck of pornographic playing cards; up in the August heat of the attic, hidden behind his mother's winter clothes; standing under the stinging spray of the shower, a bar of soap in his other hand; once, in

"Could I interest you in a 20th Century piece?"

the bathtub, twisting like a contortionist to kiss the tip of his straining member; and all the different, delicious dreams, arranged in his imagination like smorgasbord.

Dreams of girls and women, known and unknown; dreams of girls held captive in carpeted seraglios and marooned on desert islands. Dreams of girls very much like the one between whose legs Skeets rocks so proudly. Raven-haired Vera is no stranger selected by computer. More than three hundred years ago, Skeets clipped her photos from the glossy pages of film magazines; her pinup was Scotch-taped inside his locker at school. They had shared this tropic paradise many times before, up in his mother's attic, with the caustic smell of moth balls in the air.

• • •

Itubi waits for the dust to settle, scanning the debris scattered around the perimeter of the explosion. The Amcopak programs a memo tape made while manufacturing the first pair of bombs and the telescoping arms duplicate their original motions automatically, mass-producing a homemade arsenal with assembly-line efficiency. The haze of smoke and powdered concrete thins and, in place of the turntable, a jagged crater belches fire like a volcano.

Itubi treads out into the arena, leaving an aluminum canister ticking behind him in the suspended-animation facility. He zigzags among the twisted scraps of fallen dome, keeping close to the wall until he reaches another set of steel doors. The laser torch is focused and Itubi has burned halfway through by the time the bomb detonates.

Inside, he confronts a chamber identical to the one he has just destroyed—the same vaulted ceiling, the rows of glass cylinders. Only the occupants differ; the population here has pale skin and nearly white hair: characteristics of the Nord class of humanoids. Itubi starts the timer on one of his devices and sends it rolling down the aisle, a surprise package for his former European neighbors.

In the next hour, Itubi is generous with his gifts. He cuts through a succession of steel doors, exposing other suspended-animation facilities, as well as automated surgical clinics, hatcheries, program centers and rooms dense with unfamiliar circuitry. In each, he places a bomb, sating his rage with destruction, until the laser's cut reveals a glimpse of green and he burns his way through the final door to freedom.

• • •

Center Control is unable to contain the sudden power surge. The explosions in the system's surface installation destroy a number of important relays regulating power flow from the solar-energy accumulator and, like a bolt of lightning, the extra load races uncontrollably down through miles of circuits and cable. Center Control traces the path of the overload, noting the continuing series of tripped safety switches extending deep into the depository.

The end of the line is aisle A of the last subdistrict on the lowest level. Center Control issues a warning to all residents, instructing them to activate auxiliary hookups, only seconds before the massive overload hits the community power unit. The warning comes in time for all but the resident of the foremost deposit drawer; he is embarked on a memory merge and has disconnected his communicator antenna. His final dream is interrupted by a surge of electric power sufficient to run the sector for a month. When a maintenance van comes to open cerebral container number A-0001-M(637-05-99), the electrolytic solution has all boiled away and the resident is a bit of gray sludge, burned to the bottom like an overcooked stew.

• • •

Vera rears like a bucking horse, answering Skeets's urgency with a determined pelvic upthrust. She slides her tongue into his ear, groaning his name. Her nails rake and gouge his back; her teeth nip at his neck; a vision of intricate coral gardens fills her mind.

"I can't hold it," the boy whispers and his words trigger Vera's orgasm.

"Don't stop," she implores and, as pleasure overwhelms her, she bites like a nickering mare into Skeets's shoulder. There is no flesh. All at once, she is hugging a phantom. She can still taste the salt of his sweat, but her lips kiss only empty air. Her eyes open to coin-sized spots of sunlight showing through the thatched roof. Vera is alone on the grass mat, her arms folded across her heaving chest; between her open thighs,

"Palpable poppycock, sir! We have casualties not because we're at war but because the enemy is at war."

The first tan of summer is the most important tan.

Your first tan is your most important tan because it's the one you build on all summer long. How good you'll look in August depends on how good you look by June.

First tan or first burn? What if we told you that to get your first tan you don't have to pay the painful price of a burn? That you don't have to peel and then start all over again with brand new tender skin?

As surprising as it sounds, you don't.

You see, the sun has two kinds of rays. Rays that tan and rays that burn. The secret was to find a way to keep the burning rays out while still letting the tanning rays in.

We found a way. A way that lets you go straight to tan.

How to get a beautiful first tan. You've tried enough suntan products to know that most of them don't live up to their fantastic promises.

One kind promises you a fast tan. This is the greasy kind. What it really does is fry you until you're burnt to a crisp. Then you peel and, instead of being left with a tan, you're left with nothing but bad memories. This kind of product lets in all of the sun's rays, including the ones that burn.

Another kind promises not to let you burn, and it doesn't. But it doesn't let you tan either. Instead of letting all of the sun's rays in, it doesn't let any of them in. And you come home from the beach looking like you were never there at all.

There is another kind. Sea & Ski.

Both Sea & Ski Lotion and Sea & Ski Dark-Tanning Oil are suntan products that are carefully balanced to keep the burning rays out and let the tanning rays in. They let you start your first tan of summer the first day you're out in the sun.

(For people who are lucky enough to never need any sunburn protection at all, there's Sea & Ski Dark-Tanning Butter. If you're one of those people, you can stop reading here. Everybody else, read on.)

Before using Sea & Ski that first day, let the sun warm your skin for a couple of minutes. Then rub Sea & Ski in. Don't forget the tenderest areas, like the insides of your arms and the backs of your knees. And look around for somebody nice to do your back.

Enjoy yourself, but take the first day's sun in short doses. Especially in early summer and around noon when the sun is at its strongest. And don't let a cool or cloudy day fool you into thinking the sun's not working on you. It is.

How to keep your first tan beautiful. After you've gotten your first tan, combine Sea & Ski with your own special tanning system. Concentrate on the sun, or run around and let it follow you. Do a sun dance, or take a nap.

Sea & Ski's moisturizers will keep the sun from drying your skin. They'll help you keep the tan you get. Use Sea & Ski after you shower, too. As it soaks into your skin, it will help bring your tan out.

One more thing. Now that you know how to get a beautiful tan, we'd like to wish you a beautiful summer.

Sea & Ski makes your first tan brown, moist and beautiful.

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"One of us, Mr. Barrows, is a very sick man!"

she can see the blue horizon, framed by the doorway of the hut.

• • •

The grass burns bright as green fire under the noon sun: the summer air is loud with the metallic tremolo of unseen cicadas. A crisscrossing trajectory of alarmed grasshoppers surrounds the Amco-pak's steady advance across the clearing. Obu Itubi scans the line of trees at the edge of the forest, searching for any indication of road or trail. Behind him, clouds of acrid smoke billow from the shattered dome, but he never looks back. The spectacle of his triumph concerns him even less than the curiosity aroused by traveling through unfamiliar countryside. Itubi has no time for sightseeing.

His problems are caused by the Amco-pak's limited performance in this new environment. Treads designed for smooth plastic floors gain little traction in the tall grass. Already, bits of twigs and dirt have worked into delicate gears and bearings accustomed to the dust-free atmosphere of the depository. There is no road leading away from the surface installation; the dome stands isolated in the center of a broad meadow, one of a few scattered islands of open space in a vast, terminal pine forest stretching as far as the scanner can see.

Itubi decides upon a course and urges the Amco-pak up a gradual, shrub-covered hillside. Three deer, a doe and two fawns, pause with widened eyes to stare at the monstrous, clanging creature before fleeing into the safety of the forest. Under the trees, the hillside is steeper. The Amco-pak leans dangerously and Itubi flails the telescoping arms to gain a purchase on the precarious slope.

For an hour, the Amco-pak struggles over difficult terrain, carving a path with the laser when the trees grow too thick, hauling and winching its armored bulk up hills too steep to climb. Itubi gains confidence in the van's abilities and when he encounters a steep-walled gorge across his path, there is no hesitation before starting to traverse to the bottom.

Itubi's regret is immediate. The gorge is too steep. Loose earth begins to shift under the Amco-pak's weight; treads slip and spin as the Mark X fights for balance. Itubi grabs a sapling pine to stabilize the van, but the roots pull free and the floundering machine tumbles end over end into a rushing stream at the bottom of the gorge.

Before the dust has settled, a flight of angry magpies circles the wreckage, scolding and belligerent. Beneath the surface of the mountain stream, a school of fingerling brook trout gathers about the unblinking glow of the submerged scanner. From high up in a ponderosa, a drowsy porcupine watches the crablike gesturing of the overturned Amco-pak.

• • •

"Skeets . . . Skeets. . . ." Vera runs naked from the flower-decked hut, frantically calling her vanished lover. She shields her eyes from the glare and looks up and down the deserted curve of beach. Everything is just the same—the palms and sea-grape trees, the placid, reef-protected bay. . . . But, no, it's changed, the boat is gone! The Sand Dab III has been plucked from the water as cleanly as Skeets has disappeared from between her legs.

Vera's confusion calms her terror. She turns back toward the hut, trying to put the pieces together. She notes that Skeets's diving gear—his mask and flippers, the long, tapered Hawaiian sling—is no longer hanging next to the door. Inside, she discovers his clothes have gone as well; not a single one of his possessions remains. The smooth sand floor of the hut is tracked by numerous footprints and very carefully, in the next hour, Vera measures each of them against her own feet. In every case, she finds an exact fit.

• • •

Obu Itubi is trapped. The scanner sees only a few graveled feet of stream bottom. Many of the delicate control-system instruments are damaged by the fall. Only three of the telescoping arms still function, but, even working together, they are unable to gain sufficient leverage to right the Amco-pak. The journey of the Mark X has come to an end.

Still, Itubi is satisfied. He has escaped from the depository and evened the score with Center Control in the process. Less than 40 hours of reserve oxygen remain in the van, but at least his last breath will be free. The upended Amco-pak will make a fine tomb.

The mourners have already gathered. Magpies and red squirrels chatter in the nearby trees; a 12-point buck stands looking down from the rim of the gorge; the porcupine sleeps in the ponderosa; and, high above them all, a robot sentinel hovers, silver and gleaming in the afternoon sun, silently transmitting its scanner signal back to Center Control.

• • •

Following the attack on the surface installation, Center Control orders all facilities to begin operations on a round-the-clock schedule. A task force of maintenance vans is dispatched to the surface to clear the rubble. Preliminary plans for the new installation are in preparation; all available Unistat 4000As are recruited for this work; projects in progress must be set aside. Among the many millions of trivial details recorded on the tape reels placed in the archives during this emergency period is the information that a 20th Century resident (female) has been misfiled. Although technically, these tapes are scheduled for programming whenever there is a Unistat without an assignment, the clerical

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King Size: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine 100 mm. 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70.

machines at Center Control all know that tapes on archive consignment are never seen again. One of the Deltron series in the Dispatch Division even makes a joke of it by referring to the archives as "the Sargasso Sea" in all interdepartmental memos.

Attention, B-0489. . . . Attention. . . .

Obu Itubi recognizes the presence of his auditor on the communicator. This is puzzling; he remembers disconnecting the Amco-pak's antenna. Even more mysterious is having no scanner; perhaps he suffered a concussion in the crash. Certainly, the Amco-pak has gone haywire; the scanner went on the blink even before he blacked out. Itubi is no longer certain whether it is the machine that is malfunctioning or himself.

Attention, attention, B-0489. . . . There is no point in playing mute; we know you are receiving this transmission.

Where am I?

Safely back in the bosom of Center Control. You will excuse me for being less precise, but the exact location would be meaningless to you.

What has happened to my scanner?

It was disconnected by the work team before they removed your cerebral container from the wreckage.

I can't remember that. Was I unconscious?

Anesthetized. The machines that cut you free were ordered to take no chances.

And what will happen to me now?

Your most interesting question, B-0489.

I know I am at your mercy.

Very true. And since you showed so little of that commodity during your rampage in the surface installation, I imagine you feel a bit apprehensive.

I'm not afraid. There's nothing more you can do to me.

You display your ignorance, B-0489. Center Control has on file tapes of pain so profound that your imagination cannot even begin to fathom the potential agony. We can condemn you to eternal purgatory by merely flipping a switch.

Do it, then.

You are too impetuous, B-0489; that's why you are so dangerous. Center Control has no desire for revenge. In spite of all provocation, I have not the slightest interest in "skewering you like a shish kabob."

So you know all my secret thoughts. I should have expected as much.

Your mistake was in having thoughts that needed to be kept secret. Center Control records the complete consciousness of every resident. There is no such thing as secret thoughts. Even your unconscious is on file. My mistake was in not making a daily audit of your tapes. If I had, perhaps all this destruction might have been avoided.

You've been brainwashed by the system. The machines have tricked you out of more than your body; they've stolen your mind as well.

There is no such thing as individual mind, B-0489, there is only the one mind; all else is illusion. But I won't trouble you with further discourse on the doctrine. You asked about your fate; I have been instructed by Center Control to inform you of its decision. As a result of your destructive actions, the brain of a level-I resident has been damaged beyond the possibility of reconstruction. Although humanoid breeding and hatching facilities are maintained, the specimens produced have only a modified brain, so there is no chance of our laboratories' supplying a replacement. Because of this fact, Center Control has ordered that your brain, B-0489, be substituted for the one destroyed. All of your thoughts, both conscious and unconscious, will be removed and the tapes of the other resident substituted.

So you mean to kill me, after all?

Not exactly; your tapes will be consigned to the archives for storage until such time as another brain is available. In effect, B-0489, you are to be placed in limbo. Before I end transmission, you might be interested in knowing of the metaphysical debate that your case has occasioned. Center Control is undecided what the karmic results would be if your tapes were erased instead of placed on file. Would erasure equal death and, thus, a new incarnation for you in another world, or would you simply be cast adrift in the samsara forever, doomed to an eternity of illusion? You might well use your final moments to meditate on this question, B-0489. Neuron-purgation procedures will begin immediately. End transmission. (CLICK)

• • •

Vera is marooned in memory, a castaway on an island that doesn't exist. She spends long hours gazing out at the deep blue beyond the turquoise of the bay. Occasionally, she sees the top of a sail, but the distant ships come no closer. In the early mornings, she takes Chi-Chi for long rides down the beach and into the back country over trails shaded by tamarind and mahogany trees. Together, they explore every part of the island.

There are five small towns, clusters of pastel, cut-coral houses with glinting tin rooftops. From a distance, Vera never fails to see the streets crowded with people or hear the hubbub of everyday life; but when she rides nearer, the figures recede like a mirage and all noise fades into silence as she passes through the deserted village.

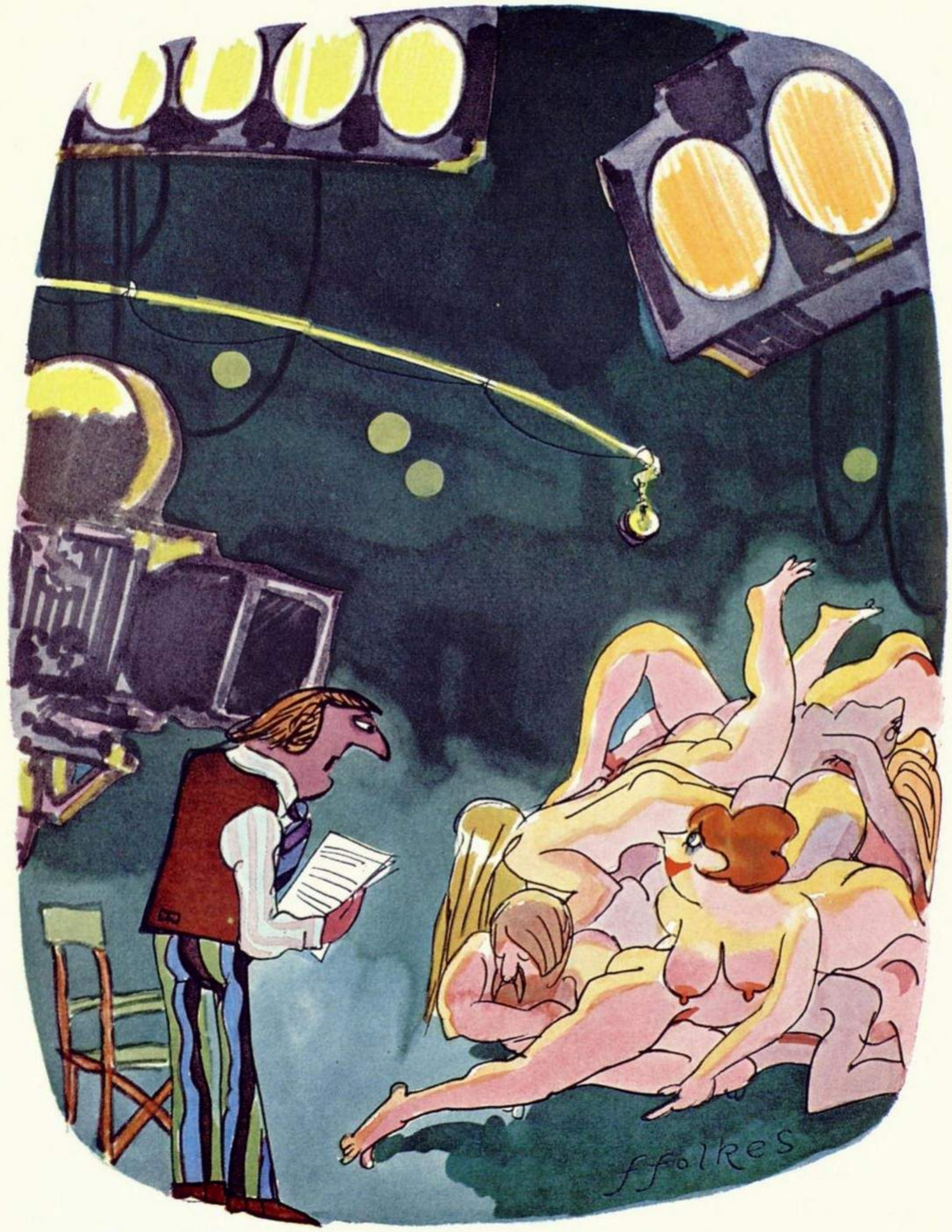
Once, she stops and enters a two-story limestone house, intrigued by the sound of a child singing. Every room is filled with objects from her past—her childhood toys litter the floor, her mother's needle point decorates the mildewed wall, rows of her father's leather-bound medical books crowd the tables and shelves. She recognizes the voice of the child as her own, singing a song her grandmother taught her; but as she searches from room to room, the singer seems to elude her; the haunting sound is always just around the corner or behind the next closed door.

• • •

A reconstituted Skeets Kalbfleischer is having a nightmare. Although this dream has occurred with increasing regularity over the past weeks, he has yet to report the details to his auditor. It is always the same room, brilliantly hung with Sung dynasty scrolls and tapestries. The emperor is always there, supervising from his teakwood throne, a slightly mocking smile playing about his thin lips. Skeets is strapped to the top of a porcelain-tiled table. As before, he is in a strange body—adult and well muscled, with copper-colored skin and a shock of fine, coal-black hair.

The emperor claps his hands and the torture begins. Three men enter the room, two of them pushing a brass-bound cabinet exquisitely fitted with dozens of tiny drawers. These two men assist the surgeon, selecting the proper instruments from the cabinet. A large mirror hangs over the table, so Skeets can watch each detail of the operation. The surgeon works with skilled fingers, diligently removing tiny portions of flesh from his body. Each incision is in a different place; one cut removes a portion of his ear lobe; another takes the tip off his big toe. The surgeon is a master of his ancient craft; under his patient care, a victim is kept alive for days as, bit by bit, his body is carved away. First, the skin is removed; next, the flayed muscles minutely diced. By avoiding the vital organs, the surgeon whittles the body down to bones and guts, never allowing any one cut to induce shock or trauma. Although the pain is constant and unvarying, the victim is never allowed to lose consciousness.

Skeets watches the entire process; his eyelids were the first to go, to ensure his unswerving attention. But even after his eyes are removed and he is reduced to a beating heart, a single lung and the blanched stalk and blossom of spinal column and skull, he is still able to witness the final moments of his dream. He sees it all in the mirror as clearly as if he still had eyes. One of the attendants produces a fine, silver saw from an appropriately shaped drawer. With a few swift strokes, the surgeon uncaps the cranium and eases the brain out of its ivory nest. Gray and glistening, the wrinkled lump of nervous tissue is carried to the emperor on a golden dish, with the polite hope that it will please his discriminating palate.



"Please, Miss Bilbo, this is supposed to be a group activity. Will you kindly stop looking at the camera?"

CENTRE COURT

(continued from page 104)

hand, are strictly show business. They are purchased for the tournament.

Taylor is watching a festival of tennis from the roof of the tearoom. Szorenyi against Morozova, Roche against Ruffels, Brummer against O'Hara, Drysdale against Spear—he can see 14 matches going on at the same time, and the cork-popping sound of the tennis balls fills the air. "This is the greatest tournament in the world," he says. "It is a tremendous thrill to play in it. You try to tune yourself up for it all year." Taylor is somewhat unusual among the people milling around him on the sun deck. For the most part, of course, they are aliens and their chatter is polyglot. Hungarians, Japanese, Finns, Colombians, Greeks—they come from 40 nations, while home to Taylor is a three-room flat in Putney, just up the road from Wimbledon. Taylor is a heavy-set man with dark hair and a strong, quiet manner. His father is a Sheffield steelworker. His mother taught him his tennis. And now he is seeded 16th at Wimbledon. It took him five sets to get out of the first round, but that does not seem to have shaken his composure. His trouble would appear to be in front of him. In the pattern of the draw, the 16th seed is the nearest seeded player to the number-one seed, which is tantamount to saying that Taylor's outlook is pale.

On the promenade below, a Rolls-Royce moves slowly through the crowd. It contains Charlie Pasarell, making his appearance to compete in singles. Is Pasarell so staggeringly rich that he can afford to ride to his matches in a Rolls-Royce? Yes—as it happens—but the Rolls in this case is not his. It is Wimbledon's and it has been sent by the tennis club to fetch him. Wimbledon is uniquely considerate toward players, going to great lengths to treat them as if they were plenipotentiaries from their respective nations and not gifted gibbons, which is at times their status elsewhere. Wimbledon has a whole fleet of Rolls-Royces—and Mercedes, Humbers and Austin Princesses—that deploys to all parts of London, to wherever the players happen to be staying, to collect them for their matches. Each car flies from its bonnet a small pennon in the colors of Wimbledon—mauve and green. Throughout the afternoons, these limousines enter the gates and murmur through the crowd to deliver to the locker rooms not only the Emersons, the Ashes, the Ralstons and the Roches but also the Dowdeswelles, the Montrenauds, the Dibleys and the Phillips-Moores.

In the Players' Tea Room, the players sit on pale-blue wicker chairs at pale-blue wicker tables eating strawberries in Devonshire cream. The tearoom is glassed-in on three sides, overlooking the courts. Hot meals are served there, to players only—a consideration absent in all other places where they play. Wimbledon is, among other things, the business convention of the tennis industry, and the tearoom is the site of a thousand deals—minor endorsements, major endorsements, commitments to tournaments over the coming year. The Players' Tea Room is the meat market of international tennis. Like bullfight impresarios converging on Madrid from all parts of Spain at the *Feria* of San Isidro, tournament directors from all parts of the world come to the Players' Tea Room at Wimbledon to bargain for—as they put it—"the horseflesh." The tearoom also has a first-rate bar, where, frequently enough, one may encounter a first-rate bookie. His name is Jeff Guntrip. He is a trim and modest-appearing man from Kent. His credentials go far deeper than the mere fact that he is everybody's favorite bookie. Years ago, Guntrip was a tennis player. He competed at Wimbledon.

In the Members' Enclosure, on the Members' Lawn, members and their guests are sitting under white parasols, consuming best-end-of-lamb salad and strawberries in Devonshire cream. Around them are pools of goldfish. The goldfish are rented from Harrods. The members are rented from the uppermost upper middle class. Wimbledon is the annual convention of this stratum of English society, starboard out, starboard home. The middle middle class must have its strawberries and cream, too, and—in just the way that hot dogs are sold at American sporting events—strawberries and thick Devonshire cream are sold for five shillings the dish from stalls on the Tea Lawn and in the Court Buffet. County representatives, whoever they are, eat strawberries and cream in the County Representatives' Enclosure. In the Officials' Buttery, officials, between matches, eat strawberries and cream. An occasional strawberry even makes its way into the players' locker rooms, while almost anything else except an authentic player would be squashed en route. The doors are guarded by bobbies eight feet tall with night sticks by Hillerich & Bradsby. The ladies' dressing room at Wimbledon is so secure that only two men have ever entered it in the history of the tournament—a Frenchman and a blind masseur. The Frenchman was the great Jean Borotra, who in 1925 effected his entry into the women's locker room and subsequently lost his Wimbledon crown.

The gentlemen's dressing room is *sui generis* in the sportive world, with five trainer-masseurs in full-time attendance. Around the periphery of the locker areas are half a dozen completely private tub rooms. When players come off the courts of Wimbledon, they take baths. Huge spigots deliver hot waterfalls into pond-size tubs, and on shelves beside the tubs are long-handled scrub brushes and sponges as big as footballs. The exhausted athletes dive in, lie on their backs, stare at the ceiling and float with victory or marinate in defeat. The tubs are the one place in Wimbledon where they can get away from one another. When they are finally ready to arrange themselves for their return to society, they find on a shelf beneath a mirror a bottle of pomade called Extract of Honey and Flowers.

Smith comes into the locker room, slowly removes his whites and rêtreats to the privacy of a tub closet, where, submerged for 25 minutes, he contemplates the loss of one set in the course of his match with Fillol. He concludes that his trouble was the rustling ivy. Scott comes in after a 14–12 finish in a straight-set victory over Krog. Scott opens his locker. Golf balls fall out. Scott runs four miles a day through the roughs of the golf course that is just across Church Road from the tennis club—The All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, Wimbledon. Other players—Graebner, Kalogeropoulos, Diepraam, Tiriac—are dressing for other matches. Upwards of 60 matches a day are played on the lawns of Wimbledon, from two in the afternoon until sundown. The sun in the English summer takes a long time going down. Play usually stops around eight P.M.

Leaving the locker room dressed for action, a tennis player goes in one of two directions. To the right, a wide portal with attending bobbies leads to the outer courts. To the left is a pair of frosted-glass doors that resemble the entry to an operating amphitheater in a teaching hospital. Players going through those doors often enough feel just as they would if they were being wheeled in on rolling tables. Beyond the frosted glass is the Centre Court—with the BBC, the Royal Box and 14,000 live spectators in close propinquity to the hallowed patch of ground on which players have to hit their way through their nerves or fall if they cannot. There is an archway between the locker room and the glass doors, and over this arch the celebrated phrase of Kipling has been painted: "IF YOU CAN MEET WITH TRIUMPH AND DISASTER AND TREAT THOSE TWO IMPOSTORS JUST THE SAME."

Rosewall is on the Number Eight Court, anesthetizing Addison. Rosewall wears on his shirt the monogram BP. What is this for? Has he changed his name? Not precisely. Here in this most august of all the milieus of tennis,

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The scene was Macao, 1942.

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A Portuguese island off the coast of China, Macao was alive with spies of both Axis and Allies. Indeed, the sale of information was its principal form of commerce.

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Kempeitai Pick Up The Scent

The Japanese Secret Service soon established that The Brass Monkey Club was a key link in a network smuggling men and weapons into China.

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Or So The Legend Began

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Living History

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"Sure—in fact, we're going right on through to Disneyland, if that's any help."

here in what was once the bastion of all that was noblest and most amateur in sport, Rosewall is representing British Petroleum. Rosewall represents the oil company so thoroughly, in fact, that on the buff blazer he wears to the grounds each day, the breast pocket is also monogrammed BP. There is nothing unusual in this respect about Rosewall. All the tennis players are walking billboards. They are extensions of the outdoor-advertising industry. Almost everything they drink, wear and carry is an ad for some company. Laver won his grand slams with a Dunlop. He has used a Dunlop most of his life. His first job after he left his family's farm in Queensland was in a Dunlop factory in Sydney, making rackets. Recently, though, he has agreed to use Donnay rackets in certain parts of the world, and Chemold (gold-colored metal) rackets elsewhere, for an aggregate of about $30,000 a year. In the United States, he still uses his Dunlops. Donnay has him under contract at Wimbledon; however, the word among the players is that the Rocket is still using his Dunlops but has had them repainted to look like Donnays. Roche and Emerson are under contract to Chemold. They also have golden rackets. All things together, Ashe makes about $125,000 a year through such deals. He gets $50,000 for using the Head Competition, the racket that looks like a rug beater. He gets $25,000 from Coca-Cola for personal appearances arranged by the company and for drinking Coke in public as frequently as he can, particularly when photographers happen to be shooting him. Lutz and Smith are under contract to consume Pepsi-Cola—in like volume but for less pay. Ask Pasarell if he likes Adidas shoes. "I do, in Europe," he enthuses. He is paid to wear Adidas in Europe, but in the United States he has a different deal, the same one Lutz, Graebner, Smith and King have, with Uniroyal Pro Keds.

Players endorse nets, gut, artificial court surfaces and every item of clothing from the jock on out. Some players lately have begun to drink—under contract—a mysterious brown fluid called Biostrath Elixir. Made in a Swiss laboratory, it comes in small vials and contains honey, malt, orange juice and the essences of 90 kinds of medicinal herbs. Others have signed contracts to wear copper bracelets that are said to counteract voodoo, rheumatism and arthritis. Nearly everyone's clothing contract is with one or the other of the two giants of tennis haberdashery—Fred Perry and Rene Lacoste. When Pilic appears in a Perry shirt and Ashe in a Lacoste shirt, they are not so much wearing these garments as advertising them. Tennis is a closed world. Its wheeler-dealers are bygone players (Kramer, Dell). Its outstanding bookie is a former player. Even its tailors, apparently, must first qualify as Wimbledon champions—Lacoste, 1925, 1928; Perry, 1934, 1935, 1936. Rosewall has somehow escaped these two. He wears neither the alligator emblem of Lacoste nor the triumphal garland of Perry. However, he is hardly in his shirt for nothing. In addition to the BP, Rosewall's shirt displays a springing panther—symbol of Slazenger. All this heraldry makes him rich before he steps onto the court, but it doesn't seem to slow him up. He is the most graceful tennis player now playing the game, and gracefully he sutures Addison, two, four and zero.

The Russians advance in mixed doubles. Keldie and Miss Harris have taken a set from the Russians, but that is all the Russians will yield. Keldie is a devastatingly handsome tall fellow who wears tinted wrap-around glasses and has trouble returning serve. Miss Harris has no difficulty with returns. In mixed doubles, the men hit just as hard at the women as they do at each other. Miss Harris is blonde, with her part in the middle and pigtails of the type that suggests windmills and canals. She is quite pretty and her body is lissome all the way to her ankles, at which point she turns masculine in Adidas shoes with three black bands. The Russians show no expressions on their faces, which are young and attractive, dark-eyed. The Soviet Union decided to go in for tennis some years ago. A program was set up. Eight Russians are now at Wimbledon, and these—Metreveli and Miss Morozova—are the outstanding two. Both use Dunlops. They play with balletic grace—remarkable, or so it seems, in people to whose part of the world the sport is so alien. Miss Morozova, a severely beautiful young woman, has high cheekbones and almond eyes that suggest remote places to the east—Novosibirsk, Semipalatinsk. The Russians, like so many players from other odd parts of the earth, are camouflaged in their playing clothes. They are haberdashed by Fred Perry, so they appear

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more to come from Tennis than from Russia. Think how bad but how distinctive they would look if their clothes had come from GUM. Think what the Indians would look like, the Brazilians, the Peruvians, the Japanese, if they brought their clothes from home. Instead, they all go to Fred Perry's stock room on Vigo Street in London and load up for the year. The Russians are not permitted to take cash back to Russia, so they take clothing instead and sell it when they get home. Perry has a line of colored garments as well as white ones, and the Russians take all that is red. Not a red shirt remains in stock once the Russians have been to Vigo Street. Miss Morozova fluidly hits a backhand to Keldie's feet. He picks it up with a half volley. Metreveli puts it away. Game, set and match to Metreveli and Miss Morozova. No expression.

Graebner and Tiriac, on Court Three, is a vaudeville act. The draw has put it together. Graebner, the paper salesman from Upper Middle Manhattan, has recently changed his image. He has replaced his horn-rimmed glasses with contact lenses, and he has grown his soft and naturally undulant dark-brown hair to the point where he is no longer an exact replica of Clark Kent but is instead a living simulacrum of Prince Valiant. Tiriac hates Wimbledon. Tiriac, who is Rumanian, feels that he and his doubles partner, Nastase, are the best doubles team in the world. Wimbledon disagrees. Tiriac and Nastase are not seeded in doubles, and Tiriac is mad as hell. He hates Wimbledon and by extension he hates Graebner. So he is killing Graebner. He has taken a set from him, now leads him in the second, and Graebner is fighting for his life. Tiriac is of middle height. His legs are unprepossessing. He has a barrel chest. His body is encased in a rug of hair. Off court, he wears cargo-net shirts. His head is covered with medusan wires. Above his mouth is a mustache that somehow suggests that this man has been to places most people do not imagine exist. By turns, he glowers at the crowd, glares at the officials, glares at God in the sky. As he waits for Graebner to serve, he leans forward, swaying. It is the nature of Tiriac's posture that he bends forward all the time, so now he appears to be getting ready to dive into the ground. Graebner hits one of his big crunch serves, and Tiriac slams it back, down the line, so fast that Graebner cannot reach it. Graebner throws his racket after the ball. Tiriac shrugs. All the merchants of Mesopotamia could not equal Tiriac's shrug. Graebner serves again. Tiriac returns, and stays on the base line. Graebner hits a backhand that lands on the chalk beside Tiriac. "Out!" shouts the linesman. Graebner drops his racket, puts his hands on his hips, and examines the linesman with hatred. The linesman is 72 years old and has worked his way to Wimbledon through a lifetime of similar decisions in Somerset, Cornwall and Kent. But if Graebner lives to be 90, he will never forget that call, or that face. Tiriac watches, inscrutably. Even in his Adidas shoes and his Fred Perry shirt, Tiriac does not in any way resemble a tennis player. He appears to be a panatela ad, a triple agent from Alexandria, a used-car salesman from central Marrakesh. The set intensifies. Eleven all. Twelve all. Graebner begins to chop the turf with his racket. Rain falls. "Nothing serious," says Mike Gibson, the referee. "Play on." Nothing is serious with Gibson until the balls float. Wimbledon sometimes has six or eight showers in an afternoon. This storm lasts one minute and 22 seconds. The sun comes out. Tiriac snaps a backhand past Graebner, down the line. "Goddamn it!" Graebner shouts at him. "You're so lucky! My God!" Tiriac has the air of a man who is about to close a deal in a back room behind a back room. But Graebner, with a Wagnerian forehand, sends him spinning. Graebner, whose power is as great as ever, has continually improved as a competitor in tight places. The forehands now come in chords. The set ends 14–12, Graebner; and Graebner is still alive at Wimbledon.

When the day is over and the Rolls-Royces move off toward central London, Graebner is not in one. Graebner and his attorney waive the privilege of the Wimbledon limousines. They have something of their own—a black Daimler, so long and impressive that it appears to stop for two traffic lights at once. Graebner's attorney is Scott, who is also his doubles partner. They have just polished Nowicki and Rybarczyk off the court, 6–3, 10–12, 6–3, 6–3, and the Daimler's chauffeur takes them the 15 miles to the Westbury, a hotel in Mayfair that is heavy with tennis players. Emerson is there, and Ashe, Ralston, Pasarell, Smith, Lutz, van Dillen. Dell and Kramer are both there. Dell, lately captain of the American Davis Cup Team, has created a principality within the anarchy of tennis. He is the attorney-manager of Ashe, Lutz, Pasarell, Smith, Kodes and others. Dell and Kramer sit up until three A.M. every night picking lint off the shoulders of chaos. Their sport has no head anymore, no effective organization and is still in the flux of transition from devious to straightforward professionalism. Kramer, who is, among other things, the most successful impresario the game has ever known, once had all the power in his pocket. Dell, who is only 32, nightly tries to pick the pocket, although he knows the power is no longer there. Every so often they shout at each other. Kramer is an almost infinitely congenial man. He seems to enjoy Dell in the way that a big mother cat might regard the most aggressive of the litter—with nostalgic amusement and, now and again, a paw in the chops.

Ashe goes off to Trader Vic's for dinner dressed in a sunburst dashiki, and he takes with him two dates. Ralston joins them, and raises an eyebrow. "There is no conflict here," Ashe says, calmly spreading his hands toward the two women. Later in the evening, Ashe will have still another date, and she will go with him to a casino, where they will shoot craps and play blackjack until around one A.M., when Ashe will turn into a tennis player and hurry back to the hotel to get his sleep.

In his flat in Dolphin Square, Laver spends the evening, as he does most evenings, watching Western films on television. Many players take flats while they are in England, particularly if they are married. They prefer familial cooking to the tedium of room service. Some stay in boardinghouses. John Alexander and 15 other Australians are in a boardinghouse in Putney. Dolphin Square is a vast block of flats, made of red brick, on the Embankment overlooking the Thames. Laver sits there in the evening in front of the television set, working the grips of his rackets. He wraps and rewraps the grips, trying for just the right feel in his hand. If the movie finishes and some commentator comes on and talks tennis, Laver turns him off and rotates the selector in quest of additional hoofbeats. He unwraps a new grip for the third or fourth time and begins to shave the handle with a kitchen knife. He wraps the grip again, feels it, moves the racket through the arc of a backhand, then unwraps the grip and shaves off a little more wood.

Gonzales sometimes drills extremely small holes in his rackets, to change the weight. Gonzales, who is not always consistent in his approach to things, sometimes puts lead tape on his rackets to increase the weight. Beppe Merlo, the Italian tennis player, strings his own rackets, and if a string breaks while he is playing, he pulls gut out of his cover and repairs the damage right there on the court. Merlo likes to string his rackets at 30 pounds of tension—each string as tight as it would be if it were tied to a rafter and had a 30-pound weight hanging on it. Since most players like their rackets at 60 pounds minimum, Merlo is extremely eccentric. He might as well be stringing snowshoes. When someone serves to him, the ball disappears into his racket. Eventually, it

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comes out and it floats back toward his opponent like a milkweed seed. Merlo's game does not work at all well on grass. He is fantastic on clay.

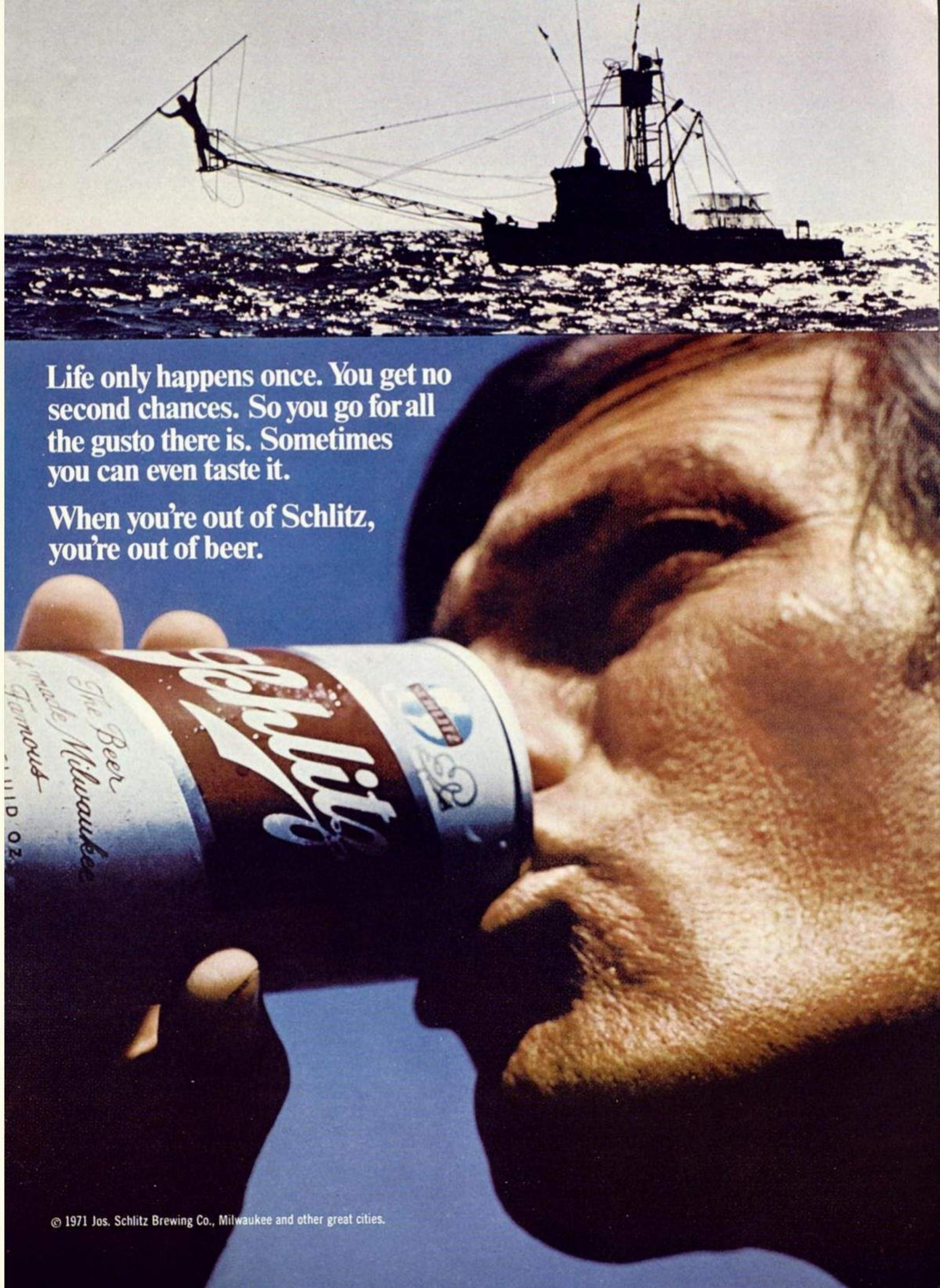
Many players carry their own sets of gut with them. Professional stringers do the actual work, of course, using machines that measure the tension. Emerson likes his rackets at 63 pounds, very tight, and so does Smith. Since the frame weight of "medium" tennis rackets varies from 13 to 13¾ ounces, Smith goes to the Wilson factory whenever he can and weighs and feels rackets until he has selected a stack of them. He kills a racket in six weeks. The thing doesn't break. It just becomes flaccid and dies. Strings go dead, too. They last anywhere from 10 to 28 days. Smith likes a huge grip—4⅞ inches around. Some Americans wrap tape around their handles to build them up, and then they put new leather grips on. Australians generally like them smaller, 4⅝, 4½. As Laver whittles away beside the television, he is progressing toward 4½. When he is ready to go to bed, he switches off the television and, beside it, leaves a little pile of wood chips and sawdust on the floor.

Dennis Ralston carries his own pharmacy with him wherever he goes—Achromycin, Butazolidin, Oxazepam, Robaxin, Sodium Butabarbital. He is ready for anything, except sleep. The night before a match, he lies with a pillow over his head and fights total awareness. At three A.M., he complains bitterly about the traffic on New Bond Street, outside the Westbury. There is no traffic on New Bond Street outside the Westbury. Mayfair is tranquil in the dead of night, even if the tennis players are not. All over London, tennis players are staring open-eyed at dark ceilings. Some of them get up in the night and walk around talking to themselves—while Laver sleeps in Dolphin Square. Laver can sleep anywhere—in cars, trains, planes. He goes to bed around one A.M., and always sets an alarm clock or he would oversleep, even before a final.

Laver becomes quieter before a match. He and his wife, Mary, ordinarily laugh and joke and kid around a lot together, but he becomes silent as a match draws near. "The faster the pace, the more demands there are upon him, the better," she says. So Laver goes out in the morning and does the shopping. He drops off the laundry. Sometimes he washes clothes in the bathtub. He goes to his favorite butcher and buys a steak. He also buys eggs and greens. Back in the flat, two and a half hours before the match, he cooks his training meal. It is always the same—steak, eggs and greens. He likes to cook, and prefers to do it himself. It keeps him busy. Then he gets into his car—a hired English Ford—and drives to Wimbledon. He ignores the club limousines. He wants to drive. "If he weren't a tennis player, he'd be a road racer," Mary says. "He has a quick, alert mind. He's fast. He's fast of body, and his mind works that way as well. The faster the pace of things, the faster he moves." He particularly likes driving on the left-hand side of the road. It reminds him of Australia, of which he sees very little anymore. His home is in California. Each day, he plots a different route through Greater South London to Wimbledon. This is his private rally. It is a rule of the tournament that if a player is so much as ten minutes late, his opponent wins by a walkover. Laver knows his labyrinth—every route alternative, every mews and byway, between the Embankment and the tennis club, and all the traffic of London has yet to stop him. He turns off Church Road into the parking lot. His mind for many hours has been preoccupied with things other than tennis, with cowboys and sleep and shopping lists and cooking and driving. He never ponders a draw or thinks about an opponent. But now he is ready to concentrate his interest on the game—for example, on Wimbledon's opening day, when the defending champion starts the tournament with a match in the Centre Court.

Laver walks under the Kipling line and through the glass doors, and 14,000 people stand up and applaud him, for he is the most emphatic and enduring champion who has ever played on this court. He stacks his extra rackets against the umpire's chair, where the tournament staff has placed bottles of orange squash and of Robinson's Lemon Barley Water should he or his opponent require them during change-overs. There is plain water as well, in a jug called the Bartlett Multipot. Behind the umpire's chair is a green refrigerator, where tennis balls are kept until they are put into play. A ball boy hands him two and Laver takes the court. He swings easily through the

"I realize this is our first date, Pamela, but how's about a little goodnight quickie?"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knockup. The umpire says, "Play." Laver lifts his right hand, sending the first ball up into the air, and the tournament is under way. He swings, hits. His opponent can barely touch the ball with his racket. It is a near ace, an unplayable serve, 15–love. Laver's next serve scythes into the backhand court. It is also unplayable. Thirty–love.

The man across the net is extremely nervous. His name is George Seewagen. He comes from Bayside, New York. This is his first Wimbledon and his friends have told him that if you don't get a game in the first round, you never get invited back. Seewagen would like to get two games. At Forest Hills 34 years ago, Seewagen's father played J. Donald Budge in the opening round. The score was 6–0, 6–1, 6–0. When Seewagen, Jr., arrived in London, he was, like nearly everyone else, tense about the luck of the coming draw, and before it was published he told his doubles partner, "Watch me. I'll have to play Laver in the Centre Court in the first round." The odds were 111 to 1 that this would not happen, but Seewagen had read the right tea leaf, as he soon learned.

"It was hard to believe. I sort of felt a little bit upset. Moneywise, London's pretty expensive. First-round losers get a hundred pounds and that's not much. I figured I needed to win at least one match in order to meet my expenses, but now I'd had it. Then I thought of the instant recognition. People would say, 'There's the guy that's opening up Wimbledon with Laver.' At least my name would become known. But then, on the other hand, I thought, What if I don't get a game? Think of it. What if I don't win even one game?"

Seewagen is an extremely slender—in fact, thin—young man with freckles, a toothy grin, tousled short hair. He could be Huckleberry Finn. He looks 19 and is actually 23. His credentials are that he played for Rice University, that he beat someone named Zan Guerry in the final of the 1969 amateur championship in Rochester and that he is the varsity tennis coach at Columbia University. There were, in other words, grounds for his gnawing fears. By the eve of Wimbledon, Seewagen's appearance was gaunt.

Everyone goes to Hurlingham on that ultimate Sunday afternoon. All through the previous fortnight, the tennis players of the world have gradually come to London, and by tradition they first convene at Hurlingham. Hurlingham is a Victorian sporting club with floor-to-ceiling windows, 16 chimney pots and wide surrounding lawns—bowling lawns, tennis lawns, croquet lawns, putting lawns —under giant copper beeches, beside the Thames. Some players play informal sets of doubles. Others merely sit on the lawns, sip Pimm's Cups under the sun and watch women in pastel dresses walking by on maroon pathways. In the background are people in their 70s, dressed in pure white, tapping croquet balls with deadly skill across textured grasses smooth as broadloom. A uniformed band, with folding chairs and music stands, plays *Bow, Bow, Ye Lower Middle Classes* while tea is served beneath the trees—a strawberry tart, sandwiches, petits fours, fruitcake and a not-so-bitter macaroon. Arthur Ashe, eating his tea, drinking the atmosphere, says, "This is my idea of England." On a slope a short distance away, Graham Stillwell, Ashe's first-round opponent, sits with his wife and his five-year-old daughter, Tiffany. This is the second straight year that Ashe has drawn Stillwell in the first round at Wimbledon, and last year Stillwell had Ashe down and almost out—twice Stillwell was serving for the match—before Ashe won the fifth set, 12–10. Reporters from the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Sketch* now come up to Ashe and ask him if he has been contacted by certain people who plan to demonstrate against the South African players at Wimbledon. "Why should they contact me?" Ashe says. "I'm not a South African." Mrs. Stillwell rises from the sloping lawn and stretches her arms. "My God! She's pregnant again," Ashe observes. Jean Borotra, now 72, is hitting beautiful ground strokes with Gardnar Mulloy. Borotra wears long white trousers. Two basset hounds walk by, leashed to a man in a shirt of broad pink and white stripes. The band is playing the music of Albéniz. The lady tennis players drift about, dressed, for some reason, in multicolored Victorian gowns. Laver, in dark slacks and a sport shirt of motley dark colors, stands near the clubhouse, watching it all with his arms folded. He seems uncomfortable. He looks incongruous—small, undynamic, unprepossessing, vulnerable—but every eye at Hurlingham, sooner or later in the afternoon, watches him in contemplation. He stands out no more than a single blade of grass, but no one fails to see him, least of all Seewagen, who stands at the edge of the party like a figure emerging from a haunted forest. He wears an old worn-out pair of lightweight sneakers, of the type that tennis players do not use and sailors do, and a baggy gray sweater with the sleeves shoved far up his thin brown arms. Veins stand out on the backs of his hands and across his forearms. He grins a little, but his eyes are sober. His look is profoundly philosophical. Gene Scott informs him that players scheduled for the Centre Court are entitled to a special 15 minutes of practice on an outside court beforehand. "Good, I'll take McManus," Seewagen says. McManus, from Berkeley and ranked tenth in the United States, is left-handed. He is also short and redheaded. He has the same build Laver has, much the same nose and similar freckles as well. Players practicing with McManus easily fantasize that they are hitting with the Rocket himself, and thus they inflate their confidence. McManus is the favorite dummy of everyone who has to play against Laver. Ashe speaks quietly to Seewagen and tells him not to worry. "You'll never play better," Ashe says. "You'll get in there, in the Centre Court, and you'll get inspired, and then when the crowd roars for your first great shot, you'll want to run into the locker room and call it a day."

"I hope it isn't a wood shot," says Seewagen, looking straight ahead.

Game to Laver. He leads, one game to love, first set. Laver and Seewagen change ends of the court. Laver went out to the Pontevecchio last night, on the Old Brompton Road. He ate lasagna and a steak *filet* with tomato sauce. He drank Australian beer. Then he went home and whittled a bit before retiring. At Chesham House, in Victoria, Seewagen fell asleep in his bed reading *Psycho Cybernetics*, by Maxwell Maltz. After one game, Seewagen has decided that Laver is even better than he thought he was. Laver is, for one thing, the fastest of all tennis players. He moves through more square yards per second than anyone else, covering ground like a sonic boom. In his tennis clothes, he is not unprepossessing. His legs are powerfully muscled. His left forearm looks as if it could bring down a tree. He is a great shotmaker, in part because he moves so well. He has every shot from everywhere. He can hurt his opponent from any position. He has extraordinary racket-handling ability because his wrist is both strong and flexible. He can come over his backhand or slice it. He hits big shots, flick shots, spin shots and rifle shots on the dead run. He lobs well. He serves well. His forehand is the best in tennis. He has one weakness. According to Gonzales, that is. Laver has one weakness—his bouncing overhead. The bouncing overhead is the shot a tennis player hits when a bad lob bounces at his feet and he cannon-balls his helpless opponent. Gonzales is saying that Laver has no weaknesses at all. Seewagen walks to the base line, visibly nervous, and prepares to serve. He is not pathetic. There is something tingling about a 700-to-1 shot who merely shows up at the gate. In the end, at the net, Laver, shaking hands, will say to him gently, "You looked nervous. It's very difficult playing in here the first time over." Seewagen

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begins with a double fault. Love–15. Now, however, a deep atavistic athleticism rises in him and defeats his nerves. He serves, rushes and punches two volleys past Laver, following them with an unplayable serve. Forty–15. Serve, rush, volley—game to Mr. Seewagen. Games are one all, first set.

"His topspin is disguised," Seewagen notes, and he prepares, with a touch of unexpected confidence, for Laver's next service assault. Game to Mr. Laver. He leads, two games to one, first set. Seewagen now rises again, all the way to 40–15, from which level he is shoved back to deuce. Tossing up the ball, he cracks a serve past Laver that Laver can barely touch, let alone return. Advantage Seewagen. The source of all this power is not apparent, but it is coming from somewhere. He lifts the ball. He blasts. Service ace. Right through the corner. The crowd roars. It is Seewagen's first great shot. He looks at the scoreboard—two all—and it gives him what he will describe later as a charge. ("At that moment, I should have walked off.") 6–2, 6–0, 6–2.

Hewitt, in anger, hits one into the grandstand and it goes straight toward an elderly lady. She makes a stabbing catch with one hand and flips the ball to a ball boy. There is nothing lightweight about this English crowd. Ted Heath, Margaret, Anne, Charles, Lady Churchill and the odd duke or baron might turn up—diverting attention to the Royal Box—but withal one gets the impression that there is a high percentage of people here who particularly know where they are and what they are looking at. They queue for hours for standing room in the Centre Court. They miss nothing and they are polite. The crowd at Forest Hills likes dramaturgy and emotion—players thanking God after chalk-line shots or falling to their knees in total despair—and the crowd in the Foro Italico throws cushions. But the British do not actually approve of that sort of thing, and when one of the rogue tennis players exhibits conduct they do not like, they cry, "Shame!"

"You bloody fools!" Hewitt shouts at them.

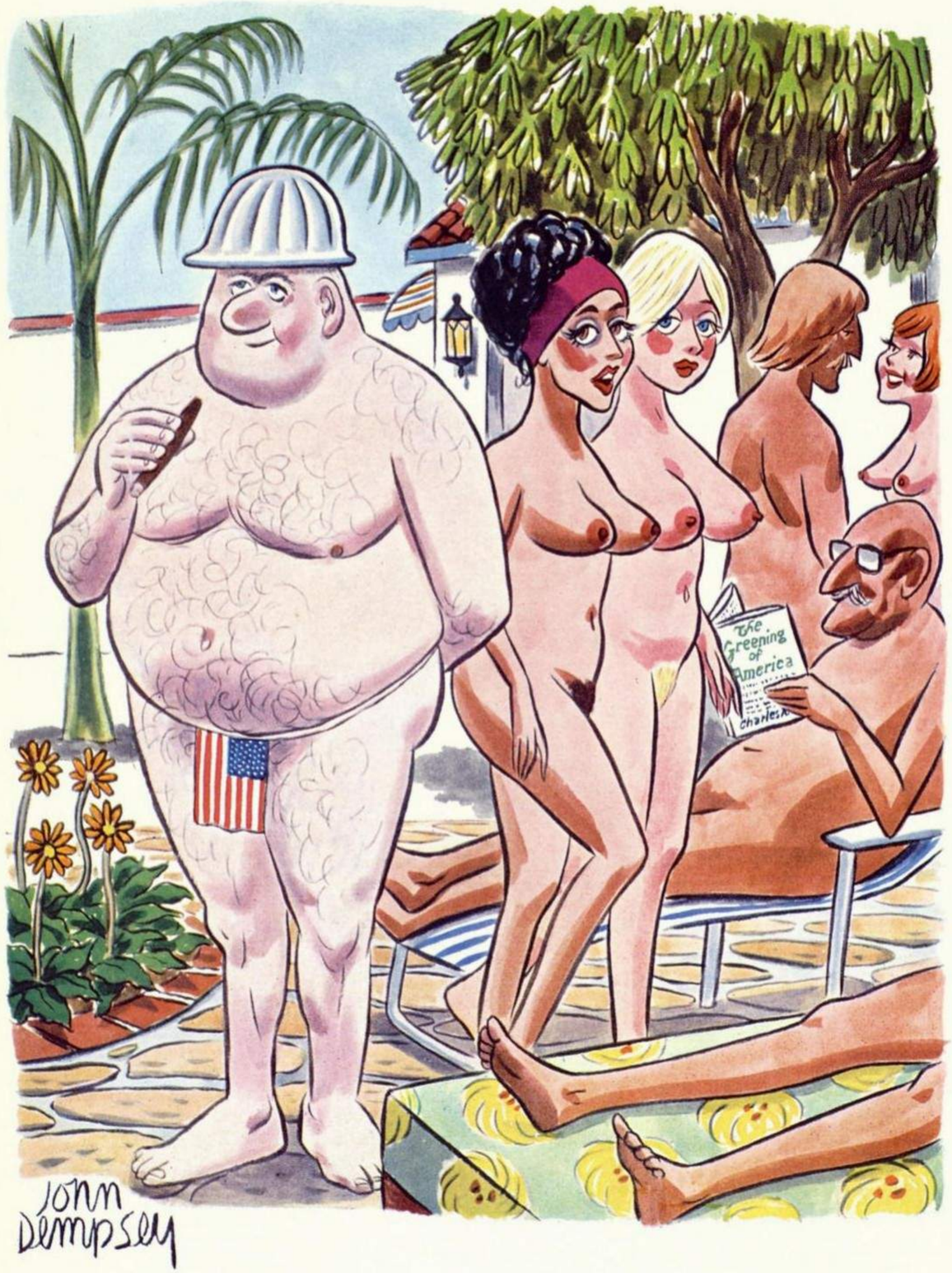
Hewitt has the temper of a grenade. He hits another ball in anger. This time it goes over the roof and out of sight. "Shame, Hewitt, shame!"

Rain falls. Umbrellas bloom. Mike Gibson's mustache is drooping from the wet, but he says, "Play on. It's not much." All matches continue. The umbrellas are black, red, green, yellow, orange, pink, paisley and transparent. It is cold at Wimbledon. It often is—shirt sleeves one day, two pullovers and a mack the next. Now the players are leaving water tracks on the courts, and Gibson at last suspends play. Groundsmen take down the nets and cover the lawns with canvas. The standees do not give up their places, in the cold rain. The groundsmen go in under the grandstand to the Groundsmen's Bar, where they drink lager and offer one another cigarettes. "Will you have a smoke, Jack, or would you rather have the money?" The sun comes out for exactly three minutes. Then more rain falls. Half an hour later, play resumes.

Dell is supposed to be on Court 14, playing mixed doubles, but he is still in a phone booth talking to the office of Guntrip the bookie. Dell bets heavily on his own players—100 pounds here, 200 there—and even more heavily against Laver. Dell is a talented gambler and he views the odds as attractive. Besides, Dell and Laver are the same age, and Dell can remember beating Laver when they were boys. Shrewd and realistic, Dell reasons that anyone who ever lost to Donald Dell cannot be invincible. In the end, he repeats his name to the clerk at Guntrip's, to be sure the clerk has it right. "Dell," he says. "D as in David, E as in Edward, L as in loser, L as in loser."

The field of women players is so thin that even some of the women themselves are complaining. Chubby little girls with orange ribbons in their hair hit parabolic ground strokes back and forth and seem incongruous on courts adjacent to an Emerson, a Lutz or a Pasarell, whose ground strokes sound like gunfire. Billie Jean King slaps a serve into the net and cries out, "That stinks!" Billie Jean is trimmer, lighter, more feminine than she was in earlier years, and somehow less convincing as a challenger to Margaret Court. Yet everyone else seems far below these two. Miss Goolagong is still a few years away. "Have you seen the abo, Jack?" says Robert Twynam, head groundsman, to his assistant, John Yardley. The interesting new players are the ones the groundsmen find interesting. They go to watch Miss Goolagong and they notice that her forehand has a tendency to go up and then keep going up. When it starts coming down, they predict, she will be ready for anybody, for her general game is smooth and quite strong and unflinchingly Australian. Australians never give up, and this one is an aborigine, a striking figure with orange-brown hair and orange-brown skin, in a Teddy Tinling dress and Adidas shoes, with a Dunlop in her hand. Margaret Court is breaking everything but the cool reserve of Helga Niessen, the Berlin model. Between points, Miss Niessen stands with her feet crossed at the ankles. The ankles are observed by a Chinese medical student who is working the tournament with the ground staff. "Look at those ankles. Look at those legs," he says. "She is a woman." He diverts his attention to Margaret Court, who is five feet, eight, has big strong hands and, most notably, the ripple-muscled legs of a runner. "Look at those legs," says the Chinese medical student. "The lady is a man."

Hoad, in the Centre Court, is moving so slowly that a serve bounces toward him and hits him in the chest. The server is El Shafei, the chocolate-eyed Egyptian. Hoad is in here because all Britain wants to see him on television. Stiffened by time and injury, he loses two sets before his cartilage begins to bend. In the third set, his power comes, and he breaks the Egyptian. The Egyptian is a heavy-framed man, like Hoad, and in the fourth set, they pound each other, drive for drive—wild bulls of the tennis court. Hoad thinks he is getting bad calls and enormous anger is rising within him. The score is three all. Shafei is serving, at deuce. He lifts the ball and blows one past Hoad for a service ace. Hoad looks toward the net-cord judge with expanding disbelief. He looks toward Shafei, who has not moved from the position from which he hit the serve—indicating to Hoad that Shafei expected to hit a second one. Slowly, Hoad walks forward, toward the officials, toward Shafei, toward the center of the court. The crowd is silent. Hoad speaks. A microphone in Scotland could pick up what he says. "That goddamned ball was a let!" The net-cord judge is impassive. The umpire says, "May I remind you that play is continuous." Hoad replies, repeats, "That goddamned ball was a let!" He turns to the Egyptian. Unstirring silence is still the response of the crowd, for one does not throw hammers back at Thor. "The serve was a let. You know that. Did you hear it hit the tape?" Hoad asks, and Shafei says, "No." Hoad lifts his right arm, extends it full length and points steadily at the Egyptian's eyes. "You lie!" he says slowly, delivering each syllable to the roof. A gulf of quiet follows and Hoad does not lower his arm. He draws a breath slowly, then says again, even more slowly, "You lie." Only Garrick, possibly Burton, could have played that one. It must have stirred bones in the Abbey, and deep in the churchyards of Wimbledon, for duels of great moment here have reached levels more serious than sport. This is where Canning fought Castlereagh, where Pitt fought Tierney, where Lord Winchelsea fought the Duke of Wellington. Ceawlin of the West Saxons fought Ethelbert of Kent here, when the terrain was known as Wibbas dune—home of the Saxon, Wibba (Wibbas dune, Wipandune,



"Well, I guess we know what his politics are."

Wilbaldowne, Wymblyton). Hoad returns to the base line, and when the Egyptian serves again, Hoad breaks him into pieces. Game and fourth set to Hoad. Sets are two all. In his effort, though, Hoad has given up the last of his power. Time has defeated him. Twice the champion, he has failed his comeback. His energy drains away in the fifth set—his last, in all likelihood, at Wimbledon.

Ralston, at the umpire's chair, pries the cap off a vial of Biostrath and sucks out the essences of the 90 medicinal herbs. Dennis has no contract with Biostrath. He is not drinking the stuff for money. He is drinking it for his life. Beside him stands his opponent, John Newcombe, the second-best forehand, the second-best volley, the second-best tennis player in the world. Dennis follows the elixir with a Pepsi-Cola, also without benefit of a contract. The score is 4–5, first set. Ralston and Newcombe return to the base lines, and Ralston tosses up a ball to serve. The crowd is chattering, gurgling like a mountain stream. Prince Charles has just come in and is settling into his seat. "Quiet, please," says the umpire, and the stream subsides. Ralston serves, wins—six all. Seven all. Eight all. Nine all. Ten all. There is a lot of grinning back and forth across the net. Newcombe drives a backhand down the line. Ralston leaps, intercepts it and drops the ball into Newcombe's court for a winner. Newcombe looks at Ralston. Ralston grins. Newcombe smiles back. It is an attractive match, between two complete professionals. Newcombe passes Ralston with a forehand down the line. "Yep," says Ralston. Ralston finds a winner in a drop shot overhead. "Good shot," calls Newcombe. Eleven all. When they shout, it is at themselves. Newcombe moves to the net behind a fragile approach shot, runs back under a humiliatingly good lob and drives an off-balance forehand into the net. "John!" he calls out. "Idiotic!" Ralston tosses a ball up to serve, but catches it instead of hitting it. He is having a problem with the sun, and he pauses to apologize to Newcombe for the inconvenience the delay might be causing him. Small wonder they can't beat each other. Grace of this kind has not always been a characteristic of Ralston—of Newcombe, yes, but Ralston grew up tightly strung in California, and in his youth his tantrums were a matter of national report. He is 27 now and has changed. Quiet, serious, introspective, coach of the U. S. Davis Cup Team, he has become a professional beyond the imagination of most people who only knew him long ago. He plans his matches almost on a drawing board. Last night, he spent hours studying a chart he has made of every shot Newcombe has hit in this tournament. 13–12. Dennis opens another Biostrath and another Pepsi-Cola. He knows what the odds have become. The winner of this set, since it has gone so far, will in all likelihood be the winner of the match. Ralston has been a finalist at Wimbledon. But he has never won a major international tournament. In such tournaments, curiously enough, he has played Newcombe ten times and has won seven, but never for the biggest prize. Newcombe has a faculty for going all the way. Ralston, meanwhile, has pointed his life toward doing so at least once, and, who knows, he tells himself, this could be the time. He toes the line and tosses up the ball. He catches it, and tosses it up again. The serve is bad. The return is a winner. Love–15. He has more trouble with the sun. Love–30. Catastrophe is falling from nowhere. Love–40. Serve, return, volley. Fifteen–40. He serves. Fault. He serves again. Double fault. Game and first set to Newcombe, 14–12. Ralston looks up, over the trigger of a thousand old explosions, and he forces a smile. 14–12, 9–7, 6–2. When it is over, the ball boys carry out seven empty bottles of Pepsi-Cola and four empty vials of the 90 medicinal herbs.

Kramer is in a glassed-in booth at one corner of the court, commenting on the action for the BBC. For an American to be engaged to broadcast to the English, extraordinary credentials, of one kind or another, are required. Just after the Second World War, Kramer first displayed his. Upwards of 50 American players now come to Wimbledon annually, but Kramer, in 1946, was one of three to cross the ocean. "Now it's a sort of funsy, 'insy' thing to do," he has said. "But in my time, if you didn't think you had a top-notch chance, you didn't come over. To make big money out of tennis, you had to have the Wimbledon title as part of your credits. I sold my car, a 1941 Chevrolet, so I could afford to bring my wife, Gloria, with me." That was long before the era of the Perry-Lacoste-Adidas bazaar, and Kramer, at Wimbledon, wore his own clothes—shorts that he bought at Simpson's and T-shirts that had been issued to him during the war, when he was a sailor in the United States Coast Guard. Now, as he watches the players before him and predicts in his expert way how one or the other will come slowly unstuck, he looks past them across the court and up behind the Royal Box into an entire segment of the stadium that was gone when he first played here. At some point between 1939 and 1945, a bomb hit the All-England tennis club, and with just a little more wind drift it would have landed in the center of the Centre Court. Instead, it hit the roof over the North East Entrance Hall. Kramer remembers looking up from the base line, ready to serve, into a background of avalanched rubble and twisted girders against the sky. He slept in the Rembrandt, which he remembers as "an old hotel in South Kensington," and he ate steak that he had brought with him from the United States, 30 pounds or so of whole tenderloins. Needless to say, there was no Rolls-Royce flying Wimbledon colors to pick him up at the Rembrandt. Kramer went to Wimbledon, with nearly everyone else, on the underground —Gloucester Road, Earl's Court, Fulham Broadway, Parsons Green, Putney Bridge, East Putney, Southfields, Wimbledon. He lost the first time over. A year later, he returned with his friend Tom Brown and together they hit their way down opposite sides of the draw and into the Wimbledon final. A few hours before the match, Kramer took what remained of his current supply of *filet mignon*, cut it in half and shared it with Tom Brown. Kramer was 25 and his game had come to full size—the Big Game, as it was called, the serve, the rush, the jugular volley. When Kramer proved what he could do, at Wimbledon, he changed for all foreseeable time the patterns of the game. He destroyed Brown in 47 minutes, still the fastest final in Wimbledon's history, and then—slender, crewcut, big in the ears—he was led to the Royal Box for a word or two with the King and Queen. The Queen said to him, "Whatever happened to that redheaded young man?" And Kramer told her that Donald Budge was alive and doing OK. The King handed Kramer the Wimbledon trophy. "Did the court play well?" the King asked him. "Yes, it did, sir," Kramer answered. It was a tennis player's question. In 1926, the King himself had competed in this same tournament and had played in the Centre Court. A faraway smile rests on Kramer's face as he remembers all this. "Me in my T-shirt," he says, with a slight shake of his head.

Frew McMillan, on Court Two, wears a golfer's billowing white visored cap, and he looks very much like a golfer in his style of play, for he swings with both hands and when he completes a stroke, his arms follow the racket across one shoulder and his eyes seem to be squinting down a fairway. Court Two has grandstands on either side and they are packed with people. McMillan is a low-handicap tennis player who can dig some incredible ground strokes out of the rough. A ball comes up on his right side and he drives it whistling down the line, with a fading hook on the end. The ball comes back on his left side and, still with both hands, overlapping grip, he hits a crosscourt controlled-slice return for a winner. The gallery applauds voluminously. McMillan volleys

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with two hands. The only strokes he hits with one hand are the serve and the overhead. He has an excellent chip shot and a lofty topspin wedge. He putts well. He is a lithe, dark, attractive, quiet South African. In the South African Open, he played Laver in the final. Before Laver had quite figured out what sort of a match it was, McMillan had him down one set to nought. Then Laver got out his mashie and that was the end of McMillan in the South African Open. When McMillan arrived in London and saw the Wimbledon draw, he felt, in his words, a cruel blow, because his name and Laver's were in the same pocket of the draw, and almost inevitably they would play in the third round. "But maybe I have a better chance against him earlier than later," he finally decided. "You feel you have a chance. You have to—even if it is a hundred to one." Now the grandstands are jammed in Court 2 and, high above, the railing is crowded on the Tea Room roof. for McMillan, after losing the first set, has broken Laver and leads him 5–3 in the second.

"I got the feeling during the match that I had more of a chance beating him on the court than thinking about it beforehand. You realize the chap isn't infallible. It's almost as if I detected a chip in his armor."

Laver has netted many shots and has hit countless others wide or deep. He cannot find the lines. He is preoccupied with his serves, which are not under control. He spins one in too close to the center of the service box. McMillan blasts it back. Advantage McMillan. Laver lifts the ball to serve again. Fault. He serves again. Double fault. Game and set to McMillan, 6–3.

When this sort of thing happens, Laver's opponent seldom lives to tell the tale. One consistent pattern in all the compiled scores in his long record is that when someone takes a set from him, the score of the next set is 6–0, Laver, or something very near it. Affronted, he strikes twice as hard. "He has the physical strength to hit his way through nervousness," McMillan says. "That's why I believe he's a great player."

Laver breaks McMillan in the opening game of the third set. He breaks him again in the third game. His volleys hit the corners. His drives hit the lines. McMillan's most powerful blasts come back at him faster than they left his racket. McMillan hits a perfect drop shot. Laver is on it like the light. He snaps it unreachably down the line. Advantage Laver. McMillan hits one deep to Laver's backhand corner, and Laver, diving as he hits it, falls. McMillan sends the ball to the opposite corner. Laver gets up and sprints down the base line. He not only gets to the ball—with a running forehand rifle shot, he puts it away. It is not long before he is shaking McMillan's hand at the net. "Well played." McMillan says to him (6–2, 3–6, 6–0, 6–2). "Yes, I thought I played pretty well," Laver tells him. And they make their way together through the milling crowd. McMillan will frequently say what a gentle and modest man he finds Laver to be. "It may be why he is what he is." McMillan suggests. "You can see it in his eyes."

B. M. L. de Roy van Zuydewijn is a loser in the Veterans' Event—gentlemen's doubles. So is the 72-year-old Borotra. Riggs and Drobny, on Court Five, persevere. Over the years, Riggs and Drobny have eaten well. Each is twice the shadow of his former self. The Hungarians Bujtor and Stolpa are concentrating on Riggs as the weaker of the two.

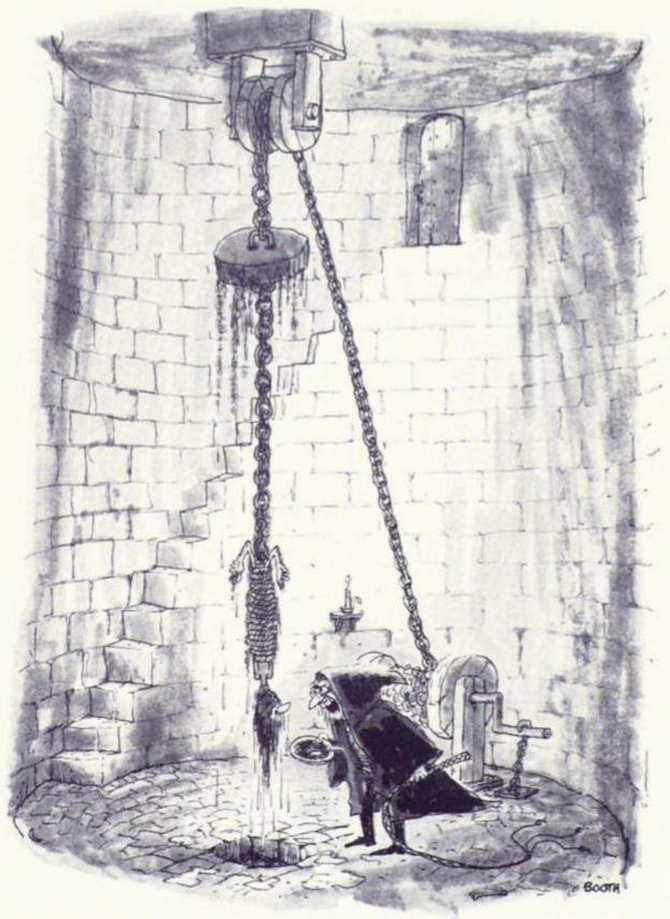
Game to Seewagen and Miss Overton, the honey-blonde Miss Overton. They lead Dell and Miss Johnson five games to four, second set. Dell is not exactly crumbling under the strain. These peripheral matches are fairly informal. Players talk to one another or to their friends on the side lines, catching up on the news. Seewagen and Miss Overton appear to be playing more than tennis. Dell is tired—up half the night making deals and arguing with Kramer, up early in the morning to do business over breakfast with bewildered Europeans, who find him in his hotel room in a Turkish-towel robe, stringy-haired and wan, a deceptive glaze in his eyes, offering them contracts written on flypaper.

The Russians enter the Centre Court to play mixed doubles. Princess Anne is in the Royal Box. The Russians hesitate, and look at each other in their ceramic way, and then they grin, they shrug and they turn toward the Royal Box and bend their heads. The people applaud.

Nastase is Nijinsky—leaping, flying, hitting jump-shot overheads, sweeping forehands down the line. Tiriac is in deep disgrace. Together they have proved their point. They have outlasted most of the seeded pairs in the gentlemen's doubles. But now they are faltering against Rosewall and Stolle, largely because Tiriac is playing badly. Stolle hits an overhead. Tiriac tries to intercept it near the ground. He smothers it into the court. Nastase, behind him, could have put the ball away after it had bounced. Tiriac covers his face with one hand and rubs his eyes. He slinks back to the base line like someone caught red-handed. But now he redeems himself. The four players close in for a 12-shot volley, while the ball never touches the ground. It is Tiriac who hits number 12, picking it off at the hip and firing it back through Stolle.

Lutz crashes and the injury appears to be serious. Playing doubles in the Centre Court with his partner, Smith, he chases an angled overhead and he crashes into the low wall at the front of the grandstands. He makes no effort to get up. He quivers. He is unconscious. "Get a doctor, please," says the umpire. A nurse, in a white cap and a gray uniform that nearly reaches her ankles, hurries across the lawn. The crowd roars with laughter. There is something wondrous in the English sense of humor that surfaces in the presence of accidents, particularly if they appear to be fatal. The laughter revives Lutz. He comes to, gets up, returns to the court, shakes his head a few times, resumes play and drives a put-away into the corner after an eight-shot ricochet volley. Lutz is tough. He was a high school football player in California and he once promised himself that he would quit tennis and concentrate on football unless he should happen to win the national junior championship. He won, and gave up football. Additional medical aid comes from outside the stadium. Another nurse has appeared. She hovers on the edge of play. When she sees an opportunity, she hurries up to Smith and gives him an aspirin.

If Lutz had broken three ribs, he would not have mentioned it as long as he continued to play, and in this respect he is like the Australians. There is an Australian code on the matter of injuries and it is one of the things that gives the Australians a stature that is not widely shared by the hypochondriac Americans and the broken-wing set from mainland Europe. The Australian code is that you do not talk about injuries, you hide them. If you are injured, you stay out, and if you play, you are not injured. The Australians feel contempt for players who put their best injury forward. An Australian will say of such a man, "I have never beaten him when he was healthy." Laver developed a bad wrist a year or so ago, at Wimbledon, and he and his wife together got into a telephone kiosk so that she could tape



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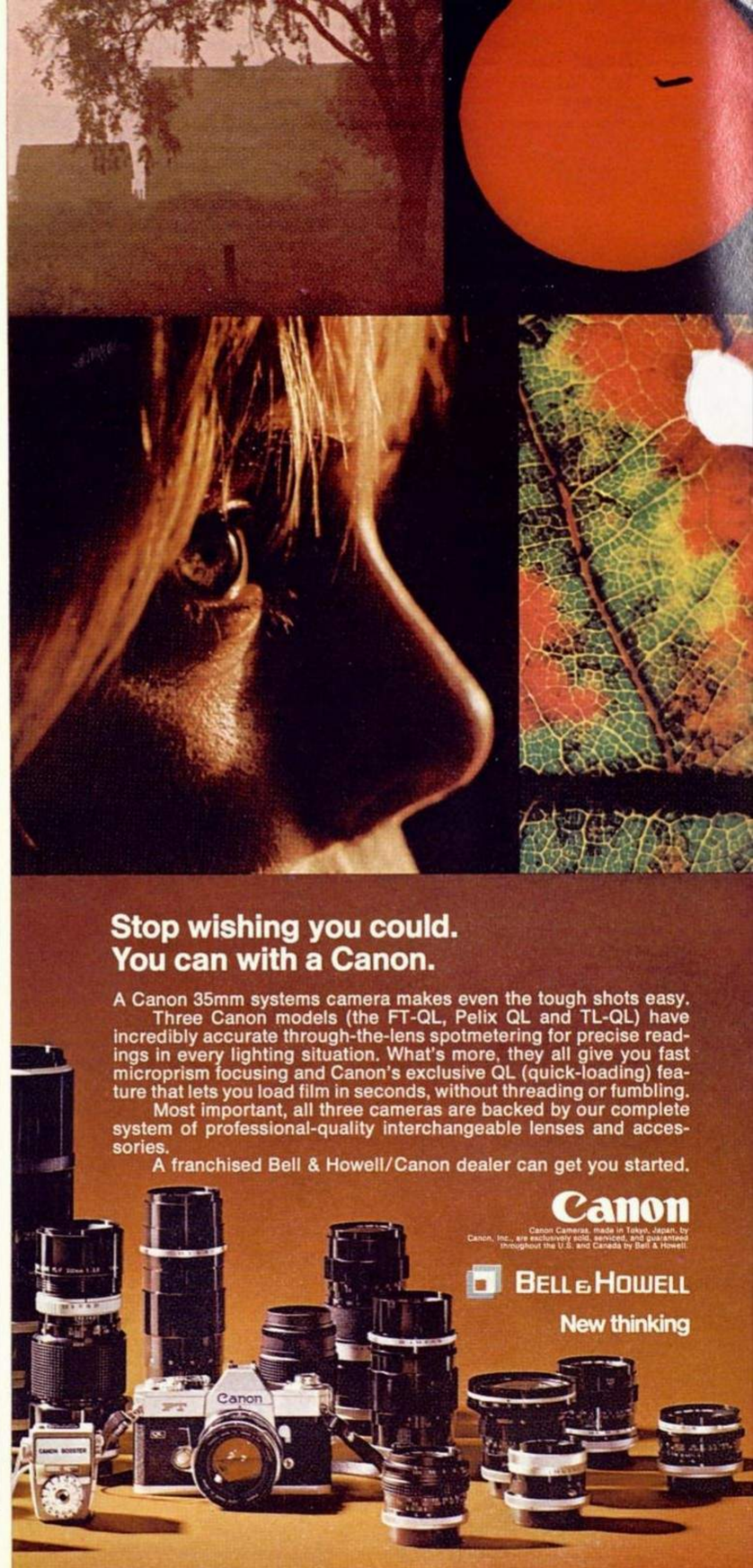
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the wrist in secrecy. If he had taped it himself, no one would ever have known the story. His wife would rather praise him than waltz with the Australian code. His wife is an American.

"Bad luck, Roger." This is what Roger Taylor's friends are saying to him, because he has to play Laver, in the fourth round, in the Centre Court tomorrow. The champion always plays in one of the two stadiums or on the Number Two Court, the only places that can take in all the people who want to see him. "Don't worry, though, Roger. It's no disgrace if Rocket is the man who puts you out. You've got nothing to lose."

"I've got everything to lose," Taylor tells them. "To lose at Wimbledon is to lose. This is what competition is all about. You've got to think you have a chance. You might hope for twenty-five let cords or something, but you always think there's a chance you'll get through."

"Bad luck, Roger."

Roger takes a deep hot bath, goes home to his two-bedroom flat on Putney Hill and continues to work himself up, talking to his mother, his father and his wife, over a glass of beer.

"That's enough beer, Roger."

"I don't live like a monk. I want to loosen up." He eats a slice of fried liver and opens another beer. "All my chances will hinge on how well I serve. I'll have to serve well to him, to keep him a little off balance on his returns. If I can't do that, I'll be in dire trouble. If you hit the ball a million miles an hour, he hits it back harder. You can't beat a player like that with sheer speed—unless he's looking the other way. I plan to float back as many service returns as I can. The idea is not to let it get on top of you that you're going to play these people. There's a tendency to sort of lie down and roll over."

Games are three all, first set. Taylor feels weak from tension. Laver is at ease. "We'd played often enough," Laver will say later. "I knew his game—left-handed, slice serve, better forehand than backhand, a good lob. He's very strong. He moves well for a big man. There was no special excitement. My heart wasn't pounding quite as hard as it sometimes does."

Taylor floats back a service return, according to plan. Laver reaches high, hits a semi-overhead volley, and the ball lands in the exact corner of the court. It bounces into the stadium wall. The crowd roars for him, but he is also hitting bad shots. There is a lack of finish on his game. He wins the first set, 6–4.

"My concentration lapsed continually. I was aware of too many things—the troublesome wind, the court being dry and powdery. I magnified the conditions. I played scratchy in the first set. I felt I'd get better in the next set."

A break point rises against Laver in the first game of the second set. He lifts the ball to serve. He hits it into the net. "Fault." He spins the next one—into the net. "Double fault." "Oh, just throw it up and hit it," he says aloud to himself, thumping his fist into the strings of his racket.

"When you lose your rhythm, serving, it's because of lack of concentration. I found myself thinking too much where the ball should be going. You don't think about your serve, you think about your first volley. If you think about getting your serve in, you make errors. I didn't know where my volleys were going. I missed easy smashes."

Taylor is floating back his returns. He is keeping Laver off balance. With his ground strokes, he is hitting through the wind. There is an explosion of applause for him when he wins the second set, 6–4. No one imagines that he will do more, but it is enough that Taylor, like McMillan, has won a set from Laver —and more than enough that he is English.

"Roger was playing some good tennis. When I played fairly well, he played better."

First game, third set—love–40—Laver serving. There is chatter in the crowd, the sound of the mountain stream. "Quiet, please!" Laver hits his way back to 30–40. He serves, rushes and punches a volley down the line—out. Game and another service break to Taylor. Five times, Laver has hit his running rifle-shot forehand into the net. He has repeatedly double-faulted. His dinks fall short. His volleys jump the base line. Taylor, meanwhile, is hitting with touch and power. He is digging for everything. Laver is not covering the court. Both feet off the ground, Laver tries a desperation shot from the hip and he nets it. Advantage Taylor. Taylor serves—a near ace, unplayable. Game and third set to Taylor, 6–2. He leads two sets to one. Unbelievable. Now the time has certainly come for Laver to react, as he so often does, with vengeance.

"When your confidence is drained, you tend to do desperation shots. My desperation shots, a lot of times, turn matches. I felt something was gone. I didn't have strength to get to the net quickly. I can't explain what it was. If you're not confident, you have no weight on the ball. You chase the ball. You look like a cat on a hot tin roof."

Laver serves, moves up, and flips the volley over the base line. "Get it down!" he shouts to himself. His next volley goes over the base line. Now he double-faults. Now he moves under a high, soft return. He punches it into a corner. Taylor moves to the ball and sends it back, crosscourt. Laver, running, hits a rolling top-spin backhand—over the base line. Advantage Taylor. Break point. The whispering of the crowd has become the buzz of scandal.

His red hair blowing in the wind, Laver lifts the ball to serve against the break. Suddenly, he looks as fragile as he did at Hurlingham and the incongruity is gone. The spectators on whom this moment is making the deepest impression are the other tennis players—40 or so in the grandstands, dozens more by the television in the Players' Tea Room. Something in them is coming free. The man is believable. He is vulnerable. He has never looked more human. He is not invincible.

"The serve is so much of the game. If you serve well, you play well. If not, you are vulnerable. If you play against someone who is capable of hitting the ball as hard as Roger can, you are looking up the barrel."

Laver serves. "Fault." He serves again. "Double fault." Game and service break to Taylor, fourth set. Laver, without apparent emotion, moves into the corner and the shadow that until moments ago seemed to reach in a hundred directions now follows him alone. The standard he has set may be all but induplicable, but he himself has returned to earth. He will remain the best, and he will go on beating the others. The epic difference will be that, from now on, they will think that they can beat him.

Taylor lobs. Laver runs back, gets under the bouncing ball, kneels and drives it into the net. He is now down 1–5. He is serving. He wins three points, but then he volleys into the net, again he volleys into the net, and again he volleys into the net—deuce. He serves. He moves forward. He volleys into the net. Advantage Taylor—match point. The sound of the crowd is cruel. "Quiet, please!" the umpire says. Laver serves, into the net. He appears to be trembling. He serves again. The ball does not touch the ground until it is out of the court beyond the base line.

Photographers swarm around him and around Taylor. "Well done, Roger. Nice." Laver says, shaking Taylor's hand. His eyes are dry. He walks patiently through the photographers, toward the glass doors. In the locker room, he draws a cover over his racket and gently sets it down. On the cover are the words ROD LAVER—GRAND SLAM.

"I feel a little sad at having lost. I played well early in the tournament. I felt good, but I guess deep down something wasn't driving me hard enough. When I had somewhere to aim my hope, I always played better. Deep down in, you wonder, 'How many times do you have to win it?' "

Little Anni & Fanny
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WHEN YOU HEAR TALK OF WIDESPREAD UNEMPLOYMENT, DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, FELLAH. JUST COUNT ALL THE HARD-WORKING MUGGERS, FOOTPADS AND SECOND-STORY MEN AND INCLUDE THEM IN THE LABOR FORCE AND YOU'LL REALIZE WE'RE HAVING RUNAWAY PROSPERITY!
--- BUT, SAY, LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE, KIDS - - ANNIE'S ERSTWHILE COMPANION, WANDA--- SUMMONING THE GENDARMES???
(NOD)
(NOD)
(NOD)
(NOD)
(NOD)
NO PARKING
HELP! PIGS! HELP! PIGS!
!
LEAPIN' GOOGIES! WANDA MUST BE GETTING ROBBED!
BAM BAM BAM!
PLEASE, SIRRAH, HELP!
I CAN'T. I'M BUSY BEING ROBBED MYSELF!
HELP, KIND-FACED NEIGHBOR-
GO AWAY! I WAS ROBBED AT THE OFFICE!
SLAM!
-HELP!
-SORRY! I'M ABOUT TO BE ROBBED-
OUT TO ROB- BACKSTROM
GOLLY-WINKIES, WANDA, WHAT HAPPENED?
-RIPPED OFF AGAIN! THEY TOOK EVERYTHING! THEY'RE MAKING ME CRAZY! IT'S THE THIRD TIME IN A ROW!
-THIS WEEK?
-THIS AFTER-NOON!
Receipt

ARE YOU ON DINERS CLUB? I NEVER CARRY CASH.

COME STAY WITH ME, WANDA! MY ROOMIE'S GONE, SO MY APARTMENT'S PRACTICALLY EMPTY! AND, JINKIES, LISTEN! IT'S BURGLARPROOF!

WANNA BUY A GUN?

GIVE ME EVERY-THING, AND MAKE IT SNAP-PY!

BOY, YOU NEW YORK LAND-LORDS ARE REALLY PUSHY!

DUMMY! YOU'RE STEALING THE GARBAGE!

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU TAKE... IT'S THE THOUGHT BEHIND IT THAT COUNTS!

TAXI

HERE WE ARE, FULLY PROTECTED BY A FOOLPROOF SYSTEM... LOCKED SAFE AND SOUND INSIDE, WITH THE BURGLARS TRAPPED OUTSIDE!

ONCE UPON A TIME, WE WERE OUT-SIDE AND THEY WERE LOCKED UP INSIDE. WHEN DID IT ALL GET TURNED AROUND?

JINKIES, DID OUR LITTLE POOPOO SPEAK PREMATURELY?

OH, COME ON... NOT AGAIN! THEY'RE MAKING ME CRAZY!

SH! FEAR NOT, WANDSIE! WE'RE FUL-LY PROTECTED.

W—

BZT! BZT! BZT!

DANG! NANG!

WOOP! WOOP! WOOP! WOOP!

SCREEE

POW!

-ATCH!

CALL US ANY TIME, MISS FANNY.

OK, BOYS, BREAK IT UP AND LET'S TAKE THE PRISONER BACK!

... WHERE'S THE PRISONER?

ASK DUFFY! HE WAS WATCHING THE PRISONER!

I WASN'T WATCHING THE PRISONER. WASN'T HE WATCHING THE PRISONER?

I WASN'T WATCHING THE PRISONER! WERE YOU WATCHING THE PRISONER?

I'M THE PRISONER!

LATER

THIS WILL BE THE FIRST GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP I'VE HAD IN MONTHS, ANNIE. YOUR BURGLAR-ALARM SYSTEM IS FANTASTIC. I MUST GET ONE. WHAT KIND IS IT?

GOLLY-BUMPS, I DON'T KNOW. MY FRIEND MR. BATTBARTON INSTALLED IT FOR ME. IF YOU'RE REALLY INTERESTED, I'LL ASK HIM.

LOTS OF WALKING AROUND NAKED HERE.

HI, BENTON? THE BURGLAR ALARM WORKS SO WELL THAT WANDA WANTS TO KNOW WHAT KIND IT IS.

OH, IT'S A CLOSED-CIRCUIT ELEC-TRONIC-SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM WITH HIDDEN STATIONS AND REMOTE MONITORS—

BUT WANDA WANTS TO KNOW HOW IT WORKS. — I MEAN ACTUALLY.

—WHY ADDLE YOUR PRETTY LITTLE GOOGOO HEAD —

— JUST TELL WANDA THAT IT WORKS —

—AND I LOVE HER TUSHY.

BATHR

LIVING RM

PHONE

STOCK MARKET MISSING IN N

END

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READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Minolta Cameras 83
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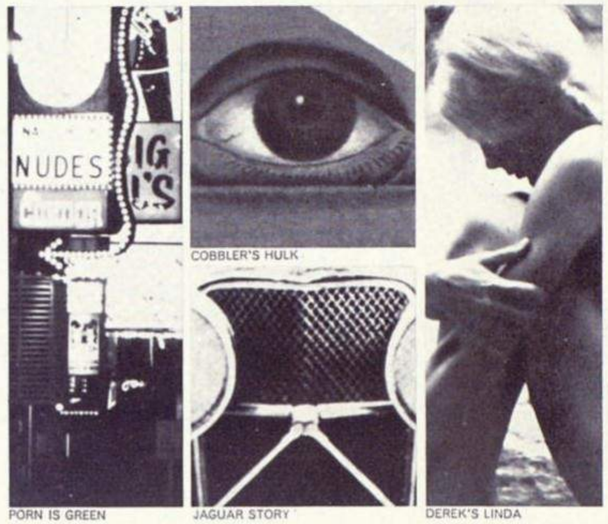

PORN IS GREEN

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